

Form 1040

Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service

U.S. Individual Income Tax Return

1996

(8) IRS Use Only—Do not write or staple in this space.

4761

Label

(See page 11.)

Use the IRS label. Otherwise, please print or type.

Presidential Election Campaign (See page 11.)

For the year Jan. 1-Dec. 31, 1996, or other tax year beginning

1996, ending

OMB No. 1545-0074

LABEL HERE

Your first name and initial Last name

HQ 198-34-0586

S28 80

S ROBERT POWELL

RR 1 BOX 40

CARBONDALE PA 18407-9706

Your social security number

198-34-0586

Spouse's social security number

For help finding line instructions, see pages 2 and 3 in the booklet.

Yes	No	Note: Checking "Yes" will not change your tax or reduce your refund.
	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	

Filing Status

Check only one box.

- 1 ☒ Single
- 2 ☐ Married filing joint return (even if only one had income)
- 3 ☐ Married filing separate return. Enter spouse's social security no. above and full name here. ▶
- 4 ☐ Head of household (with qualifying person). (See instructions.) If the qualifying person is a child but not your dependent, enter this child's name here. ▶
- 5 ☐ Qualifying widow(er) with dependent child (year spouse died ▶ 19). (See instructions.)

Exemptions

If more than six dependents, see the instructions for line 6c.

- 6a ☒ Yourself. If your parent (or someone else) can claim you as a dependent on his or her tax return, do not check box 6a.
- 6b ☐ Spouse
- 6c Dependents:
- | (1) First name | Last name | (2) Dependent's social security number. If born in Dec. 1995, see inst. | (3) Dependent's relationship to you | (4) No. of months lived in your home in 1996 |
|----------------|-----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| NONE | | | | |
- No. of boxes checked on lines 6a and 6b: 1
- No. of your children on line 6c who:
- lived with you: 0
 - did not live with you due to divorce or separation (see instructions): 0
- Dependents on 6c not entered above: 0
- Add numbers entered on lines above: 1
- d Total number of exemptions claimed: 1

Income

Attach Copy B of your Forms W-2, W-2G, and 1099-R here.

If you did not get a W-2, see the instructions for line 7.

Enclose, but do not attach, any payment. Also, please enclose Form 1040-V (see the instructions for line 62).

- | | | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------|----|
| 7 | Wages, salaries, tips, etc. Attach Form(s) W-2 | 7 | 20432 | 33 |
| 8a | Taxable interest. Attach Schedule B if over \$400 | 8a | 1898 | 75 |
| b | Tax-exempt interest. DO NOT include on line 8a | 8b | | |
| 9 | Dividend income. Attach Schedule B if over \$400 | 9 | 355 | 13 |
| 10 | Taxable refunds, credits, or offsets of state and local income taxes (see instructions) | 10 | | |
| 11 | Alimony received | 11 | | |
| 12 | Business income or (loss). Attach Schedule C or C-EZ | 12 | | |
| 13 | Capital gain or (loss). If required, attach Schedule D | 13 | | |
| 14 | Other gains or (losses). Attach Form 4797 | 14 | | |
| 15a | Total IRA distributions | 15a | | |
| 15b | Total pensions and annuities | 15b | | |
| 16 | Rental real estate, royalties, partnerships, S corporations, trusts, etc. Attach Schedule E | 16 | | |
| 17 | Farm income or (loss). Attach Schedule F | 17 | | |
| 18 | Unemployment compensation | 18 | | |
| 19 | Social security benefits | 19 | | |
| 20a | Other income. List type and amount—see instructions | 20a | | |
| 21 | Add the amounts in the far right column for lines 7 through 21. This is your total income | 21 | 22686 | 21 |
| 22 | Your IRA deduction (see instructions) | 22a | | |
| 23a | Spouse's IRA deduction (see instructions) | 23b | | |
| 24 | Moving expenses. Attach Form 3903 or 3903-F | 24 | | |
| 25 | One-half of self-employment tax. Attach Schedule SE | 25 | | |
| 26 | Self-employed health insurance deduction (see inst.) | 26 | | |
| 27 | Keogh & self-employed SEP plans. If SEP, check <input type="checkbox"/> | 27 | | |
| 28 | Penalty on early withdrawal of savings | 28 | | |
| 29 | Alimony paid. Recipient's SSN ▶ | 29 | | |
| 30 | Add lines 23a through 29 | 30 | 0000 | 00 |
| 31 | Subtract line 30 from line 22. This is your adjusted gross income | 31 | 22686 | 21 |

Adjusted Gross Income

If line 31 is under \$28,495 (under \$29,500 if a child did not live with you), see the instructions for line 54.

For Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see page 7.

Cat. No. 11320B

Form 1040 (1996)

Tax Computation

32 Amount from line 31 (adjusted gross income) 32 22686 27

33a Check if: ☐ You were 65 or older, ☐ Blind; ☐ Spouse was 65 or older, ☐ Blind. Add the number of boxes checked above and enter the total here. 33a

b If you are married filing separately and your spouse itemizes deductions or you were a dual-status alien, see instructions and check here. 33b ☐

34 Enter the larger of: **Itemized deductions** from Schedule A, line 28, OR **Standard deduction** shown below for your filing status. But see the instructions if you checked any box on line 33a or b or someone can claim you as a dependent. 34 4000 00

your: • Single—\$4,000 • Married filing jointly or Qualifying widow(er)—\$6,700 • Head of household—\$5,900 • Married filing separately—\$3,350

35 Subtract line 34 from line 32 35 18686 21

36 If line 32 is \$88,475 or less, multiply \$2,550 by the total number of exemptions claimed on line 6d. If line 32 is over \$88,475, see the worksheet in the inst. for the amount to enter. 36 2550 00

37 **Taxable income.** Subtract line 36 from line 35. If line 36 is more than line 35, enter -0- 37 16136 21

38 **Tax.** See instructions. Check if total includes any tax from ☐ Form(s) 8814 ☐ Form 4972 38 2419 00

Credits

39 Credit for child and dependent care expenses. Attach Form 2441 39

40 Credit for the elderly or the disabled. Attach Schedule R. 40

41 Foreign tax credit. Attach Form 1116 41

42 Other. Check if from a ☐ Form 3800 ☐ Form 8396 ☐ Form 8801 d ☐ Form (specify) 42

43 Add lines 39 through 42 43

44 Subtract line 43 from line 38. If line 43 is more than line 38, enter -0- 44

Other Taxes

45 Self-employment tax. Attach Schedule SE 45

46 Alternative minimum tax. Attach Form 6251 46

47 Social security and Medicare tax on tip income not reported to employer. Attach Form 4137 47

48 Tax on qualified retirement plans, including IRAs. If required, attach Form 5329 48

49 Advance earned income credit payments from Form(s) W-2 49

50 Household employment taxes. Attach Schedule H. 50

51 Add lines 44 through 50. This is your total tax. 51 2419 00

Payments

52 Federal income tax withheld from Forms W-2 and 1099 52 2288 62

53 1996 estimated tax payments and amount applied from 1995 return 53

54 **Earned income credit.** Attach Schedule EIC if you have a qualifying child. Nontaxable earned income: amount 54

and type 54

55 Amount paid with Form 4868 (request for extension) 55

56 Excess social security and RRTA tax withheld (see inst.) 56

57 Other payments. Check if from a ☐ Form 2439 b ☐ Form 4136 57

58 Add lines 52 through 57. These are your total payments 58 2288 62

Attach Forms W-2, W-2G, and 1099-R on the front.

Refund

59 If line 58 is more than line 51, subtract line 51 from line 58. This is the amount you **OVERPAID** 59

60a Amount of line 59 you want **REFUNDED TO YOU**. 60a

b Routing number ☐ Type: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings

d Account number ☐

Amount You Owe

61 Amount of line 59 you want **APPLIED TO YOUR 1997 ESTIMATED TAX** 61

62 If line 51 is more than line 58, subtract line 58 from line 51. This is the **AMOUNT YOU OWE**. For details on how to pay and use Form 1040-V, see instructions. 62 130 38

63 Estimated tax penalty. Also include on line 62 63

Sign Here

Under penalties of perjury, I declare that I have examined this return and accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, they are true, correct, and complete. Declaration of preparer (other than taxpayer) is based on all information of which preparer has any knowledge.

Your signature *Robert Powell* Date *4/1/97* Your occupation *Editor / Farmer*

Spouse's signature. If a joint return, BOTH must sign. Date Spouse's occupation

Paid Preparer's Use Only

Preparer's signature ☐ Date ☐ Check if self-employed ☐ Preparer's social security no. ☐

Firm's name (or yours if self-employed) and address ☐ EIN ☐

ZIP code ☐

Name(s) shown on Form 1040. Do not enter name and social security number if shown on other side.

S. ROBERT POWELL

Your social security number
198 34 0586

Schedule B—Interest and Dividend Income

Attachment
Sequence No. 08Part I
Interest
Income

Note: If you had over \$400 in taxable interest income, you must also complete Part III.

(See page B-1.)

Note: If you received a Form 1099-INT, Form 1099-OID, or substitute statement from a brokerage firm, list the firm's name as the payer and enter the total interest shown on that form.

- 1 List name of payer. If any interest is from a seller-financed mortgage and the buyer used the property as a personal residence, see page B-1 and list this interest first. Also, show that buyer's social security number and address ▶

SAVINGS BANK LIFE INSURANCE
PNC BANK
PNC BANK
GREEN POINT BANK

Amount	
79	74
161	46
529	09
1128	46
2	1898 75
3	
4	1898 75

- 2 Add the amounts on line 1
- 3 Excludable interest on series EE U.S. savings bonds issued after 1989 from Form 8815, line 14. You MUST attach Form 8815 to Form 1040
- 4 Subtract line 3 from line 2. Enter the result here and on Form 1040, line 8a ▶

Part II
Dividend
Income

Note: If you had over \$400 in gross dividends and/or other distributions on stock, you must also complete Part III.

(See page B-1.)

Note: If you received a Form 1099-DIV or substitute statement from a brokerage firm, list the firm's name as the payer and enter the total dividends shown on that form.

- 5 List name of payer. Include gross dividends and/or other distributions on stock here. Any capital gain distributions and nontaxable distributions will be deducted on lines 7 and 8 ▶

DOM WITTER REYNOLDS
WAL-MART

Amount	
544	23
548	95
1590	78
388	96
00	61
29	92
00	42
3	12
33	40
6	3100 39
7	2745 26
8	
9	2745 26
10	355 13

- 6 Add the amounts on line 5
- 7 Capital gain distributions. Enter here and on Schedule D ▶
- 8 Nontaxable distributions. (See the inst. for Form 1040, line 9.)
- 9 Add lines 7 and 8
- 10 Subtract line 9 from line 6. Enter the result here and on Form 1040, line 9 ▶
- If you do not need Schedule D to report any other gains or losses, see the instructions for Form 1040, line 13.

Part III
Foreign
Accounts
and
Trusts(See
page B-1.)

You must complete this part if you (a) had over \$400 of interest or dividends; (b) had a foreign account; or (c) received a distribution from, or were a grantor of, or a transferor to, a foreign trust.

- 11a At any time during 1996, did you have an interest in or a signature or other authority over a financial account in a foreign country, such as a bank account, securities account, or other financial account? See page B-1 for exceptions and filing requirements for Form TD F 90-22.1

b If "Yes," enter the name of the foreign country ▶

- 12 During 1996, did you receive a distribution from, or were you the grantor of, or transferor to, a foreign trust? If "Yes," see page B-2 for other forms you may have to file

PA-40EZ PENNSYLVANIA INCOME TAX RETURN

OFFICIAL USE ONLY

4765

5

For use by Pennsylvania residents who lived in the Commonwealth for all of 1996
*** YOU MUST FILE BY MIDNIGHT, TUESDAY APRIL 15, 1997 ***

PA-40EZ (09-96)

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

1996

PA Department of Revenue

Review all the preprinted information on your label and place it in the area below. Make any necessary corrections on your label and check the SSN/NAME/ADDRESS Change box below.

Your Social Security Number

Spouse's Social Security Number - even if filing separately

TYPE FILER (Check Only One)

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> S Single	<input type="checkbox"/> J Married Filing Jointly
<input type="checkbox"/> M Married Filing Separately	<input type="checkbox"/> F Final - If checking box F because the taxpayer is deceased, enter the Date of Death ____/____/____

Last Name (Enter one letter or number in each block and use a blank block to separate words) First Name Middle Initial Spouse's First Name & Middle Initial (only if filing jointly)

P
Street IR
Rural F198-34-0586 PO
S ROBERT POWELL
RR 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9706

City (Use a blank block to separate words)

State

Zip Code

CARBONDALE

PA 18407

NAME OF SCHOOL DISTRICT

SCHOOL DISTRICT CODE

35130

OPTION FOR A 1997 BOOKLET

☐ Check here if you will not need a 1997 Tax BookletPLEASE DO NOT ENTER CENTS.
ROUND TO WHOLE DOLLARS

1a Gross Compensation from W-2 form(s) and other statements1a \$

Attach W-2 forms to the back of your PA-40EZ

1b Unreimbursed Employee Business Expenses from PA Schedule UE1b \$

1c Net PA Taxable Compensation. Subtract line 1b from line 1a1c \$

2 PA Taxable Interest. (Complete and attach PA Schedule A if over \$1,000)2 \$

3 PA Taxable Dividends. (Complete and attach PA Schedule B if over \$1,000)3 \$

4 TOTAL PA TAXABLE INCOME. Add lines 1c, 2 and 34 \$

5 PA TAX LIABILITY. Multiply line 4 by 2.8% (0.028)5 \$

6 Total PA Tax Withheld from W-2 form(s) and other statements6 \$

7 Total Estimated Payments and Credits. See instructions7 \$

8a Household Members from PA Schedule SP, Part II, line 48a \$

8b Your Eligibility Income from PA Schedule SP, Part III, line 28b \$

8c Your Total Income from PA Schedule SP, Part III, line 18c \$

8d Tax Forgiveness Credit from PA Schedule SP, Part III, line 78d \$

9 TOTAL CREDITS AND PAYMENTS. Add lines 6, 7 and 8d9 \$

10 TAX DUE. Line 5 is more than line 9. See instructions for How to Pay. Use your PA-V10 \$

Make check payable to PA DEPT. OF REVENUE

11 OVERPAYMENT. Line 9 is more than line 5.11 \$

12a Amount of line 11 you want as a Refund Check mailed to you12a \$

Please do not call about your refund until 8 weeks after filing

12b Amount of line 11 you want Credited to your 1997 PA Estimated Tax Account12b \$

12c Amount of line 11 you want to Donate to the Wild Resource Conservation Fund12c \$

12d Amount of line 11 you want to Donate to the U.S. Olympic Committee, PA Division12d \$

THE TOTAL OF LINES 12a, 12b, 12c AND 12d MUST EQUAL LINE 11.

SIGN YOUR RETURN. Under penalties of perjury, I (we if filing jointly) declare that I (we) have examined this return, including all accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my (our) belief, it is true, correct and complete.

Your Signature X <i>Robert Powell</i>	Date 4-1-97	Daytime Telephone Number (717) 342-7701, X2P3	Your Occupation <i>Editor/Farmer</i>
Spouse's Signature (if filing jointly) X	Date	BE SURE YOU (AND YOUR SPOUSE) SIGN	Spouse's Occupation

Preparer or Company Name, other than taxpayer(s), based on all information of which the preparer has any knowledge "DOUBLE CHECK ALL MATH" ATTACH ALL SCHEDULES AND FORMS.

Date

Preparer's Telephone Number

NEXT YEAR, you will also be able to make a donation of all or part of your overpayment to the ORGAN DONOR AWARENESS TRUST FUND.

PA SCHEDULE A/B PA SCHEDULE A TAXABLE INTEREST and PA SCHEDULE B DIVIDENDS

1996

Name(s) as shown on your PA tax return:

S. ROBERT

PO well

Social Security Number:

198 34 0586

PA SCHEDULE A - TAXABLE INTEREST

If your PA taxable interest income is over \$1,000, complete this schedule. See the instructions in your PA tax booklet for what interest is taxable or exempt. If additional space is needed, attach separate sheets.

DO NOT USE CENTS - ROUND TO WHOLE DOLLARS

Name of the Payer	Amount
SAVINGS BANK	\$
Life INS.-BOWAY	\$ 79 74
PNC BANK	\$ 161 46
PNC BANK	\$ 529 09
GREEN POINT BANK	\$ 1128 46
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
Total PA Taxable Interest Income	\$ 1898 75

PA SCHEDULE B - TAXABLE DIVIDENDS

If your PA taxable dividend income is over \$1,000, complete this schedule. See the instructions in your PA tax booklet for what dividend must be reported as taxable. If additional space is needed, attach separate sheets.

DO NOT USE CENTS - ROUND TO WHOLE DOLLARS

Name of the Payer	Amount
DEAN WITTER	\$ 544 23
	\$ 548 95
	\$ 1580 78
	\$ 348 96
	\$ 00 61
	\$ 24 92
	\$ 00 42
	\$ 3 12
	\$ 33 40
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
	\$
Total PA Taxable Dividend Income	\$ 3073 39

4766

4767

a. Control number 224		Copy 2 To Be Filed With Employee's State Income Tax Return		1 Wages, tips, other compensation 20432.33		2 Federal income tax withheld 2288.62	
c. Employer's name, address, and ZIP code NATIONAL EDUCATION PAYROLL CRP 2601 MAIN STREET, SUITE 700 IRVINE CA 92614		b. Employer's identification number 33-0221745		3 Social security wages 21547.88		4 Social security tax withheld 1335.97	
		d. Employee's social security number 198-34-0586		5 Medicare wages and tips 21547.88		6 Med care tax withheld 312.44	
		7 Social security tips 		8 Allocated tips 		9 Advance EIC payment 	
e. Employee's name, address, and ZIP code S. ROBERT POWELL RD 1 BOX 40 CARBONDALE PA 18407		10 Unemployment compensation 		13 D 1115.55		14 Other PASUI 6.49	
		11 Unemployment taxes 					
		12 Benefits included in box 1 					
		15 <input type="checkbox"/> Sick pay <input type="checkbox"/> Disability pay <input type="checkbox"/> Other		19 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Federal <input type="checkbox"/> State <input type="checkbox"/> Local		21 Local income tax 217.22	
16 State PA 330221745		17 State wages 21715.58		18 State income tax 607.97		20 Local wages 21715.58	
Form W-2 Wage and Tax Statement 1986		OMB No. 1545-0008		Department of the Treasury-Internal Revenue Service			

S. ROBERT POWELL
PH 717-282-5197
RD 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9

2199

30-1/313 115

RD 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9706

4-197

Pay to the
Order of PA Dept of Revenue \$ 140.00
One hundred forty & no/100 — Dollars ☒ No/100 — Cents on back

PNC BANK®

FNC Bank, N.A.
Northeast PA 030

1996 Taxer-198-34-0586

01 6672 127000E7E0:

CHARLANO

RESULTS

PA-V (C-46)

1996 PA-V

Commonwealth of PA
Department of Revenue

PA PAYMENT VOUCHER

For use with your 1996 Annual Pennsylvania Tax Return

Enter the amount of your payment in whole dollars.
PLEASE DO NOT USE CENTS.

198-34-0586 P0
S ROBERT POWELL
RR 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9706

49

140.00

Make check or money order payable to the PA Dept. of Revenue

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

200198340076196619200098504386179100

4769

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: How are the Hops?
Date: Friday, April 11, 1997 5:05PM

...Between melting and freezing
The soul's sap quivers. There is no earth smell
Or smell of living thing. This is the springtime
But not in time's covenant. Now the hedgerow
Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom
Of snow, a bloom more sudden
Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading,
Not in the scheme of generation.
Where is the summer, the unimaginable
Zero summer?...

T. S. Eliot (1888--1965). from Little Gidding, pt. 1, in Four Quartets.

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: paul-warner-home@juno.com
Subject: The Pagan's Prayer
X-Status: New

4770

Such a beautiful poem. Thank you.
I am perpetually overwhelmed by Baudelaire's sensuality, enthusiasm, directness, and opulence. He is always interesting. Just this week I re-read his prose poem "Invitation to the Voyage." Here is that poem.

INVITATION TO THE VOYAGE

☞ THERE IS a majestic country, a Land of Cockaigne, they say, which I dream of visiting with an old friend; a unique country, drowned in the mists of our North, and which one might call the Orient of the Occident, the China of Europe, so greatly has fervent and capricious phantasy indulged itself there, so patiently and so obstinately has it illustrated the land with its learned and delicate vegetations.

A true Land of Cockaigne, where all is beautiful, rich, restful, decorous; where Luxury takes pleasure in seeing itself mirrored in Order; where life is heavy and sweet on the senses; whence disorder, turbulence and the unforeseen are banned; where happiness is wedded to silence; where even the fare is poetic, stimulating and rich at the same time; where all resembles you, my dear angel.

Do you know the febrile malady that possesses us in our cold wretchedness, that nostalgia for the country which we do not know, that anguish of curiosity? There is a land that resembles you, where all is beautiful, rich, restful and decorous, where phantasy has built and furnished a China of the West, where life is sweet to the senses, where happiness is wedded to silence. It is there that we must go to live, it is there that we must go to die.

Yes, this is the place where we must breathe, dream and lengthen the hours through an infinity of sensations. A musician has written the *Invitation to the Waltz*; where is he that shall compose the *Invitation to the Voyage*, which one may offer to the woman he loves, to the sister of his choice?

Yes, in this atmosphere it would be good to live, over there, where the slower hours contain more thoughts, where the clocks toll of happiness with a deeper and more meaningful solemnity.

On shining panels, or on leather gilt and sombrely rich, sacred paintings live discreetly, calm and profound as the souls of the artists who created them. The setting suns which give such rich colours to the dining-room or to the drawing-room are filtered through fine materials or through those high and elaborate windows which leaden bars divide into many compartments. The furniture is vast, curious, bizarre, equipped with locks and with secrets like a subtle mind. There the mirrors, the metals, the upholstery, the jewelry and the crockery play for the eyes a silent and mysterious symphony; and from all things, from all the corners, from the clefts in the chests of

drawers and from the folds of the cloth materials, a peculiar perfume exudes, a *return to me!* of Sumatra, which is, as it were, the soul of the apartment.

A true Land of Cockaigne, I tell you, where all is rich, clean and shining; like a clear conscience, like a magnificent kitchen display, like a splendid piece of wrought gold, like jewels of many colours. The treasures of the world abound there, as in the house of an industrious man who has deserved well of everyone. Unique land, superior to all others, as Art is to Nature, where Nature is reformed by the dream, where it is corrected, embellished, remodelled.

Let them search, let them search still, let them incessantly defer the entry into their happiness, those alchemists of horticulture! Let them offer a prize of sixty and a hundred thousand florins to the man who shall solve their ambitious problems! As for me, I have found my *black tulip* and my *blue dahlia*.

Incomparable flower, tulip lost and found again, allegorical dahlia, it is there, is it not, in this country so calm and dreamy, that we must live and blossom? Shall you not be framed in the analogy of yourself, and can you not be mirrored, to speak like the mystics, in your own *correspondence*?

Dreams! always dreams! and the more ambitious and delicate the soul, the farther dreams remove it from what is possible. Every man carries within him his dose of natural opium, incessantly secreted and renewed, and, from birth until death, how many hours can we count that are filled with positive joy, with successful and decisive action? Shall we ever live, shall we ever pass into that picture painted by my soul, the picture that resembles you?

Those treasures, that furniture, that luxury, that order, those perfumes, those miraculous flowers, they are yourself. So also are those wide rivers and those calm canals. Those enormous ships which they carry, loaded up with wealth, and from which rises the monotonous singing of the crew, these are my thoughts which sleep or which roll on your breast. You guide them softly to the ocean that is Infinity, while reflecting the depth of the sky in the limpidity of your pure soul; and when, wearied by the surge and gorged with products of the Orient, they return to their native port, these are still my thoughts, enriched, returning from the Infinite towards you.

[At about 4 P.M., I decided to check my e-mail, before going home. What a pleasant surprise to find your message.]

4772

From: paul-warner-home@juno.com (Paul Warner)
Return-path: paul-warner-home@juno.com
To: SilasRobert@juno.com
Date: Sat, 12 Apr 1997 16:38:21 EDT
Subject: Translation: Charles Baudelaire
Message-ID: <19970412.162950.14487.0.Paul-Warner-Home@juno.com>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Juno 1.23

The Pagan's Prayer

Ah, damp not yet the living coals!
Heat once again my heart in thee!
Voluptuousness, thou scourge of souls,
Goddess, incline thy ear to me!

Spirit abroad in the night air,
Flame in our dark and secret ways,
Freezing I bring thee---grant my prayer!--
A song of brass to bruit thy praise!

Siren, be still my sovereign; keep
Thy kingdom; wear thy mask whose mesh
Is half of velvet, half of flesh!

Or pour me out thy heavy sleep,
In mystic and amorphous wine:
Phantom elastic and divine.

Prayer of a Pagan

Ah! Return the unplanned for fire;
Tranquil hearts need soon grow cold.
Pandemos, revive disowned desires.
Siren! Tormentress of Souls!

Give air to embers long
Since smothered in my breast.
Please, listen to my only psalm,
Albeit blunt and bold as brass.

You are my Queen, my heart is yours,
Maenad veiled in Love's velours,
Braze my heart with your flames

Or hold me then in wine-fed dreams,
For my day I'd trade for your caress---
Sight for visions, phantom for flesh!

La Priere d'un Pa'ien

Ah! ne ralentis pas tes flammes;
R'chauffe mon coeur engourdi,
Volupt'e, toture des "ames!
Diva! supplicem exaudi!

D'eesse dans l'air r'epandue,
Flamme dans notre souterrain!
Exauce une "ame morfondue,

Juno e-mail printed Mon, 14 Apr 1997 16:07:30 , page 2

4773

Qui te consacre un chant d'airain.

Volupt'e, sois toujours ma reine!
Prends le masque d'une sirène
Faite de chair et de velours,

Ou verse-moi tes sommeils lourds
Dans le vin informe et mystique,
Volupt'e, fantôme 'elastique!

From: paul-warner-ics@juno.com (Pau! Warner)
Return-path: paul-warner-ics@juno.com
To: SilasRobert@juno.com
Date: Tue, 15 Apr 1997 08:52:05 -0400
Subject: Baudelaire
Message-ID: <19970415.085206.4742.0.Paul-Warner-ICS@juno.com>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Juno 1.23

That was a cool poem. I don't think I ever saw it before. It reminded me of Sailing to Byzantium except that there was so much more of everything.

About the poem and translations I sent, one of the translations was mine and one was from Edna St. Vincent Millay. Could you tell which was which?

Juno e-mail printed Tue, 15 Apr 1997 10:11:56 , page 1

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: paul-warner-ics@juno.com
Subject: Re: Baudelaire
References: <19970415.085206.4742.0.Paul-Warner-ICS@juno.com>
X-Status: New

The always-surprising, always-extraordinary Paul Warner strikes again.

An original translation of a Baudelaire poem! Very interesting. I'll re-read both translations and search for both translators in the language.

[I've gotten myself all tangled up in Juno folders and can't seem to find my way out of the CYBERwoods into which I have wandered. When you have a moment, your help would be much appreciated.]

4774

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: POSH
Date: Monday, April 14, 1997 11:10AM

Word History: "Oh yes, Mater, we had a posh time of it down there." So in Punch for September 25, 1918, do we find the first recorded instance of that mysterious word posh, meaning "smart and fashionable," although in a 1903 book by P.G. Wodehouse, Tales of St. Austin's, there is a mention of a waistcoat that was "push." The latter may be a different word, but in either case the dates of occurrence are important because they are part of the objection to deriving posh from the initials of "Port Out, Starboard Home." This was the cooler, and thus more expensive, side of ships traveling between England and India in the mid-19th century, and the acronym POSH was supposedly stamped on the tickets of first-class passengers traveling on that side of ships owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. No evidence is definitely known to exist for this theory, however. The Oxford English Dictionary Supplement may have found a possible source or sources for posh. Another word posh was 19th- and early 20th-century British slang for "money," specifically "a halfpenny, cash of small value." This word is borrowed from the common Romany word pãOh, "half," which was used in combinations such as pãOhera, "halfpenny." Posh, also meaning "a dandy," is recorded in two dictionaries of slang published in 1890 and 1902, although this particular posh may be still another word. This word or these words, however, are much more likely to be the source of posh than "Port Out, Starboard Home," although the latter source certainly has caught the public's etymological fancy.

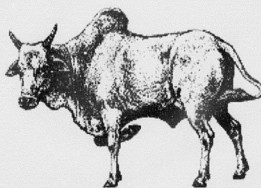
The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

4775

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: POSH
Date: Monday, April 14, 1997 12:54PM

No. Fear not any such scandal. I just happened to come across that entry for "posh" quite by accident while looking for a picture of a sacred cow from India (see zebu below) that I wanted to append to a message I sent to Laurie. To tell the truth, I note in what you had said no contradiction. The message POSH was meant simply an aside to our conversation, a mere exercise in contextual trivia. Your reputation, therefore, as a linguistic maharaja is secure.



zebu

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Cc: Robert Powell
Subject: POSH
Date: Monday, April 14, 1997 12:22PM

Have I fallen into the easy-to-fall-into trap of believing that a recent etymology (the steamship explanation)--the one nearest the door in time--is the only explanation? Am I, thus, the victim of a cruel hocus-pocus perpetrated by fiendish wordsmiths? The shame/the horror of it all! Is there no place where I can hide to protect myself from the etymological opprobrium that will surely follow when my misunderstanding becomes known generally?

4776

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Farm tour
Date: Tuesday, April 15, 1997 2:00PM

When can I show you my poultry and cattle? After work some time? On a Saturday or Sunday? I'm flexible.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Farm tour
Date: Tuesday, April 15, 1997 3:56PM

I'll go to your next show. When are you meeting with Martha Stewart?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Farm tour
Date: Tuesday, April 15, 1997 2:00PM

When can I show you my poultry and cattle? After work some time? On a Saturday or Sunday? I'm flexible.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Those treasures, tha. furniture, that luxury, that order, those perfumes, those miraculous flowers and, in the middle of it all, Martha Stewart
Date: Wednesday, April 16, 1997 12:19PM

I want you to know that I'm serious about attending a show in which you have livestock or are officiating. For one reason or another, I never went last year and I want to make it a point to check it out. I really admire you for your success in that "field."

Plus, I don't think I clearly expressed my appreciation for your congeniality in offering to show off your personal menagerie. However, I'd really feel uncomfortable---as though I were somehow imposing---whether or not a visit to your homestead was really a disruption. (I might feel I can't reciprocate in any way; I own no chickens, and [given the weather] I probably won't even have any hops to show off. Meanwhile, near your coops and pens, black tulips and blue dahlias are probably in bloom.) At a farm show or fair, you would already be showing off your animals and/or knowledge. I wouldn't feel like I caused any disruption in routine.

Anyway, I hope yesterday's curt response didn't belie a lack of interest or enthusiasm in your flocks and herds. I don't want to seem unfriendly or unappreciative. Now, this may seem confusing, but you should know that at heart I'm really a very detached, unsociable person. As such, I will often seem detached and unsociable. It's like being tall. I'm not deliberately trying to be tall; I don't want to appear taller than shorter people; I'm just tall, that's all.

By the way, did you ever decide on which of the two translations was written by Edna?

4/11, Tink's

--SRP to ICS "happy hour" at 6 P.M.; no familiar faces, had two or three Budweisers; PW came in and I saw him pass by in the crowd. I moved to a visible spot and stood there with my eyes closed. PW appeared and said: "Don't fall asleep there." He bought me an India Pale Ale. We talked and drank. DWP appeared. We went out on the terrace and then down to the lower level. I got more and more inebriated. Paul suggested that we go and get something to eat. We went somewhere up Moosic Street and had a catfish dinner. I sobered up. Paul dropped me at my truck on court house square. As we pulled up to my truck, I said: "You're a gentleman and a scholar and I'm very fond of you." PW: "See ya around." That was that. I drove home. On 4/14, I learned that PW went back into Tink's after he dropped me off. He was sure that they had their taps mixed up and that the IPA was not IPA.

4:38 P. M.—Saturday, 4/19

Paul sent me an e-mail at ICS from his house. It's the translation of the Baudelaire poem, *La priere d'un païen*. He, of course, knew that his e-mail was on my machine on Monday morning. I didn't discover it there until 4:30 on Monday.

4/18, Tink's

India Pale Ale

--middle tongue flatness
--center—roof of mouth, way back
--grapefruit rind

4/18, Farley's

Blue Ridge Steeple Imperial Stout

--sweet, grain-ness
--ridge lines in glass; PW: "It's a sign of hops and that they clean their glasses."
--Guinness also makes a "dry" stout

. . . It's all Eliot's fault. Yes, I'll blame Eliot. It's always convenient to have a scapegoat, especially a dead one. Had it not been for Eliot, I would not have gotten swept away by language and intellectual contact and feedback as I have in recent days. But it's not all Eliot's fault, of course. It's mostly mine, and I know it. Eliot's writing, to be sure, was one of the stimuli that transported me into a fictional rose garden "where life is heavy and sweet on the senses and where happiness is wedded to silence" and where black tulips and blue dahlias can sometimes be found. Once there, in the garden, the unending wrestle with words and meanings and self begins again.

And once there, the restraints and rules of "down here" no longer apply. Knowledge gained from experience does not there impose its pattern, does not falsify, does not prevent action. There, there are no patterns because every moment is new. Is it any wonder that I should have over-reacted/gotten carried away? Is it any wonder that Paul should have been nearly run over by my baroque enthusiasm? How does one stop a loaded freight train when there are no brakes, when the concept of brakes doesn't even exist, when there's nothing but motion and fluidity and fulfillment, when there's no up or down, no right or left, no right or wrong. Paul's involvement with Eliot made him an unknowing inhabitant of this fictional realm that I have been floating around in recently. Running into him there was like running into someone in a foreign country. "Back home," you don't really know much about that person, even though you know them. But when you run into that person in a foreign country (or in a fictional rose garden) they become a kindred spirit in a new and wonderful land. Unknowingly they can become participants in the world that you have erected. Immediately you assume that they are there because of the same stimuli that put you there and that they are operating under the same givens that function there for you.

And now Paul appears to have evaporated, flesh become phantom, and there appears to be nothing that can be done. What to

do? What to do? Vesti la giubba et la faccia infarina. La gente paga e rider vuole qua. . . Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo e il pianto; in una smorfia il singhiozzo e il dolor.

What have I done? Have I muddied the waters and corrupted an immensely rewarding in-the-office working relationship? Have I violated an emotional Rubicon? Everything is the same, but everything is different. Was it the words? Did they strain, creak, and break under the burden, under the tension? Reaching out to another human being is, by definition, a risky business, but when the stakes are high, you take the risks, in spite of everything.

Eliot, bless him, tells us that "to arrive where you are not, to get where you are not, you must go by where there is no ecstasy." No ecstasy. Nothing but pain and remorse and the feeling of having been a fool.

I could almost feel the Stendhalian "decrystallization" when it happened. When I heard the Microsoft mail blip at 3:56 P.M., I was afraid to click on the inbox option. I knew something was wrong, I knew that the private world of the hedgerow and the thrush had been pierced by a glaring light and was no more.

Now you've done it Robert, now you've done it Pagliaccio. Where do you go from here? . . .

(SRP journal excerpt, 04-15-1997)

* * * * *

. . . All is well! Thank God. Paul's e-mail of 12:19 has reestablished the world that I feared had, like the snows of yesteryear, evaporated forever. I am greatly relieved. Very few people make a difference in the course of the day. Paul is one of them. He's too important to loose.

Where is he? I must thank him for the e-mail message. I want to look into his eyes and say thank you. . . .

(SRP journal excerpt, 04-16-1997)

4780

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Literature and Life
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 10:42AM

Who's Pagliaccio?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Cc: Robert Powell
Subject: Literature and Life
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 10:23AM

... It's all Eliot's fault. Yes, I'll blame Eliot. It's always convenient to have a scapegoat, especially if it not been for Eliot, I would not have gotten swept away by language and intellectual contact and feel have in recent days. But it's not all Eliot's fault, of course. It's mostly mine, and I know it. Eliot's writing, to be sure, was one of the stimuli that transported me into a fictional rose garden "where life is heavy and sweet on the senses and where happiness is wedded to silence" and where black tulips and blue dahlias can sometimes be found. Once there, in the garden, the unending wrestle with words and meanings and self begins again.

And once there, the restraints and rules of "down here" no longer apply. Knowledge gained from experience does not there impose its pattern, does not falsify, does not prevent action. There, there are no patterns because every moment is new. Is it any wonder that I should have over-reacted/gotten carried away? Is it any wonder that Paul should have been nearly run over by my baroque enthusiasm? How does one stop a loaded freight train when there are no brakes, when the concept of brakes doesn't even exist, when there's nothing but motion and fluidity and fulfillment, when there's no up or down, no right or left, no right or wrong. Paul's involvement with Eliot made him an unknowing inhabitant of this fictional realm that I have been floating around in recently. Running into him there was like running into someone in a foreign country. "Back home," you don't really know much about that person, even though you know them. But when you run into that person in a foreign country (or in a fictional rose garden) they become a kindred spirit in a new and wonderful land. Unknowingly they can become participants in the world that you have erected. Immediately you assume that they are there because of the same stimuli that put you there and that they are operating under the same givens that function there for you.

And now Paul appears to have evaporated, flesh become phantom, and there appears to be nothing that can be done. What to do? What to do? Vesti la giubba et la faccia infarina. La gente paga e rider vuole qua. . . . Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo e il pianto; in una smorfia il singhiozzo e il dolor.

What have I done? Have I muddled the waters and corrupted an immensely rewarding in-the-office working relationship? Have I violated an emotional Rubicon? Everything is the same, but everything is different. Was it the words? Did they strain, creak, and break under the burden, under the tension? Reaching out to another human being is, by definition, a risky business, but when the stakes are high, you take the risks, in spite of everything.

Eliot, bless him, tells us that "to arrive where you are not, to get where you are not, you must go by where there is no ecstasy." No ecstasy. Nothing but pain and remorse and the feeling of having been a fool.

I could almost feel the Stendhalian "decrystallization" when it happened. When I heard the Microsoft mail blip at 3:56 P.M., I was afraid to click on the inbox option. I knew something was wrong, I knew that the private world of the hedgerow and the thrush had been pierced by a glaring light and was no more.

Now you've done it Robert, now you've done it Pagliaccio. Where do you go from here? . . .

(SRP journal excerpt, 04-15-1997)

... All is well! Thank God. Paul's e-mail of 12:19 has reestablished the world that I feared had, like the snows of yesteryear, evaporated forever. I am greatly relieved. Very few people make a difference in the course of the day. Paul is one of them. He's too important to lose.

Where is he? I must thank him for the e-mail message. I want to look into his eyes and say thank you. . . .

(SRP journal excerpt, 04-16-1997)

4781

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Pagliaccio
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 1:55PM

Opera schmopera (derivative using the Yiddish prefix "schm-").

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Cc: Robert Powell
Subject: Pagliaccio
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 1:36PM

1 {
"Pagliaccio" means "clown" in Italian. In the 1892 opera, I Pagliacci (The Clowns), by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the character named Canio plays the part of a clown whose personal world is disintegrating in front of his eyes and yet he has to go on stage and make people laugh. The portion of Canio's bring-down-the-house aria, "Vesti la giubba," that I quoted this morning might be translated as follows: "Put on your costume and whiten your face. The public pays and wants to be amused. . . Transform into clowning, the anguish and the tears; into a grimace, the sob and the pain."

On more than one occasion in my life, I have found myself in a situation not unlike Canio's in I Pagliacci, which is why I referred to myself as Pagliaccio in my note to you this morning.

Speaking of translation, Edna St. Vincent Millay's translation is titled "The Pagan's Prayer," that by Paul Warner is titled "Prayer of a Pagan." The decisive clue, of course, was the correctly hyphenated compound adjective "wine-fed."

4782

Mid-afternoon, 04-17-1997. SRP stop at PW's desk to deliver an ICS memo.

PW: "That's [a Kudos peanut butter candy bar] for you for getting the answer right to the translator of the Baudelaire poem."



4783

PRODUCT EVALUATION

Product: India Pale Ale (bottle)

Brewer: Paul Warner

When Brewed: Spring 1997

When Evaluated: April 19, 1997

Evaluator: S. Robert Powell

How Evaluated: Served at room temperature (68 degrees), poured slowly onto side of slightly-tilted glass to avoid over-aeration.

Aroma/Bouquet: Deep woods, leather, citrus, moss, grain, dried leaves after rainfall. As soon as bottle was uncapped, heady aroma apparent from distance of 15 inches.

Initial Response: Full-bodied, well balanced; flavorful; very satisfying sensation of "wetness" and smoothness.

Color: Dark amber, opaque

In-Glass Qualities: Developed 1 1/2" head quickly; settled down quickly; glass remained "clean" throughout.

Taste Center: Middle of tongue, slightly towards the front; three-dimensional/vertical taste center.

Alcohol Content: Somewhat of a "buzz" after 1/2 glass; alcohol level "good."

4784

General Remarks: This bottle of IPA had an outstanding full-bodied smoothness and "wetness." It was flavorful, heady, and three-dimensional without being harsh. It had very good "distance"--the last mouthful was as satisfying as the first.

Overall Rating: Superior

4785

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: IPA
Date: Tuesday, April 22, 1997 2:49PM

I don't know. I do know that hard water is recommended for many beer styles and especially for the British ales. I think many of the British brewing centres (like Burton on Trent) had hard water available and so it has become characteristic of certain styles.

Other minerals can be used to mimic naturally occurring hard water, but gypsum is the most popular for home brewers. I'm not sure what, if anything, it does for the finished product. I once brewed a beer (or a mead---I don't recall which) that called for soft water, so I used distilled water, and I don't remember noting any distinct difference.

It's possible, however, that the suspended particulates resulting from the dissolved gypsum may act to lower the surface tension of the brewing water and so contribute to the perceived "wetness" that you had described. But that's just speculation. There are so many proteins, yeast hulls, coagulants, and compounds suspended in the finished product that a few teaspoonfuls of gypsum shouldn't make any difference in that sense. However, who knows?

You've made me curious and I'll try to get some more insights/info on the effects of hard versus soft water. Meanwhile, you're the Internet guru. Post a query on the web, or e-mail your question to these guys in Seattle: staff@cellar-homebrew.com. I bought your Willamette rhizome from The Cellar Homebrew, and they said that they're planning to start a monthly-or-so electronic mailing list apparently from that address. They plan to include recipes, sale information, and tips and essays on various topics in home wine and beer making. Your query just might inspire an issue on brewing water. Just tell them that Johnny_Socko_and_His_Giant_Flying_Robot@juno.com sent you.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: IPA
Date: Tuesday, April 22, 1997 2:05PM

Gypsum. Is that what you said you add to the water at the beginning of the brewing process for IPA? Gypsum, so I learn from the dictionary, is a mineral consisting of hydrous calcium sulfate. What role does the gypsum play in the process?

4/23/97

4786

Sent an e-mail on Paul Warner's behalf to staff@cellar-homebrew.com about water used in brewing; also put the same e-mail on two newsgroups on the Internet—one under the topic "beer" (under the suffix "alt") and the other under the topic "brewing" (under the heading: rec.crafts.brewing) All responses will be to Paul's "Johnny Socko" e-mail address and my ICS office e-mail address. Mike Bochnovich helped me out with the Internet posting of the material in question. I have not yet told Paul about these postings. I will wait until he hears something on his computer at home and then we'll talk about my activities in cyberspace.

Mike Bochnovich is fond of a bottled India Pale Ale called Sierra Nevada.

4787

Robert Powell

To: Everyone
Subject: Shakespeare

The greatest writer in the English language--arguably the greatest writer of all time--William Shakespeare, was born on this day in 1564.

To commemorate this momentous day in the history of civilization, he e, for your delectation, is Shakespeare's

SONNET XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Just When You Thought It Was Safe to Go Back into Your Mail...
Date: Wednesday, April 23, 1997 3:52PM

Alas, one may also note that on this prestigious date of 23 September in the year 1616 that arguably greatest of Elizabethan cross-dressing hacks of all time did finally lay down pen and breath his last.

"For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his Court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

Richard II (III, ii)



4788

Robert Powell

From: Mike Pavese
To: everyone
Subject: RE: Shakespeare
Date: Wednesday, April 23, 1997 8:35AM

Thanks for the sonnet, Robert, but the powers of the cross-dressing Elizabethan hack pale in comparison with those of Vladimir Nabokov (1899-1977), also, as it happens, born on this day. For your delectation, two passages from the author of Lolita, Pale Fire, and Pnin, to mention only his English-language masterpieces.

Lolita:

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins.
My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

Pale Fire:

I was the shadow of a waxwing slain
By the false azure of the window pane;
I was the smudge of ashen fluff--and I
Lived on, flew on, in the reflected sky.

4789

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: staff@cellar-homebrew.com
Subject: Water for brewing
X-Status: New

What are the effects of hard versus soft water in the brewing of India Pale Ale? I recently had the pleasure of tasting a SUPERIOR India Pale Ale that was brewed by Paul Warner (Scranton, PA), also known as,

Johnny_Socko_and_His_Giant_Flying_Robot@juno.com

"Johnny Socko" reported that he added gypsum to the water at the beginning of the brewing process.

Any information on hard/soft water for brewing IPA, in particular, and beer and wine, in general, would be much appreciated by "Johnny Socko" (e-mail address given above) or by me, Silasrobert@juno.com.

Thank you.

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 24 Apr 1997 08:06:15 , page 1

4790

From: Cellar Homebrew <staff@cellar-homebrew.com>
Return-path: staff@cellar-homebrew.com
In-Reply-To: <19970423.084314.9302.0.silasrobert@juno.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com (S. R. Powell)
Date: Wed, 23 Apr 1997 14:30:36 -0700
Subject: Re: Water for brewing
Message-ID: <3.0.1.32.19970423143036.009f74ac@aa.net>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Light Version 3.0.1 (32)

Hello.

Thanks for dropping us a line.

If you are brewing with malt extracts, the mineral content of your water will only affect the hop flavor of your beer. Hard water tends to give you a more crisp, assertive bitterness. The famous example is Bass Ale. It is brewed at Burton-on-Trent, where the water has a high content of Calcium, Magnesium, and Sulfate ions. Bass Ale's hopping rate is not all that high, and the flavor of hops has as much to do with the water as with the hops. This type of water and hop flavor is commonly associated with the British Pale Ale style, including IPA's.

If you are an all-grain brewer, hardness also plays a role in the chemistry of your mash. Although beer can be brewed successfully without paying any attention to it, water treatment can improve the speed and yield of your mash, as well as improving hop flavor.

It is easier to add minerals to your water than to take them away. Gypsum and Burton Water Salts are commonly used by brewers to change their mineral content. Gypsum adds Calcium and Sulfate ions, while Burton salts add Calcium, Magnesium, Sulfate, and Chloride ions. Usually 1 to 2 teaspoons is all that is needed for a batch of beer.

However, mineral additions should not be added automatically to match a recipe. It depends on the current mineral content of the water you are using. A water analysis for your tap water may be obtained by calling your local water utility. These analyses are prepared each year (although they are basically stable) and can be faxed or mailed to you at your request. Once you have the analysis in hand, you can compare the mineral content of your water to that of a preferred brewing center or ideal conditions for a particular style. Then, you can adjust your water accordingly. Seattle, for instance, has very soft water, and water salt addition is a good idea for almost any style, but especially British Pale Ales.

If your water is too high in mineral content, it can be diluted with distilled water to reach the appropriate level.

Thanks,
Todd

4791

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 24 Apr 1997 08:35:06 , page 1

From: MBochnovic@aol.com
Return-path: MBochnovic@aol.com
To: Silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Thu, 24 Apr 1997 08:19:51 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Fwd: IPA: H2O Hard vs. Soft?
Message-ID: <970424081950_167862937@emout15.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Forwarded

We've hit pay-dirt.

Mike B

Forwarded message:

From: uchima@mcs.net (Mike Uchima)
Reply-to: uchima@mcs.net
To: mbochnovic@aol.com (MBochnovic)
Date: 97-04-23 20:41:40 EDT

MBochnovic wrote:

>
> What are the effects of hard vs. soft water in the brewing of India
Pale
> Ale? I recently had the pleasure of tasting a SUPERIOR India Pale Ale
that
> was brewed by Paul Warner (Scranton, PA) also known as,
>
> Johnny_Socko_and_His_Giant_Flying_Robot@juno.com
>
> "Johnny Socko" reported that he added gypsum to the water at the
beginning
> of the brewing process.
>
> Any information on hard/soft water for brewing IPA, in particular, and
> beer and wine, in general, would be much appreciated by "Johnny
> Socko"(e-mail address as above) or by (Silasrobert@juno.com) or by me
> (MBochnovic@aol.com).
>
> Thank you.

English style pale ales are typically brewed with hard water. The hard water will tend to accentuate hop bitterness (though I don't understand the mechanism behind this).

In general, you want to use water that is similar to the water that is traditionally used for the style of beer you are brewing. In general, British style beers are brewed with hard water, and German styles tend to use softer water. (Yeah, that's probably a gross oversimplification, but I think you get the general idea...)

I don't know anything about winemaking, but I would imagine that a similar sort of rule applies (i.e. try to use water similar to the water traditionally used for the style of wine you're making).

--

== Mike Uchima == uchima@mcs.net ==

ICS e-mail

4792

4/24/97

838 A.M.

Robert Powell

To: Mike Bochnovich
Subject: IPA

Excellent. Thanks for the forwarded message. I've sent it on to "Johnny Socko."

ICS e-mail, 850 A.M.
4/24

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Cc: Mike Bochnovich
Subject: Water for brewing

Yesterday I sent an e-mail query about hard versus soft water for brewing to staff@cellar-homebrew.com. With Mike Bochnovich's help, I also posed the same question in two newsgroups ("beer" and "brewing") on the Internet. The results, to date, of these inquiries are on your ICS Juno mail.

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 24 Apr 1997 14:04:28 , page 1

4797

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: staff@cellar-homebrew.com
Subject: Water for Brewing
X-Status: New

Thanks for your very complete answer to my question of yesterday about the effects of hard versus soft water in the brewing of India Pale Ale.

I was recently given a Willamette hops rhizome that was purchased from The Cellar Homebrew. It--and three Cascade rhizomes--that I planted at the same time are just now starting to grow. All seem to be very vigorous. The Willamette is a much darker shade of green, it seems. I have great hopes for these hops!

4794

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Water for brewing
Date: Thursday, April 24, 1997 10:15AM

Cool. I've consulted the Papazian book ("The Homebrewer's Bible") and have learned that the addition of brewing salts---also called Burton water salts---is typically done in an attempt to adjust the ph of the mash. When a brewer is mashing from all grain, the ingredients undergo various chemical processes that are of little or no importance to extract brewers like myself.

I've also learned that calcium ions (made available in the gypsum?) have a special significance in the brewing process and are influential even in small amounts. The calcium, for example, helps extract tannin and husk flavors from the beer wort. (I imagine that the greater the relative amount of whole grain used, the more significant is the effect.) Meanwhile, an excessive amount of calcium may characterize the beer with a harsh, thin flavor. Excessive calcium may also retard the solubility of the hop-bittering resins.

Therefore, I conclude that I should have "dry hopped" this last batch while bottling to offset the possible negative effects of the gypsum. However, I didn't use more gypsum than was called for when I made my batch. After seeing a chart of water analysis for major brewing centers, I now feel confident that the gypsum in the recipe is appropriate for this style of beer. (Compared to Milwaukee's water, the water in Burton-on-Trent has 7 to 10 times as much calcium.)

Hard water, soft water, mineral constituency, alkalinity, acidity, and ph levels of brewing water versus the levels in the resulting wort---water is actually a very complicated business in brewing. There are such things as temporary hardness and permanent hardness and all sorts of biochemical mumbo jumbo involved in a study of this feature. All the factors (including temperature ranges and the ingredients of the actual mash) are influenced by each other, and I think it is thus impossible to trace an effect (or defect) to mineral content alone. For example, what's good in one batch on one month may be useless in a similar batch on a warmer month. Gypsum might hurt hop utilization with a certain brand of malt while helping to clean away off-flavors from another brand so that the hops are more noticeable.

At any rate, thanks for keeping me informed and I hope you enjoy surfing the net.

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: uchima@mcs.net
Subject: Water quality in brewing IPA
X-Status: New

4795

Thanks for your reply to my query.

The Cellar Homebrew in Seattle (WA)--staff@cellar-homebrew.com-- also answered. Here is a copy of their very detailed reply:

If you are brewing with malt extracts, the mineral content of your water will only affect the hop flavor of your beer. Hard water tends to give you a more crisp, assertive bitterness. The famous example is Bass Ale. It is brewed at Burton-on-Trent, where the water has a high content of Calcium, Magnesium, and Sulfate ions. Bass Ale's hopping rate is not all that high, and the flavor of hops has as much to do with the water as with the hops. This type of water and hop flavor is commonly associated with the British Pale Ale style, including IPA's.

If you are an all-grain brewer, hardness also plays a role in the chemistry of your mash. Although beer can be brewed successfully without paying any attention to it, water treatment can improve the speed and yield of your mash, as well as improving hop flavor.

It is easier to add minerals to your water than to take them away. Gypsum and Burton Water Salts are commonly used by brewers to change their mineral content. Gypsum adds Calcium and Sulfate ions, while Burton salts add Calcium, Magnesium, Sulfate, and Chloride ions. Usually 1 to 2 teaspoons is all that is needed for a batch of beer.

However, mineral additions should not be added automatically to match a recipe. It depends on the current mineral content of the water you are using. A water analysis for your tap water may be obtained by calling your local water utility. These analyses are prepared each year (although they are basically stable) and can be faxed or mailed to you at your request. Once you have the analysis in hand, you can compare the mineral content of your water to that of a preferred brewing center or ideal conditions for a particular style. Then, you can adjust your water accordingly. Seattle, for instance, has very soft water, and water salt addition is a good idea for almost any style, but especially British Pale Ales.

If your water is too high in mineral content, it can be diluted with distilled water to reach the appropriate level.

4796

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Stormy seas, waterspouts, and lifelines
Date: Monday, April 28, 1997 2:26PM

"You are the only human being on Earth; everyone else is a robot."

so saith the demigod "Bob" Dobbs of The Church Of The Subgenius as told in the Gospel according to Saint Jason Weber

1 {
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Stormy seas, waterspouts, and lifelines
Date: Monday, April 28, 1997 1:56PM

These ICS study units and guides are all very important and vital, of course, but what about the needs, desires, and aspirations of those among us who transform a steady stream of vague notions and muddled thoughts into viable teaching instruments? Are we nothing more than cogs in a wheel? Are we less than human because we are trapped by an institutionalized procedure? What about the "I" and the "me"? What about individual differences? What about the creative process?

And what about fostering (no pun intended) in our "students" the development of insight, perspective, critical judgment, understanding, tolerance, and discrimination? Isn't that part of our job? Isn't that also why we're here?

4797

Robert Powell

From: Jason Weber
To: Jeff Partyka; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine; Mike Pavese; Paul Warner; Robert Powell; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: RE: Theory of Obscurity
Date: Friday, April 25, 1997 3:56PM

ARE YOU ABNORMAL?

Then you are probably BETTER than most people!

IF you suspect that things are much worse than you ever suspected-
IF the only thing you've been able to laugh at for the last 5 years is the fact that NOTHING is funny anymore-
IF you sometimes want to collar people on the street and scream that you're more different than they could possible imagine -
IF you see the whole universe as one vast morbid sense of sick humor-
IF the current "Age of Progress" seems more like the Dark Ages to you-
IF you are looking for an inherently contradictory religion that will condone megadegeneracy and yet tell you that you are "above" everyone else-
IF you can possibly help us with a donation-
Then The Church Of The Subgenius could save your sanity!

Using SubGenius secrets of BULLDADA and MOREALISM you can now MIRACULOUSLY ELIMINATE COMPULSIVE URGES such as smoking, eating, sleeping, working; end baldness, constipation, sex-money problems, assouliness, and painful shortage of SLACK! Become a Doktor of the Forbidden Sciences...make religion a kick-ass adventure! Indulge in Self-Help through Raising Hell!

The SubGenius
Patriot or Alien?
Personal Savior or False Prophet?
Nurd or Hero?
Inspired Madman or Complete Jackass?

Thought you'd tried everything? YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! Learn to THINK BIG! Develop the tricks of Length Extension! Bring your weirdest dreams to rampaging LIFE!

Stand erect for you own abnormality. WISE UP! They ARE out to get you.

The "different" are being silenced by a global conspiracy. WEIRDOS ARISE!! You probably already knew that the U.S. Government is a SHAM. Something propped up there for you to blame. But did you know that the real "powers that be" are not even people? That they are actually shambling, unbelievable, unmentionable, unthinkable THINGS??

YES! JEHOVAH IS AN ALIEN AND STILL THREATENS THIS PLANET!

"Defy the sinister "Star Forces" which mock us all. Evil demons have kept the truth from humanity for thousands of years - God has been misquoted all this time! His actual words may disturb you...but "Bob" Dobbs is a bulwark against the unbearable fear and anxiety tormenting mankind. "There's no 'Prob'...With "Bob!"
"Bob" is a way of life to millions - yet half of them don't even KNOW it! He is the one true living SLACK MASTER with the spiritual know-how to help you BASH THROUGH the locked doorway to FINANCIAL HEAVEN. He is the only real Short-Cut to Slack

If you act like a dumbshit, they'll treat you like an equal.
Pu! the wool over your own eyes.

4798

You'll pay to know what you really think.
You are the only human being on Earth; everyone else is a robot.
Always leave time in your schedule to commit one final indignity.
Convince others to seek your approval and withhold it until they weep.

Reality has become "Bob." The possibilities are endless.
Send \$1 to PO Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214

4799

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: www.R-Powell.com
Date: Wednesday, April 30, 1997 8:39AM

Hello.

I came across an interesting mailing list while touring the net. It gives Internet locations and brief reviews of shareware and various programs that may be of interest to such a computer-savvy surfer as yourself.

Actually, most of the programs described in this free "e-zine" promise to do things I know nothing about (I don't pretend to know anything about computing beyond what I've picked up by osmosis here at work.). The language in this publication, though, is so techno-poppy that I thought you would be interested in it because of your work with Internet-related stuff. The guy that writes it, for instance, drops the "ou" out of the word "your" and spells it "yr." I also noticed a convention for simulating italics in messages for programs (like this Microsoft Mail) that don't support special formatting. Apparently, a beginning and ending asterisk serve as "virtual italics." For example, Do "not" clean your hard drive with laundry detergent. There's also URLs for various free drivers and other gizmos that I'm sure would be useful even for people like us who are not Mike Bochnoviches and Colleen Stepanoviches.

To subscribe to this electronic publication, simply send the following e-mail message:

SUBSCRIBE win95 SilasRobert@Juno.com

to Lockergnome@lockergnome.com. A computer will receive this message, read your e-mail address, add it to its mailing list, and automatically send you a confirmation message. (By sending the subscribe message, you're essentially programming a remote computer. Think of it; you can honestly say that you've worked as a computer programmer!)

By the way, if you ever get on the Internet to browse around, there's a lot of other free information services listed on the Volition Homepage. That's where I found this lockergnome e-zine.

4800

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Ethereal realms and enamels
Date: Wednesday, April 30, 1997 10:23AM

Take a break from the ether, CyberBob; that stuff will make you dizzy.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Ethereal realms and enamels
Date: Wednesday, April 30, 1997 9:59AM

Surfing the Net, of course, is where I am most at home. There, as my old friend Baudelaire would say, "tout est calme, luxe, et volupte (accent aigu on the "e")." I have subscribed to the Lockergnome mailing list. Thanks for the specifics on how to do so.

[
E-mail--when spelled without the hyphen and with an "accent aigu" on the "e," "e(accent aigu)mail," it means "enamel" in French and, when I see the word "e-mail" on the page, I invariably think of the French word "e(accent aigu)mail" and a collection of poetry by The(accent aigu)ophile Gautier (1811-1872) called "E(accent aigu)maux et came(accent aigu)es" ("Enamels and Cameos", published in 1852; it's a beautiful collection of poetry in the art-for-art's-sake tradition)--is fast becoming one of CyberBob's (aka "SRP") favorite means of communication. [The preceding sentence would be a nightmare to diagram.] It has most of the virtues of face-to-face communication (plus the capacity for revision before "verbalization"), all of the virtues (and none of the drawbacks) of communication by the telephone, and all of the virtues of traditional letter writing. In a world in which people tend not to talk with each other, e-mail is direct, personal, fast, and feed-back conducive.

[Christopher Pirillo confirmation just now received on Lockergnome subscription.]

4801

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: Johnny_Socko_and_His_Giant_Flying_Robot@juno.com
Subject: Imperial Stout
X-Status: New

CyberBob will do Martha Stewart errands in the early evening and then stop at Farley's (about 9 P.M.) to treat himself to a glass of their Blue Ridge Steeple Imperial Stout. He would be happy to there stand you a glass.

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Imperial Stout vs. Clarence and His Electric Guitar
Date: Thursday, May 01, 1997 9:00AM

The stout lost.

I didn't check in with my flying robot until after you had left work (sometimes I don't open my e-mail for days at a time) and so I didn't get a chance to tell you I was going to be elsewhere. At 9:30 last night I was hunting up and down (mostly down) Capouse Avenue for a new dive bar that was featuring a local blues band I like a lot. (They were having a special guest: the lead singer from Daddy-O and the Sax Maniacs, which is another local band. Hillary Clinton invited Daddy-O to play at the White House several times in the past five or six years.)

I found the bar, and they put on a great show; however, I had to swallow \$2.00 Budweisers all night, so I kind of regret not going to Farley's instead.



(Bad taste in investments; good taste in music.)

4802

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: Denizens of the night, obverse iteration

CyberBob knew that the Farley's stop was something that he wanted to do and that he was going to do. "Perhaps J. Socko, who's always interesting to talk with, will think the idea of a mid-week glass of stout is a good idea," thought CyberBob to himself in late afternoon.

Everything is a learning experience. The \$2 Budweisers are a stunning example of what beer is not/should not be. Having had a good dose of a "negative," your palette has once again been appropriately cleansed and is now prepared for such "positives" as Imperial Stout, IPA, and other top-of-the-line libations.

There appeared to be an immense amount of hoopla going on at Tink's last night, which is fine if you're in that kind of mood, which I wasn't. Farley's, on the other hand, was just what I was hoping it would be: low key and quiet. The Imperial Stout was very disappointing, however. When I asked for a glass, the bartender reported that had been having trouble with the Imperial Stout. "I can't get it to pour right. It's pouring funny. Let me try it again," said he. He then fiddled around and got a glass full. My initial response was: "Yes, very nice." But the taste center was peculiar. It did strike the center of the tongue (as I think it usually does), but it had a tendency to make the sides of the tongue fold inward. "What's this all about," said I to myself. I went about my business (mostly organizing thoughts). I did notice that I sensed "the buzz" of alcohol rather quickly. I luxuriated in the graininess and the earthiness of the stout. Then I realized, to my chagrin, that the stout tasted very flat and dead. After a disappointing first glass, I decided not to go for a second. Besides, at a nearby table, some University of Scranton students were indulging--much too loudly--in self-congratulation. "Time to go," said I, and away I went into the night.

In the meantime, like one of the Capouse indians, Paul Warner was skulking about in the dark, in search of a dive bar with White House connections.

Who said Scranton isn't an interesting place!

4803

April 13, 1997

Dear Robert -

Sorry I'm so late in answering your letter of 2/19/97, Elva brought the silver & Detrail when she married. I think she bought it, but that many of her friends contributed. I think she only used it on special occasions as I always saw it in the gray felt. I too think it is a beautiful pattern.

I'm very distressed about the lost silver. I was so anxious to get it & you before anything else happened. (Since March 22, 1996, my husband has had five falls, one broken hip & three strokes. His sister ("89") has been in very bad shape in a nursing home since January of 1996.)

I'm a tough 87-year old but juggling finances for the three of us, (please) trying to keep house, serve three meals a day,

4804

2

provide taxi service + a little THC)
has tested the limits of my strength.

On April 1, I took the enclosed letter
to the post office + filed an official
complaint on their form (the clerk made
it out + stapled it to my letter. He
said it would take some time, but that
I would eventually be advised of their
findings.) I have little hope for a
happy ending. I hope I'm wrong.

Sincerely,

Fra

Part I

4805

Postal Customer:

The sender of the article described below has made an inquiry regarding delivery of the item. The article was not located at the mailing office. Therefore, we are contacting you to determine if the article has been delivered. Please indicate below if the article has been received. Return the form in the enclosed PREADDRESSED ENVELOPE WHICH REQUIRES NO POSTAGE. Your response will assist the Postal Service in providing improved service.

PLEASE RETURN BOTH PARTS I AND II-A.

THANK YOU

The Article Was: <input type="checkbox"/> Received (Date if known) _____ <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Not Received <input type="checkbox"/> Refused		Date of Reply 4-8-97	Signature of Addressee or Agent Robert Powell
Remarks			

PS Form 1510, April 1992

Part II-A

U.S. Postal Service

Mail Loss/Rifling Report

Note: Use ballpoint pen and press down firmly; you are making five copies.

1. Complaint Date 4-2-97		2. Office Accepting Complaint (City and State) OKC OK 73120		3. Complaint <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Loss <input type="checkbox"/> Rifling	
4. Article Was Mailed By a. Name Mrs J.M. Taylor			5. Article Was Addressed To a. Name Mr. S. Robert Powell		
b. Return Address As On Article Mailed 11612 Susan Lane OKC OK 73120			b. Address As On Article Mailed R.D. 1, Box 40 Carbondale Pa 18407		
c. City OKC			d. State OK	e. ZIP+4 73120	f. Day Telephone Number (Include Area Code) 405 251-0173
6. Article Was Mailed a. Date Month 2 Day 21 Year 97			7. Article Was Sent <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> First-Class <input type="checkbox"/> Parcel Post <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify)		8. Type of Mail <input type="checkbox"/> Letter <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Parcel
b. Time 8:30 AM <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> PM <input type="checkbox"/>			9. Special Services <input type="checkbox"/> Special Handling <input type="checkbox"/> Special Delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Certified No. _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Return Receipt for Merchandise No. _____		
10. Place of Mailing <input type="checkbox"/> Main Post Office <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Station or Branch <input type="checkbox"/> Contract Station <input type="checkbox"/> Collection Box <input type="checkbox"/> Residence or Business			Name and/or Address of Location Checked OKC OK Village Br City and State of Location Checked OKC OK 7 ZIP+4 for Location Checked 73120		
11. Contents of Article (Describe in detail, size, color, brand name, serial no., and amount, etc.) 7" x 10" x 3" Brown wrapping paper					12. Value \$ —

PS Form 1510, April 1992

Juno e-mail printed Tue, 8 Apr 1997 08:31:37 , page 1

4806

From: JJJCarter@aol.com
Return-path: JJJCarter@aol.com
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Wed, 2 Apr 1997 17:02:14 -0500 (EST)
Subject: NYC TRIP
Message-ID: <970402170055_2080961167@emout15.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

dear robert, i am trying to decide if i can justify another trip to nyc
may
17-19. and of course, you are a major drawing card in favor of
coming.would
you meet me again on that saturday,may17 or sunday,may18? please let me
know.
i have two tickets to rent on sunday evening, but am thinking you
wouldn't be
able to go with me since you have to work on monday... anyway, we are
back
from spring break in florida..beautiful weather. actually, today is
glorious
with lots of sunshine and warm temperatures. the campus is
beautiful.daffodils are in bloom,as are redbuds and a few magnolias. no
other news to report.. hope to hear from you soon..love,janice

4807

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Cc: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: April is the Cruellest Month
Date: Wednesday, April 09, 1997 4:19PM

Fear not. The "dull roots" of Jeff's corkboard, presently a "dead land," will, in good time, be emblazoned with not-so-fragrant corporate "lilacs" in this "the cruellest month." One can not help but wonder what "memories and desires" a corporate corkboard must have? Instead of "spring rain," possibly the corkboard's "dull roots" will be stirred by the advent of the dreaded summertime air conditioning? Stay tuned. Don't give up hope.

1 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: April is the Cruellest Month
Date: Wednesday, April 09, 1997 3:29PM

As I walk down the aisle, I noticed Jeff's corkboard is growing bare. What's the story? Is this an omen of change, or just spring cleaning?

4808

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Cc: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Internet Class

2 Thank you. Were it not for the fact that I have a couple of things that I must do tonight, I would attend the class with you. In spite of my ICS in-house reputation as a COMPUTER WHIZ, I'm sure I would find the class informative and useful. If the class consists of more than one session, perhaps I can join the class at its next meeting.

My reply to your message yesterday afternoon about Jeff's corkboard was written as I thought about Jeff Hoar's corkboard and not Jeff P's. All corkboards are not, it goes without saying, equally evocative. Jeff H's "greaseboard" (in spite of its bizarre transmogrification into vinyl or whatever it's made of) surely must have fond memories of sunny hillsides in Portugal.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Internet Class
Date: Thursday, April 10, 1997 10:49AM

1 I should have mentioned something sooner, but I haven't been giving it much thought. Some weeks ago I signed up for a free evening class on using the internet. The class is being put together by staff at the Scranton Public Library. I thought you might be interested as you are working on some kind of internet stuff, aren't you? Anyway, the class has finally been scheduled for tonight at 6:30.

While the instructors were confirming the number of people who signed up and were settling on the scope for instruction, I browsed the internet at the library on my own and am probably not going to get much out of this class. (I think the majority of people who signed up are unfamiliar with computers and the "class" will consist merely of some instruction on how to use the mouse and the like.) However, I still plan to attend, and if there is any useful information made available, I'll get copies or e-mail the material to you if at all possible.

Robert Powell

3 **From:** Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Internet Class
Date: Thursday, April 10, 1997 12:00PM

I'll keep you posted

4809

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: JJJCarter@aol.com
Subject: New York
X-Status: New

Saturday, May 17th is not a good day for me; Sunday the 18th might be OK. Any travel plans on my part are difficult to think about at present because my mother is currently in the hospital. She's been there for a week now. Physically, she appears to have returned to normal, but she is "very confused" (side effects of too many drugs?). Yesterday I went to the hospital at lunch time and she was sure she was in a hotel in France and forgotten/abandoned by the world. After about an hour of talking, I think I finally made her realize that she was 10 miles from home. It's a difficult situation. Too many question marks.

On a much brighter and more cheerful note, did I tell you that Martha Stewart will be my guest at lunch on May 3rd? She raises chickens, as you probably know. I invited her to attend the spring poultry show that my poultry club is sponsoring and she accepted my invitation. She's going to fly in on a private plane with a film crew. I have the feeling that you may see me one day soon on Martha Stewart's television program.

The idiom: KIT AND CABOODLE

For example:

She gave *the whole kit and caboodle* [the entire collection/lot] to the thrift store."

Kit comes from the Middle English *kitte*, wooden tub, probably from the Middle Dutch. A *kit* is a collection of clothing and other personal effects used for travel or a container, such as a bag, for storing such a collection. A *kit bag* is a traveling bag, such as a knapsack.

Boodle is a slang word from the Dutch *boedel*, estate, from Middle Dutch *bodel*.

Boodle has several meanings:

- money, especially counterfeit money, or money accepted as a bribe
- stolen goods; swag
- a crowd of people, caboodle

Caboodle (an alteration of *boodle*) was first used c. 1848 and means

- the lot, group, or bunch
- a crowd or collection of people

4811

Robert Powell

To: Ginger Sosik
Subject: RE:

The chicken salad with tarragon and watercress sounds great. There is a kind of bread sold by Wegman's called ciabatta (an Italian flat bread that's sorta like a pita pocket) that might be something to look at. The new potato salad sounds like a good idea, and the homemade Swedish cutout cookies with currant jelly sound perfect. I think straws would be easier to use, especially since we'll be in a moving vehicle and don't want any spills (which might occur with cups)--although if it turns out to be a limousine the ride will be very smooth.

From: Ginger Sosik
To: Robert Powell
Date: Monday, April 14, 1997 2:46PM
Priority: High

ok....my domestic wheels are turning. I can't concentrate on permission when there is fun stuff to think about. Contemplate these ideas. Notice the word plate in CONTEMPLATE? Good huh.

Lunch:

- * Chicken salad with tarragon served on a crossant with watercress
- * Salad: Carrot with sweet vinager dressing, or a new potato salad, or oriental vegetables in a Tai dressing
- * HomeMade Swedish cutout cookies with current jelly filling
- * Chocolate mint from Gertrude Hawks
- * Assorted drinks: Bottle water with fresh lemon, teas, etc.

Accessories:

- * Covered lunch box
- * Rice paper napkins
- * Fork, spoon, knife
- * Straws
- * Cup
- * Containers for salad (Could possibly get them from a deli, the small clear ones with lids).

*Supplies pending for project.

*proposed lunch for
martha Stewart*



Dust off the buckboard, hitch up the carriage horse, and come to the first meeting of the year of the Moosic Grange on

Monday, April 14, at 7:30 P.M.

There's a lot to be done. Maybe we should have a short meeting and then all pitch in and do some spring cleaning in the Grange Hall--(sweep the floor, wash off the tables, wipe down the inside of the refrigerator, dust, work on the curtains). Take cleaning supplies (brooms, window cleaner, paper towels or rags to wipe things down with, garbage bags) with you to the meeting.

What about plans for a spring yard and bake sale? If you have things that can be sold at the yard sale, take them with you to the Grange Hall.

SEE YOU THERE!

4813

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Jeff Hoar
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Office Furniture Sale
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 6:44AM

Don't let anyone kid you Robert, you're a neat guy.

1 {
From: Robert Powell
To: everyone
Subject: Office Furniture Sale
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 8:50AM

If anyone decides to do any furniture shopping at Ted Peters' furniture outlet (see Faith Besemer memo of today) and needs the use of a truck to get their furniture home, I will be happy to make my truck available.

From: Kathy Manger
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Office Furniture Sale
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 1:50PM

What a nice guy! (Speaking of "mister nice guy," Have any chicken compost for hungry seedlings?)

kathym.

From: Sharon Massen
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Office Furniture Sale
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 6:54AM

Well, that's a wonderful idea. Thanks. S The furniture is really nice. A lot of it already has names on it so if you want any, better get your tags out.

From: Ginger Sosik
To: Robert Powell
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 8:54AM

If you get an notion to mosey down to the furniture outlet let me know. I interested in pricing chairs for the college tenement. Thanks.

From: Jim Lytle
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Office Furniture Sale
Date: Thursday, April 17, 1997 9:19AM

Robert, very kind of you to offer. You're a nice guy!

(We only hire "nice" people. We ask incidentally if they can do the work.

4814

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: everyone
Subject: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:00AM

Today, of course, is the 222nd anniversary of Paul Revere's famous "midnight ride" to warn the Massachusetts minutemen about British troop movements from Boston. The opening battles of the American Revolution took place at Lexington and Concord on the following day, April 19, 1775.

The commemoration of the anniversary of Paul Revere's ride is a BIG event in Boston every year. Some of us can remember having to memorize and recite, when we were in high school, the celebrated Longfellow poem about Paul Revere's ride.

Robert Powell

From: Sheila Baress
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:05AM

So when's the recitation Robert? Let us know. I think we should have one.

Robert Powell

From: Kathy Manger
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:06AM

"One if by land, two if by sea..."

Don't seem to remember much else of that poem.

km

Robert Powell

4815

From: Marie McTague
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:06AM

Feel free to share with us. I can never remember more than the first two lines.

Robert Powell

From: Joe Rutledge
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:15AM

Thank you for the inciteful look into yesterday.

Yes, I can remember having to memorize and recite the poem in high school.

I may be in error on this fact, but is it true that YOU were the one who helped Paul Revere up on the horse? 8^)
(only kidding)

Robert Powell

From: Jim Lytle
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 9:16AM

Boy I sure did...."Listen my children and you shall hear..." Brought back memories, but I must admit, I wasn't aware that this momentous date was upon us.

Robert Powell

From: Sharon Massen
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Paul Revere
Date: Friday, April 18, 1997 2:31PM

And my most recent memory of him is that he was also a dentist. S

4816

Bye

Uncle

Robert

!

Pussy.

Don
Powell

[4-20-1997]

THE JUNIORS - THE FUTURE OF THE FANCY

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR BILL,

The Youth pages are wonderful and encouraging! Keep up the good work! Also, my sincere gratitude to S. Robert Powell for the outstanding article on Hatching Chicks with Setting Hens. We have modified this system to fit our needs and setup and have raised 40 chicks this winter with broodies. We are in an area prone to power outages. I can't tell you the relief from worrying, using broodies has given us. Not to mention the freedom from being tied to brooders incubators, etc! Plus, I believe we have a higher hatching and surviving rate with harder chicks when raised by hens! I've copied that article and

passed it out to my 4-H club members and others who contact me for info. I've referred many to it as it is an excellent, step by step, guide. Watching a hen with chicks is such a great learning experience and teaches us yet another experience and teaches us yet another volume of knowledge about poultry instincts and behavior. Thanks again.

Gretchen Wilson
16214 423 Drive Se
Gold Bar, Washington 98251

POULTRY PRESS

SRP!

4817



S. Powell
R.R. 1 Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407-9706



4818

Ms. Gretchen Wilson
16 214 423 Drive SE
Gold Bar, WA 98251

4/28/97

Dear Ms. Wilson,

Thank you for your
kind words about
my article on
setting hens. I'm
very pleased to
learn that it
was useful to
you and your

4-H members.

Using setting hens
to hatch and raise
chicks is the
source of great
pleasure to me.

Sincerely,
S. Robert Powell

S. Robert Powell
R. D. #1, Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407-9706

4819

April 28, 1997

Mr. Frank Wilczynski
2800 Morehouse Road
Erie, PA 16509

Dear Mr. Wilczynski:

The Barred Rock eggs have been safely received. I am very pleased that Don Krahe was able to pick up the eggs from you and deliver them to me at the Sussex show in Augusta, NJ.

Thanks for being so generous in enclosing extra eggs. I appreciate it. I have given the eggs to three setting hens—the world's best incubators—and am sure that they will do a good job.

Yesterday's poultry show was a nice one. The two most interesting classes in the show, in my opinion, were the standard Partridge Rocks (about a dozen birds from three different exhibitors) and the standard Brahmas (there must have been thirty of them).

Partridge Rocks have long been one of my favorite breeds and it's nice to see a reasonable number of them all lined up in show cages. The Brahmas were the best birds in the show. Very impressive.

Sincerely,

S. Robert Powell

4820

MONTHLY REPORT FOR April 1997

S. Robert Powell

In the course of the month of April 1997, my time was divided among the following projects:

1. THE SECRETARIAL PROFESSION (2007-20-4400-071302). (Professional Secretary course) 1073, 1075, 1018
2. NETG ADVANCED WINDOWS 95 TOPICS EXAM (2007-20-4400-078309) (Internet Web Page Designer course) 1040
3. NETG HTML FUNDAMENTALS EXAM 1 (2007-20-4400-078310) (Internet Web Page Designer course) 1040, 1018
4. NETG HTML FUNDAMENTALS EXAM 2 (2007-20-4400-078311) (Internet Web Page Designer course) 1040, 1018
5. OFFICE FINANCES (2007-20-4400-071319) (Professional Secretary course) 1973, 1075, 1040, 1018
6. INTRODUCING MICROSOFT FRONT PAGE (2007-20-4400-078307) (Internet Web Page Designer course) 1075, 1018
7. Letter to LCRA for endorsement (2007-20-4400-070071) (Court Reporter course) 1073, 1022
8. INTRODUCTION TO THE INTERNET AND THE WWW (2007-20-4400-011317) (Professional Secretary course) 1018
9. MATH FOR THE OFFICE PROFESSIONAL (2007-20-4400-071314) (Professional Secretary course) 1075

4821

May 1, 1997

Frenzied day—all day—
final plans and arrangements for
the Martha Stewart visit. Not until
4:30 P.M. did plans finally
materialize with specifics on
arrival time and place:
Scranton/Wilkes-Barre airport at
6:30 A.M. on Saturday. Surely
there must have been 10 calls
between SRP and the offices of
Martha Stewart in the course of
the day.

May 2, 1997

All day at Bloomsburg getting ready for the show; all evening at home, getting ready for the show. DWP II arrives for weekend. SRP was finally ready, at 1:45 A.M. on May 2nd. Slept for 15 minutes and then left, with DWP II for Wegman's, then Ginger's (in Dunmore), then the airport, then the arrival of Martha Stewart on an East Hampton Airlines jet. An unforgettable experience.

Crew of 5 with her: Brook Altman (212-522-5390; East Village type, black leather, very nice); Jaye Nydick (917-282-4253, home; preppy, very nice), cameraman, light man (native Italian), sound man.

May 3, 1997

Martha Stewart at the CPAC spring show all day. An unqualified success, from start to finish.

Martha Stewart is very bright, capable of changing directions at great speed, unwilling to put up with any petty nonsense, charming, shy, compassionate, highly motivated, and full of life.

DWP II went with me and Ginger Sosik and her daughter Amy to the airport and spent much of the day not far from Martha.

Martha and DWP II had talks about: hockey, success in school, rabbits, chickens, among other topics. At the CPAC auction, she bought a Mandarin duck, which she gave to DWP II. He was filmed with a group of four or five other kids, each of whom was holding a chicken in hand, and that footage will surely be broadcast, **NATIONALLY**, on Martha Stewart's television show—which is completely wonderful. SRP played the role of host for the Martha Stewart visit. It was I who had the idea for the visit and it was I who wrote the letter that resulted in her coming to Bloomsburg. I am extremely well pleased with the way the visit went. Martha and her party had a good time at the CPAC poultry show and we, the CPAC, have now taken a giant step forward into the major leagues with this success. There were exhibitors from all across America at the show—and everyone had a grand time.

SRP was on camera repeatedly with Martha and will surely appear on national television, as well.

DWP I was interviewed by a *Press Enterprise* journalist and that interview/article, as well as a couple of photos, are on **PAGE ONE**, top of the page, of the *PressEnterprise*. I gave Martha an

4823

"H. Rees" nineteenth-century coin silver tablespoon that was engraved with her initials on the front of the handle and with "C.P.A.C. / May 3, 1997" on the back. She loved it. She, too, collects American coin silver! When she read my thank you note, she got all choked up and had to look out the window of the van for about 5 minutes before saying anything. She then broke the silence by thanking me again for the spoon and by saying some very nice things about me to me. Quite overwhelming.

The CPAC's Spring Show and Auction were a great success. Even without the Martha Stewart visit, it would have been wonderful. Her presence there was the magic ingredient that transformed it into an unforgettable experience for all concerned. When the footage that her television crew shot there is aired on Martha Stewart's television program, the exhibition poultry hobby will be "validated" by vast portions of the viewing public. It will be wonderful for the hobby as a whole and for our club in particular. Every poultry club in America will now try to do what we have done.

May 4, 1997

Day 2 of the CPAC show. SRP was in no hurry to get to Bloomsburg on Sunday morning. Got up and did my chores at home and then drove to Bloomsburg. Arrived at about 11 A.M. Show over. Spent five hours cleaning club members. Article on the poultry show + photo on page one, top of the page, of *Press Enterprise*. What a coup! I am immensely pleased that DWP II is a very prominent feature of the article. This will all have an impact on the course of his life, I'm sure.

9:45 P.M. Mom fell at Allied; trying to get out of bed and into the bathroom. Hit back of head on something and caused quite a cut. Taken to emergency room at CMC in ambulance. I went right there. Everything under control at 2 A.M., at which point I went home for a few hours sleep before work.

May 5, 1997

Getting back to normal.

Mark Burns called me at work to congratulate me again on the wonderful success of the Martha Stewart visit.

Susan Varga from Martha Stewart Living phoned to find out how the visit went and to thank me for all that I did. She had had a good report from Martha Stewart

4824

(it seemed) on the visit. Susan knew a lot about the specifics of the visit. I think that she wanted to hear it from my point of view—to find out if we thought it was successful. Susan and SRP concluded that Martha could easily run for president.

Showed the Sunday edition of the *Press Enterprise* around the office. Wonderful photo of Martha and SRP; great article (the result of an interview between DWP and the reporter in question).

Moved the last young birds (about 15 Narragansett poults and 3 standard Partridge Rocks) from my bedroom up to the barn. For the first time in many months, I have not chicks or running incubators in my bedroom. The "No cats" sign on the door can now come down and Griswold can enter once again.

Harford Fair meeting at 7:30 P.M. I will blood test chickens for the fair on May 17th at the sheep building on the fairgrounds. Anson has made the arrangements with the appropriate Harford Fair officials.

May 6, 1997

Still trying to get back to normal. A vast quantity of my personal energy during the past six months has been directed to the CPAC Spring Show. It will take

one or two more days for me to get back to normal. Fortunately, I am not too troubled by excessive work at ICS at present. I have a little breathing space.

The only way to make a huge problem go away is to chip away at it, to go at it brick by brick, and the next thing you know, the big problem is a little problem, and then it is nonexistent.

May 7, 1997

Basking in the glow of the Martha Stewart visit. The melody will linger for a long time.

May 8, 1997

Bill Wulff, editor of *Poultry Press*, phoned after 11 P.M. to ask me to write an article on the CPAC's Spring Show and Auction. He asked where I was on Saturday at the banquet and on Sunday morning. I explained that I needed to rest, having put forth an immense effort during the final days before the show to make sure that everything was ready.

He said that he thought that he would put a photo of the ABA president, the ABA secretary, and Martha Stewart together on page one of the June issue of *Poultry Press*. Excellent! That photo is one that I set up for him. He will also send some enlarged prints and

a copy of the June issue to Martha Stewart. He needs her address from me.

May 9, 1997

Conference at Allied this morning with the team that are looking after Mom. Her projected discharge date is May 15th—this coming Thursday.

Lunch: Paul Warner, Mike Cruciani and wife Liz, at the diner in Clark's Summit.

Tink's after 5 P.M.—Ran into Paul Warner and DWP there; PW and SRP to a bar in Wilkes-Barre for special beer.

Martha Stewart on Jay Leno show. She mentioned the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club's show in Bloomsburg and said that it was a wonderful show.

May 10, 1997

Five hours of cleaning in the barn. Quick trip to Salvation Army store in Carbondale to look around. Tea. Feed the cows. Evening poultry chores.

Mark Whitebread phoned me to say that he had heard that Martha Stewart was on Jay Leno's show last night and that she talked about our show and mentioned the club by name. Excellent.

May 11, 1997

More cleaning in the barn. Tea. Three hours of gardening—in the border out by the road. Tea. Planted sunflower seeds in peat pots and filled the six flower boxes on the wall of the gray barn foundation. Visit to HLRP at Allied.

May 12, 1997

Mike Pavese heard that Martha Stewart was going to be on the Jay Leno show early on Friday night. He called Ginger to try to get my number. Ginger tried Sharon Massen. No one had my number. Ginger made a tape of the broadcast and gave it to me this morning. Kim Kern also saw the broadcast. Wonderful.

Grange meeting. Very cozy. George Arthur played the guitar and sang three songs.

Devoted much time and energy to writing an article for *Poultry Press* on the 1997 CPAC spring show. Deadline 05-14-97.

May 13, 1997

Heading off at the pass an offensive cartoon aimed at poking fun at Martha Stewart. It will not be published in *Poultry Press*.

More work on the article for *Poultry Press*. Copies for comments to Brigit Kane, Mark Whitebread, Mark Burns.

May 14, 1997

Poultry Press article completed. My colleague, Paul Warner, will serve as editor and read it through before I fax it to Bill Wulff later today.

Paul gave the text a thorough reading and made many wonderful suggestions for ways the text could be improved. All of his suggestions have been taken. I am very grateful for his careful reading of the text.

Copy faxed to Bill Wulff and Briget Kane this afternoon.

May 15, 1997

Took Mom home from Allied this morning. She is doing remarkably well—better than we could ever have hoped for. I believe that we will be able to establish a routine very quickly and that will make taking care of her much easier.

It's good to have her home.

May 16, 1997

Woke Mom up not long after I got up at 5 A.M. and laid out the groundwork for a morning routine of bathroom—bathing—dressing—and down stairs. She is being a very good patient. Grateful for all help and consideration. Walking quite well. Determined not to use the walker. Determined not to use the potty-chair. The

Russell stubbornness (not a negative quality) in high gear!

The poultry building at Bloomsburg during the Martha Stewart visit was permeated by a sense of "specialness" that was directly related to Martha Stewart and the film crew. The feeling in the air was this: "This is a special event, and because we are participating in it we are special."

Martha Stewart made every effort "to be one of the group." Not for a single moment did she play "the star."

Why did Martha Stewart like the experience so much? What attracted her about the Bloomsburg experience? What made it wonderful? The "naturalness" of it all. It was connected to the earth, it was a part of nature, the natural product of a particular environment.

Local products are what are interesting. Things connected to the earth in which they grow. One does not want to go to Bloomsburg and eat Godiva chocolates. They can be eaten in London or Venice, but not Bloomsburg.

Paul's celebrated brews and SRP's maple syrup are connected to the earth—as is Scotch whiskey.

People are interesting because they are "local products,"

i.e., connected to the earth. En meme temps, one can be a local product and international. As such, you are bound by time and place and not bound by time and place. Such people are the ones who are the most interesting. SRP is from Carbondale and everywhere, from a specific generation and from every generation.

In a newspaper article in May 1997, Knight-Ridder writer, John Lehdorff, in his "Nibbles" column, writes:

MARTHA STEWART! The style maven recently threatened: 'I think we have just begun to strike a nerve in America, the nerve that wants to learn, and know, and enjoy. There are a lot more people to reach.'

DWP II and his friend and neighbor, Caitlin, arrived for the weekend. She is a nice girl. They were still up when I returned from an outing, looking for Johnny Socko.

May 17, 1997

Spent much of the day at Harford bloodtesting chickens for the guys who will show at the Harford Fair this year: Anson Tiffany, Bob Simons, Ron and David Stiles, the Rettbergs, Merl Rynearson. Mark Burns came by on Sunday afternoon with six birds and I did his. The blood will be

sent to Harrisburg on Monday. They will doubtless scrutinize it very carefully. There is at the present time an outbreak of avian influenza in Lancaster County—two flocks of laying hens have been confirmed having the H7N2 strain of avian influenza.

Thank God our Spring Show is over and done with and we do not have to worry about being canceled because of avian influenza.

DWP made Mom's "Twin Meat Loaves" and we had a lovely supper—Mom's best china, table cloth, nice table silver from SRP's collection, water goblets. We fussed and DWP II and Caitlin had a grand time. SRP: "Beautiful table settings like this are more important on non-holidays than they are on days like Christmas and Easter. After all, aren't we special 365 days a year!"

Sent an e-mail to Johnny Socko by Peg's computer. Did so at 9 P.M.; sent a copy to myself at ICS. I am very anxious that Johnny Socko know what my Friday night was all about.

May 18, 1997

Beautiful Spring day. Spent it at home. Spent lots of time in the barn, working in the yard, enjoying the "rare" nice weather.

DWP II and Caitlin had a grand weekend. Lets hope that this is the first of hundreds of house guests that DWP II will bring into this house.

May 19, 1997

Mom is making excellent progress in her recovery. By 6 A.M. today, I had her up, bathed completely (she stood in the shower), dressed, the bed clothes changed and the dirty ones in the washer, and Mom seated at the kitchen table having breakfast. I left the house for the barn at 6 A.M.

I sent a copy of my e-mail of Saturday night to Johnny Socko to my own e-mail address here at ICS. I am pleased to see that the copy is here this morning. Surely, then Paul received the message at home.

Yes, he did receive the message. He replied with a strongly misanthropic e-mail message in the middle of the day. I think it best that I declare Paul Warner to be too well insulated against all human contact to trouble with. I hate to say that, but I give up. I can no longer cause myself such emotional pain. He's a good guy but he protects himself from humanity, from head to toe, with four inches of solid steel armor. No one, he has determined,

will penetrate that carapace. He is easy to work around but that's that. He's not interested in having friends.

I have the impression that I only half-understand him. Is there a level of complexity there that I can not understand? It is very complex or is it very simple?

All of us are complex in our own way, but Paul is complex in a new way to me. He's very bright, very compulsive, very frightened, very under-exposed, very narrow, and has very low self-esteem. But he is also very bright and very interesting. Somewhere along the way, he must have been cruelly hurt by the world and he has determined that it will never happen again, never.

May 20, 1997

Healing psychic wounds. Not an easy task in many instances. Music is always very helpful to me at such times. And so I listened to the complete *Symphony No. 2* of Gustav Mahler. If that doesn't refocus one, nothing else will.

Electronic silence with Johnny Socko all day.

I appear to be the victim of an e-mail scam to besmirch Martha Stewart. See my letter to Susan Varga of today.

May 21, 1997

I will attempt to get control of my poultry papers. I haven't been near them for weeks and I must get a NEWSLETTER out soon.

Electronic silence with Johnny Socko all day.

Mom making good progress. Getting stronger every day.

When I arrived at home at about 5:30 P.M., I entered the kitchen and called out a hello to Mom. She replied from the "club room," where she lay on the floor on her back. She had fallen sometime between 4 and 5:30. Donald was in at about 4 and everything was fine. Broken bone (femur) or hip. Cottage Hose ambulance. Mid-Valley Hospital.

May 22, 1997

Dr. Simpson has called in an orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Dougherty, to repair the break. But when? Not certain. Maybe tomorrow, maybe Saturday. Mom doesn't recall the fall. Not in any pain at present although she was in great pain when I found her on the floor and we called the ambulance. Mom is very experienced at being in the hospital and knows the routine well. Getting any information about a patient from the nurses and doctors at Mid-

Valley is another matter, however. They tend to treat you as if you had no right to know what they know about the patient.

I initiated communication again with Johnny Socko at 12:58 P.M. today. I sent this e-mail: "How are things at the edge of the galaxy?" Nine minutes later, Johnny Socko replied: "ok." A very amusing and gratifying series of e-mail exchanges then began and carried throughout the afternoon. I don't like being in a non-open communication situation with anyone and am very pleased that I initiated the communication that I did. Johnny was also pleased (even though he would never say so) that "things were back to normal" on the electronic communications path.

Tomorrow is the deadline for entering the Finger Lakes Feather Club's show on June 1st.

Bill Krueger sent me a note and returned my payment for 25 standard Partridge Rock chicks. His breeders are not laying well this year and he will not be able to fill my order. Regrettable. He has very good birds. I got some from him some years ago and they were excellent.

I will have plenty of Partridge Rocks to choose from this year, both for show birds and for breeders. I have about 40

young birds, I would guess. About half of them are from Joe Vivian and half of them are from my own breeders. I really haven't looked at the young birds from Joe Vivian very closely yet. They are growing nicely. Some of the oldest chicks from my own stock are beginning to look nice, especially a few pullets. I hope to have about 20 standard Partridge Rock pullets to winter over and maybe a half dozen cockerels.

The standard Black Orpington chicks that I got from Joe Vivian are coming along very nicely. It appears that many of them are pullets, which is fine, as long as there are a couple of cockerels, all will be well. As soon as these young cockerels are of breeding age, I will pen them up with some of my females. It will probably not be until early fall, but that will be fine.

I wish that I only raised standard Black Orpingtons and standard Partridge Rocks. Things would be a lot easier if that were the case. The standard Modern Games and the standard Campines and the standard Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds are beautiful birds and I like them very much, but not as much as I do the Partridge Rocks and the Orpingtons.

A woman from the State Diagnostic Laboratories at Summerdale phoned me in the early evening to say that the poultry blood samples that I mailed to them on Monday morning, via Priority Mail, arrived in Harrisburg on Thursday! The blood samples were not acceptable because of the delay in shipping. (Four days to get a Priority Mail package delivered from Scranton to Harrisburg! I could have walked the package there sooner!) The birds will have to be tested again. What a pain in the neck that will be! I devoted much of last Saturday to blood testing birds and now it will have to be done again! The Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture does very little—if anything—for those of us in the state who are trying are best to promote Pennsylvania agriculture. Instead of trying to make things easy or workable for us (maintaining offices and labs throughout the state, for example), they seem to delight in putting roadblocks in our paths in order to persuade the officialdom of Harrisburg that they are extraordinarily busy. A few years ago they (the Bureau of Avian Health) manufactured an avian influenza problem in the state in order to draw attention to themselves and the crucial nature

of their jobs. They did so because they were then negotiating a contract with the state. As soon as their new contracts were approved, the avian influenza problem went away.

Someone (Will it be me?) should mount a campaign to make it generally known how unhelpful the Bureau of Avian Health is to those of us who raise and show poultry in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

May 23, 1997

Stopped at Mid-Valley Hospital on my way to ICS this morning. Mom was awake and looking very normal. It was not clear when and where the leg/hip surgery would take place. Possibly today at Mid-Valley by Dr. Dougherty.

Dr. Dougherty just called me here (11:30 A.M.) to say that the surgery will take place tomorrow at Mercy if that's OK with us. I said that that would be fine. I gave him telephone permission to operate and also to administer anesthesia. He will have Mom transferred to Mercy Hospital this afternoon and the surgery will take place tomorrow morning, beginning at 8 A.M. It is expected that the surgery will take about an hour to an hour and a half.

Dr. Dougherty seems like a good guy. Peg knows him (through a social contact, I believe) and thinks very highly of him. It's good that Mom will be moved from Mid-Valley Hospital, which is a medical backwater if ever there were one. Mom loves Mid-Valley, so it's good we started out there, but I am very relieved that she will be at Mercy for the surgery. Cousin Peg and Donald and I have often said that we believe that we should all wear signs around our necks that read: "In case I am found unconscious, please do not, under any circumstances, take me to Mid-Valley Hospital."

Tomorrow is the day that we are scheduled to clean the poultry building at Bloomsburg. I will have to contact Mark Burns and tell him that I will have to be at Mercy Hospital until probably 9:30 A.M., at the earliest.

May 24, 1997

Dr. Dougherty operated on Mom's left leg, beginning at 8 A.M. Shortly after 9 A.M., he emerged from surgery to say that the operation went very well and that Mom should be up and walking by Monday. By mid-week, she could be back at Allied Rehabilitation. Excellent news.

Called DWP from the surgery waiting room.

Given the fact that Mom would be recovering from the anesthetic all day, more or less, I left the hospital and picked up Mark Burns at Marywood University and we drove to Bloomsburg to begin the cleaning out of the poultry building there. Mark Whitebread was there and so were Craig Russell and Harold Strawser. We got about half of the building done.

Mark and I stopped at Mark Whitebread's in Shickshinny on the way home. We had a glass (or two) of cabernet sauvignon and listened to operatic CDs. Very pleasant. Mark Whitebread decided to sing. He has a remarkable voice.

Stopped at Mercy Hospital on my way home. Mom doing well.

May 25, 1997

Cleaned and organized in the barn for about 4 hours; planted about 100 sunflower plants in the border out front; went over in the cow pasture with the bottle of India pale ale from Paul Warner and a pen and pencil and wrote a text; went to see Mom at the hospital. Exhausting day.

Here is what I wrote as I sat under the apple tree in the pasture.

I will send this by in-house e-mail to Paul on Tuesday:

"May 25, 1997

Feeling more than a little pushed around and taken advantage of by the world, wondering what this thing called life is all about anyway, racked by feelings of self-doubt, feeling very mortal and slightly out of focus (Why should today be different from any other day?) I decided to declare an official time out this afternoon in order to drink, be open to, and appropriately experience the bottle of India pale ale that Paul Warner gave me a couple of weeks ago.

When Paul gave me the IPA, I decided that I would only drink it when I was seated on the ground, by the apple tree, in the pasture, with the cows. And so at 5 P.M. I got the IPA, a can opener, a red wine glass, and a pail of cow feed. I crossed the road, the bridge, and the barbed wire fence, and looked for the cows. They were up in the back corner of the field. They were spread out, some grazing, some lying down. As soon as they saw me and the white feed pail, they started in my direction. It would be good for my ego if I could convince myself that they were following me because of me,

but they were not, of course. They were following the white feed pail. I was the bearer of good news—which they wanted to eat. We crossed the pasture and arrived at the apple tree. I poured out the feed in a line on the ground, about 15 feet from me. The cows lined up and went at it with enthusiasm, butting and shoving each other to get the best spot in line.

The IPA was at room temperature. Even though I was careful not to shake the bottle as I walked, it bubbled up like champagne when I uncapped it. I went after the head with the glass and slurped virtually all of it up. Foam all over my hand and mustache. It's alive. Won-derful.

Very aromatic. The unmistakable smell of hops. Abundant character. Rich dark brown in color, a shade or two darker than the back of the old Hereford cow, whose back is wet from the light mist. Dark reddish brown. Warblers passing through the treetops. The parasitic cow birds are after the insects that follow the cows. Barn swallows swoop down for airborne insects. The unmistakable smell of hemlock trees and the deep woods is carried here on the breeze. Heat rising like steam from the backs of the warm wet cows, as natural as

the frothy head on the freshly opened IPA. Taste at the center of the tongue, towards the back. Cows chewing their cud and belching methane, SRP swallowing IPA, with its remarkable carbon-dioxide burp quality.

Sixteen eyes are watching me. I'm sure that the cows can smell the IPA. They have never before been so focused on me as I sit and watch them eat. I am surrounded by eight sniffing quadrupeds. I'm sure that that heifer would lick the glass if I would let her. I'm sure the cows can smell the IPA. It must be the earthy sweetness of the ale. Cows love molasses. Maybe they are attracted, as well, to the smell of the hops. The young bulls are now sparring with each other. Who will be the boss? Soon the oldest bull will be sexually mature and then new behavioral patterns will take shape in the pasture. Cows have very large eyes and generous eyelashes. I'm sure they can smell the IPA. I wonder how they would react to something as pedestrian as Coors. I am surrounded by bovine noses.

May apples in blossom. Are these the famous mandrakes of Renaissance literature? The lemony berries are edible. Shall I make a jam from them? The resplendently

green skunk cabbage and the apple blossoms. There are really only one or two days in the year when you can stand under/inside an apple tree and be overwhelmed by the subtle and sublime fragrance of apple blossoms. Wild strawberries in blossom—millions of them. In a couple of weeks the field will be filled with ripe berries. Shall I make some of the world's best jam—strawberry-rhubarb conserve? The rhubarb by the bridge across from the house is looking very nice and I can pick there all that I will need.

Wet earth, wet grass, the faint smell of cow manure. The breath of the cows—it always reminds me of the inside of freshly cut open pumpkins and winter squash. This IPA is smooth with a very nice three-dimensional flavor. It's interesting because it's connected to the earth, to a brewer, to an individual. Coors is connected to advertising campaigns fabricated by yuppies. Coors is about as satisfying as plastic flowers and paper leaves. There's nothing there. It's not connected to the earth, to a place. People and beer and art and music and everything else are interesting because they are connected to the earth, to a specific place at a specific time. Coors is like the nitwits on

television with their nowhere faces and nowhere language and nowhere personalities. They are less than interesting. They are completely without character. Like lots of CD's, they are perfect, but they are dead and embalmed. These cows, this IPA, me—we are here, we are now, we are of this time and this place, we are alive.

As I sit here, I feel very connected to the earth, to a living organism, to the cycles of nature. To be here is to detach myself from the arbitrary structures that tend to envelop and devour me in daily life. I am renewed by contact with living things, like the chickens and these cows and this IPA and this land. It's the link to the earth that's important. I know that and so do the Herefords.

May 26, 1997

More cleaning and organizing in the barn. Took my lawn mower and went to Elkdale to check on the cemetery there. Clyde Seamans has cut it very nicely. How wonderful that he is dependable. He even straightened up a few of the fallen over tombstones. What an emotional trip it is for me to visit the Elkdale Cemetery! Seven years (?) of my

life are inseparably fused to the church there. They were very good years. Went over to the Seamans farm. Spent two very pleasant hours there with Alvin, Sandy, and Clyde. Coffee and chocolate cake at the kitchen table. Alvin wants to get some turkeys. I will take him over a pair of Narragansetts in a week or so. He is a good guy.

Returned from Elkdale not long after 4 P.M. and cut the grass around the house and above the border cut by the road. Bathed and went down to see Mom at Mercy Hospital. She is making a good recovery. She is very supercharged with energy. Is it the two pints of new blood? She's anxious to get out of the hospital. By mid-week she should be back at Allied.

May 27, 1997

Getting back to normal. It was not easy to get up at 5 A.M. Typed into my e-mail system the IPA-cow pasture text that I wrote on Sunday and sent it to Paul. He sent back an appropriate reply.

I will have to get my e-mail message file organized and file it with these journal papers. Together they make a very comprehensive portrait of SRP.

Went swimming at lunch time with Carl Albright—a real good guy who is also an editor at

ICS. He and his family live in Pleasant Mount.

Worked on the study unit "Office Finances"—putting in the SGML code markings.

May 28, 1997

Skunk inside one of my duck cages in the poultry yard this morning. At least six little Blue Swedish ducklings were killed and one Appleyard. A couple of the ducklings were bitten and maimed by the skunk, which was still in the cage when I arrived there—much to the extreme chagrin of the occupants of the cage, especially the Partridge Rocks that hatched the ducklings and are looking after them. I carefully lifted the cage off the skunk and it ran behind the barn. I didn't pursue it for fear of being sprayed. I cleaned up the carnage. What a tragedy! Six beautiful ducklings with distinguished blood in their veins. There are about a dozen left. I shall set a muskrat trap and see if I can catch the skunk.

Went to Mercy Hospital at mid-day and saw Mom. The social worker from the hospital phoned while I was there and said that there was a bed available at Allied Rehabilitation and that Mom would be moved there on Thursday at 10 A.M. That is good news. Allied is a wonderful place

and Mom likes being there. Hopefully, she can be there for a week or so and get some strength back in her leg.

Built a pergola over my hops vines in the piece of land directly across from the house. I planted the hops vines there last week end and they are doing nicely. The new garden there gets full sun most of the day. I should probably plant some scarlet runner beans or gourds around the pergola as well. Maybe it can be extended.

May 29, 1997

Bingo! The skunk was in the muskrat trap when I went up to the barn this morning at 6 A.M. It managed to drag the trap and the pole to which the trap is attached to the side of the poultry yard. The skunk was still alive. I carefully approached and got a hold of the pole and threw the pole, trap, and skunk over the fence. I then ran out and got the pole-trap-skunk and threw them into the pond behind the barn. I will take care of the trap and the dead skunk later in the day.

I must say that it's somewhat pleasant to have exacted a little bit of Old Testament justice. If the skunk had not bothered my birds, I would not have gone after it. But the skunk

crossed the line, and so I had to take action.

Dropped off my Chevrolet S-10 at Bob's Garage in Carbondale at 7 A.M. Carl Albright, an editor who works at ICS, lives in Pleasant Mount. He sometimes drives through Carbondale on his way to work. I arranged to meet him at 7:15 A.M. on Main Street. The meeting took place exactly on schedule. Bob will change the oil, install a new muffler, take off the snow tires on the back wheels and put on the two summer tires that are in the box of the truck, and inspect the truck. I will get a ride back to Carbondale at 5 P.M. with Carl, who is a great guy. He and I go swimming every Tuesday and Thursday at the pool at Weston Field House in Scranton. I imagine that the truck repairs/maintenance will cost at least \$200.

At 10 A.M., I will go over to Allied and meet the ambulance that transports Mom there from Mercy. I will then check her in at Allied. I will have to ask one of my co-workers to give me a ride; maybe another to give me a ride back.

May 30, 1997

Weather proverb: "A cold April, the barn will fill [with hay]."

Concerted effort now being made to get control of my life. So many things out of control, where do you begin? Start with the two square feet in front of you and work outward, start with the most "important" factors that are out of control, and keep at it. With any luck, you'll establish some kind of control before too long. Build on successes. That's the recipe.

"Svani per sempre il sogno mio d'amore, l'ora e fuggita e muoio disperato, e muoio disperato! E non ho amato mai tanto la vita, tanto la vita!

May 31, 1997

Several hours of cleaning in the barn at the beginning of the day. At mid-day, DWP II and I went down to Allied to see HLRP. DWP II has fun pushing wheel chairs around and we took Mom out for some sunshine and air at Allied. She and DWP II and SRP enjoyed the outing. HLRP looked frail to me and I had the impression that her left hand was not functioning normally.

I helped her get cleaned up—helped her shave off some of her facial hair, got a wet wash cloth and refreshed her face, combed her hair, gave her some perfume to put on. Our visit lasted about an hour.

At 7 P.M., I got a pair of Narragansett turkeys and drove to Elkdale and gave them to Alvin Seamans. He and Sandy were in the barn, milking. He was very pleased to receive them. We talked for about 30 minutes. Alvin invited me to go up on the hill some morning with him to watch and listen as he called in wild turkeys. I accepted the offer. Sandy and Alvin said that I could have all the rhubarb that I wanted and I said that I would be back before too long and get some rhubarb. They are both very nice people. The salt of the earth. The trip to Elkdale and back took a little over an hour.

Fed the birds, packed up the birds for Syracuse show, went to bed.

4838

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Denizens of the night, ghost dance
Date: Thursday, May 01, 1997 3:04PM

The Capouse---were they a distinct nation or part of a larger group like the Iroquois or Delaware? And if they really did hunt about for run-down watering holes in what is now Scranton, what happened to the Capouse? Are they still here, perhaps running secret gambling operations in Bull's Head? Or did we kill them all to make room for the mall?

We drove the Indians out of the land,
But a dire revenge those Redmen planned,
For they fastened a name to every nook,
And every boy with a spelling book
Will have to toil till his hair turns gray
Before he can spell them the proper way.

Eva March Tappan (1854-1930), U.S. writer, poet, historian. On the Cape, st. 1.

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Denizens of the night, obverse iteration
Date: Thursday, May 01, 1997 1:55PM

CyberBob knew that the Farley's stop was something that he wanted to do and that he was going to do. "Perhaps J. Socko, who's always interesting to talk with, will think the idea of a mid-week glass of stout is a good idea," thought CyberBob to himself in late afternoon.

Everything is a learning experience. The \$2 Budweisers are a stunning example of what beer is not/should not be. Having had a good dose of a "negative," your palette has once again been appropriately cleansed and is now prepared for such "positives" as Imperial Stout, IPA, and other top-of-the-line libations.

There appeared to be an immense amount of hoopla going on at Tink's last night, which is fine if you're in that kind of mood, which I wasn't. Farley's, on the other hand, was just what I was hoping it would be: low key and quiet. The Imperial Stout was very disappointing, however. When I asked for a glass, the bartender reported that had been having trouble with the Imperial Stout. "I can't get it to pour right. It's pouring funny. Let me try it again," said he. He then fiddled around and got a glass full. My initial response was: "Yes, very nice." But the taste center was peculiar. It did strike the center of the tongue (as I think it usually does), but it had a tendency to make the sides of the tongue fold inward. "What's this all about," said I to myself. I went about my business (mostly organizing thoughts). I did notice that I sensed "the buzz" of alcohol rather quickly. I luxuriated in the graininess and the earthiness of the stout. Then I realized, to my chagrin, that the stout tasted very flat and dead. After a disappointing first glass, I decided not to go for a second. Besides, at a nearby table, some University of Scranton students were indulging--much too loudly--in self-congratulation. "Time to go," said I, and away I went into the night.

In the meantime, like one of the Capouse indians, Paul Warner was skulking about in the dark, in search of a dive bar with White House connections.

4839

Martha Stewart

May 3, 1997

Dear Martha,

Thank you for selecting
the most beautiful
bird in our 1997 Spring
Show. Thank you, as
well, for your enthusiasm
and for the magic,
the joy, and the
good cheer that are
Martha Stewart!

Please accept this
engraved ("MS" recto);

"C.P.A.C. / May 3, 1997"
(verso) nineteenth-century
American coin silver
tablespoon, made by
H. Rees, as a memento
of your visit to
Shoomburg and the
1997 Spring Show and
Auction of the Central
Pennsylvania Avian
Club.

Sincerely,
S. Robert Powell

4841

From: MLWINTER@aol.com
Return-path: MLWINTER@aol.com
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Wed, 30 Apr 1997 22:05:54 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Where has Peg been all week?
Message-ID: <970430220450_214239959@emout08.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

I haven't been to Allied the past two nights and won't be there tomorrow either.

Tuesday's absence was caused by my "part time" job with Cargill - Man! The place is a beehive of activity! Some people from the Akzo Chicago office are there trying to close everything up - and expecting we ex-Akzo employees to drop everything to do their bidding. In the meantime, Cargill is frantically trying to get us up and running as part of their organization. I've spend the past day and a half in training to learn their computer system (which, by the way, is being installed at ISC this week, I understand. Have you heard of the JDEdwards financial package?) Still have a half day training tomorrow on the Accounts Payable portion of the package. Once our classes end at 4:30, we've been giving it hell trying to do our regular work. Finally left about 6 last night and had a phone call at home after that. Some part time job, eh? I'm hoping it eases off a little. Anyway, their first major announcement was that the "Ivory Tower" was closed. I, of course, went upstairs to see for myself and all the lights were off and the offices almost devoid of furnishings! Ding Dong the Witch is Dead!!!!!!

Now some rather amazing news which is the reason I didn't get to Allied tonight. Charley went to the vet for a follow up visit re her bladder condition. When I picked her up, the vet said she'd like her back tomorrow to do some additional blood work and tests because she suspects that -----CHARLEY HAS A THYROID CONDITION !!!!!!!!!!! We won't know for sure until the tests are done, but she suspects that her very slow heart rate, weight gain and general sluggishness are thyroid related. When I told her about my "condition", she said there is a school of thought that holds that some thyroid conditions may be environmental. She pointed out the classic case of the Bush's - President and Mrs Bush and their dog all had thyroid problems when they lived in the White House. Stay tuned. We should have a diagnosis by the weekend .

Since i will have to pick Charley up after work tomorrow, I will once again miss a visit to Allied. I'll be back on duty as soon as possible.

4842

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: wwinstein@aol.com
Subject: Rice Crispies
X-Status: New

The rice crispies was a reply to your "What Is Forbidden" message of Tuesday.

Your devotion to duty is exemplary. Imagine, agreeing to go to the Napa Valley on a training mission! You are a rare bird.

Speaking of birds, last weekend was the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club's spring show. As I believe I mentioned, last November I invited Martha Stewart (who raises chickens) to attend the show--and (given the extraordinarily well targeted and engaging letter that I wrote her) she accepted my invitation. She and a television crew of five spent the day in the poultry building at Bloomsburg. IT WAS A COMPLETE TRIUMPH FOR EXHIBITION POULTRY AND FOR SRP. She had a wonderful time. Material filmed at Bloomsburg will be broadcast nationally on two or three of her television programs this fall. My nephew Donald and Martha Stewart are now good friends. At the club's live-bird auction, she bought--and gave to Donald as a present--a male Mandarin duck.

Martha Stewart's visit to Bloomsburg was the page-one, top-of-the-page story in several area newspapers on the following day.

It's all quite wonderful.

4843

Robert Powell

2
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Lilliputians, monodimensional anthropoids, and paramecia
Date: Tuesday, May 06, 1997 4:47PM

Yea, but the thing is, we "are" driving motorcycles. Something may eventually "destruct," but do you really think that it will be "them?" Following the accident, an impartial court may fix responsibility on the car driver, they'll still be burying the motorcyclist.

You are right though, it is all simply a matter of minutia and I'm only venting bile.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Lilliputians, monodimensional anthropoids, and paramecia
Date: Tuesday, May 06, 1997 4:28PM

1
Good point. The behavior you described in a previous memo (now nonexistent) is not "mind boggling." It's altogether too easy to understand. Perhaps "mind numbing" (or "pathetic") would be a better word? What is especially galling (speaking of bile) is that such behavior is primarily the result of laziness which, when coupled with limited intellectual capacity and a little "power" can be dangerous. So how does one "win" when confronted with such a situation? Two possibilities: (1) Give "them" the impression that they are right, and (2) Sit it out and wait for them to self-destruct.

In a more cheerful vein, this afternoon I have been thinking about why one should study literature and the arts, and I have come up with the following:

"In studying literature and the arts, we acquire the ability to distinguish the deeply felt, the well wrought, and the continually engrossing from the shallow, the imitative, and the monotonous. Such a study makes a distinctive mark on the human mind and, when most successful, leads to the development of intellectual vision."

4844

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: Maple Syrup Review

Today must be Robert's day for rave reviews. Earlier this morning, one from Martha Stewart, and now one from Paul Warner. I'd better savor the moment, as it may be years--perhaps decades--before such a day comes round again.

Thank you. I'm glad you like the 1996 late-season maple syrup. As you know, it's very gratifying to get good reviews from connoisseurs. In such instances, the music (to continue with the Walter Lippman statement that has been on my mind and in my writing a lot recently) has been heard--and recognized for what it is (or what the composer hopes it is)--by an audience that is clearly not deaf.

Speaking of Hugh Baird Lightly Peated Malt, it's the peat-smoked single malts--so I learned recently ("The Scotches of Islay" by Malachy Duffy in FOOD & WINE, April 1997, pp. 78-81, 106)--that make the single-malt whiskies from Scotland's Isle of Islay so special (they are undeniably a reflection of the area where they are made; they have the taste of the land) and so wonderful. Only five distilleries in all of Scotland still operate malt works. (You may want to make a copy of this article by Malachy Duffy.)

Cellar Homebrew's mailing on IPA is everything it should be. The hop harvest festival in the Yakima Valley must be a joyous event. As it turns out, I have some distant cousins who live in Yakima. I must find out if they have any hops connections.

4P45

From: paul-warner-home@juno.com (Paul Warner)
Return-path: paul-warner-home@juno.com
To: SilasRobert@juno.com
Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 00:13:06 EDT
Subject: Authentic Maple Syrup and Other Valuable Restorative Beverages
Message-ID: <19970507.000206.8263.0.Paul-Warner-Home@juno.com>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Juno 1.23

Hello.

I just sampled some of your 1996 syrup. That smoky character you had mentioned makes this stuff sensational. I was planning to brew a two gallon batch of beer augmented with the amount you gave me plus about a quart of store-bought (but authentic) syrup.

I recently saw a specialty malt advertised that I wanted to try. It's called the Hugh Baird Lightly Peated Malt and is described as a "2-row barley malt that has been lightly smoked over peat." (I don't know who Hugh Baird is; maybe he dug up the peat or maybe he lit it on fire---whatever.) When you said you boiled the sap down over a wood fire, I got the inspiration to finally try making a Rauchbier, which is a style of beer from Bamberg and for which the malt is kiln dried and smoked over an open flame using German beechwood as fuel. I thought the addition of some smoked maple along with the peat-smoked malt might make for a very intriguing beer.

However, when I tasted your syrup, all my inspiration turned to hesitation. This stuff is too good to mess around with. I'm not going to brew with it; I'm going to eat it. I plan to drizzle it all over everything I eat: ice cream, oat meal, hot cakes, corn flakes, orange juice---OK, maybe not orange juice---but I'm going to leave it like it is; I'm not going to ferment it.

Eventually, I'll get around to Rauchbiers, but for right now I'm going to stick with India Pales. Speaking of India Pale Ale, here's that mailing from the Cellar Homebrew that I talked about at work. (I like to think that their focus on IPA in this---their premier issue---was due to public interest in that style as exemplified by your query to them about Burton salts last month.)

INCLUDED IN THIS MAILING:

- 1) Introduction to India Pale Ale
- 2) History of IPA
- 3) Cellar News
- 4) IPA Recipes

BREWING IN STYLE: INDIA PALE ALE

Today we are posting the latest in our "Brewing in Style" series to the web site. This installment focuses on one of our favorite styles: India Pale Ale. The style discussions on our site feature the following sections:

4846

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons

The woefully inadequate emoticon vocabulary has been consumed in the crucible of usage--as I suspected it would. In order to answer your question, I had to go outside the suffocating boundaries of emoticon-ese and rely on shorthand conventions and technical abbreviations.

"Laughing with luminance/intensity and volume."

Chicago, p. 479: 14.42 (luminance intensity candela cd)
Chicago, p. 480: 14/47 (volume cubic meter m cubed)

The contraption at the bottom of the message is the CyberBob emoticon:

CyberBob C B
The "user has a mustache" emoticon has been enclosed in brackets.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 3:38PM

Now you lost me.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 3:33PM

:D w/cd & m x m x m.

C[:-{}])B

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 2:23PM

ROTFL :-D or just :-D?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 2:16PM

FWIW--&IMHO--yr %-} emoticon is "very" :-D.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 1:42PM

4847

①

%-}

(The Picasso emoticon)

[Six e-mail messages between
Paul W. + SRP - afternoon
of 5/8/97]

4848

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Emoticons and Clever Mules (i.e., read: wise asses)
Date: Friday, May 09, 1997 8:11AM

"Laughing with luminance/intensity and volume.": Of course, I knew that. (Or at least, I knew exactly what you "meant" to say.) :-)

Your many simple errors in semantics were bothersome, but I was able to overlook them. For, you see, m x m x m is a meter cubed and not a cubic meter, which would be 1m x 1m x 1m---an expression of volume. Of course, the volume of laughter would actually be measured in terms of bels, sones, or phones, making a large decibel measurement (as in ++Db?) possibly more appropriate for the sentiment you wished to express.

Speaking of sentiment, :-D is actually an emoticon---an indication of tone or sentiment in the writing---and probably shouldn't be used like an acronym (another snafu you typed up, but one I was again able to overlook). Although the table lists the symbol next to "laughter," it seems to me odd that laughter is listed as an emotion. Perhaps the editor of that table would have been better off describing :-D as amusement, or joviality or as "a user who is" laughing. By typing "is "very" :-D," you would thus actually be saying "is very, very (note: I'm laughing)," which doesn't make much sense.

Please, strive to become more articulate, C[-<]B, especially in your written correspondence. Take language a little more seriously. You may never achieve the eloquence of a lockergnome, but someday you may actually find that correct English and educated writing aren't as intimidating and elusive as you had once thought. Have you ever considered enrolling in the ICS Practically English course? :-D

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 4:11PM

The woefully inadequate emoticon vocabulary has been consumed in the crucible of usage--as I suspected it would. In order to answer your question, I had to go outside the suffocating boundaries of emoticon-ese and rely on shorthand conventions and technical abbreviations.

"Laughing with luminance/intensity and volume."

Chicago, p. 479: 14.42 (luminance intensity	candela cd)
Chicago, p. 480: 14/47 (volume cubic meter	m cubed)

The contraption at the bottom of the message is the CyberBob emoticon:

CyberBob C B
The "user has a mustache" emoticon has been enclosed in brackets.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 3:38PM

Now you lost me.

From: Robert Powell

4849

4 {
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 3:33PM

:D w/cd & m x m x m.

C[:-()B

3 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 2:23PM

ROTFL :-D or just :-D?

2 {
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 2:16PM

FWIW--&IMHO--yr %-} emoticon is *very* :-D.

1 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Emoticons
Date: Thursday, May 08, 1997 1:42PM

%-}

(The Picasso emoticon)

4850

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: 'Taint fair, it ain't.

One of these here days when I am all growed up I'm gonna get me a fine store bought book and learn to cypher and read proper like and get me all the learnin I needs and then nobodys gonna push me round and make fun of me and my lack a learnin no sir-ee not me. And I'm gonna do that I am cause I'm tired a loosin all the time and besides

NOBODY LOSES ALL THE TIME

nobody loses all the time

i had an uncle named
Sol who was a born failure and
nearly everybody said he should have gone
into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol could
sing McCann He Was A Driver on Xmas Eve like Hell Itself which
may or may not account for the fact that my Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable
of all to use a highfalootin phrase
luxuries that is or to
wit farming and be
it needlessly
added

my Uncle Sol's farm
failed because the chickens
ate the vegetables so
My Uncle Sol had a
chicken farm till the
skunks ate the chickens when

My Uncle Sol
had a skunk farm but
the skunks caught cold and
died and so
My Uncle Sol imitated the
skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watertank
but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor
Victrola and records while he lived presented to
him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a
scrumptious not to mention splendiferous funeral with
tall boys in black gloves and flowers and everything and

i remember we all cried like the Missouri
when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because
somebody pressed a button
(and down went

4851

my Uncle
Sol)

and started a worm farm)

e. e. cummings, 1923

'Taint fair, it ain't. Nobody loses all the time.

PW reply:

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: 'Taint fair, it ain't.
Date: Friday, May 09, 1997 11:28AM

e. e. cummings was a "shiftless" loser.

4852

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
 To: Robert Powell
 Subject: RE: Notes from 5/9/97
 Date: Monday, May 12, 1997 12:03PM

↓
 Hello.

Reply
 For me, sitting down to a good beer can bring cheer like watching the fondly awaited arrival of several station wagons as they turn into the grove for a summer family reunion. Sitting down to a good barley wine [barleywine?], though, is more thrilling---like having a whole tank division roll into town square.

With Samichlaus, it's as though the tanks are carrying le cirque de soleil.

Barley wines---like Samichlaus and Thomas Hardy---do not "dissolve" barriers. This style of beer is an attempt to "brew past" all barriers. I believe it is a brewmaster's deliberate attempt to catch eternity in a bottle. He is like a fisherman trying to net the universe as reflected in the mirror of the sea. Of course, this business is folly to some---Don Quixote meets John Barleycorn---but il n'est pas donne a tout le monde d'aller a Corinthe.

Random observations on your notes:

1. More people drinking more better beer would make more people better. (Some people, however, are swine. Weasel piss is thus not necessarily a bad thing.)
2. Regarding some beer, it is actually possible even to insult the weasel. (There is no hope for redemption for the brewers of such beer.)
3. Sam's Strap 'O Lounger of Hanover, PA does not exist. (Elmer Sudds of Wilkes-Barre, however, does exist.)
4. Perhaps all Belgian ales can be characterized as "top heavy." On first contact, these ales tend to spring into being with citrusy or spicy overtones and a promise of great flavor---almost like a grape bursting on the tongue. These ales, though, won't have the malty "fullness" or "roundness" familiar in English-style ales of comprable quality. (Still, the Belgian ales all tend to finish well, making the phrase "top heavy" perhaps somewhat misleading.)
5. I think you take too many notes (except, see #6).
6. A person probably can never take too many notes (but I believe you do).

↓
 From: Robert Powell
 To: Paul Warner
 Subject: Notes from 5/9/97
 Date: Monday, May 12, 1997 10:35AM

SRP . Hay U.
 e-mail

to
 PW
 These are some notes that I took on 05-09-1997. Your help in clarifying/correcting what is given here is needed.

05-09-1997
 Tink's (downstairs)

Highfalls India Pale Ale (bottle)

--watery, no taste or substance to speak of
 --weasel piss at best

Sam's Strap 'O Lounger, Hanover, PA

--wonderful place; very self-assured and "authentic," reminds me

no - the place is called "Elmer Sudds of Wilkes Barre"

4853

- of bistros in France and northern Italy
- interesting clientele
- bartenders knowledgeable and friendly

Titanic Belgian Ale

- wow!
- highly molecular
- taste center at front of tongue
- very dense and full bodied
- top heavy [What does this mean? Why did I say this?]
- good burp quality
- good distance
- very satisfying

many Belgian ales are "top heavy"—they "explode" on the tongue fast but they don't have the malty "fullness" or "roundness" of English-style ales. Belgian ales tend to finish well.

Sierra Nevada

- explosive
- unbelievable
- loaded with hops

→ a barley wine like Thomas Hardy

Samichlaus Bier, 1995

- made in Zurich, Switzerland
- it's the most alcoholic beer
- barley wine
- very complex
- not much aroma
- remarkable surface tension
- extraordinary surface complexity
- "It's like breathing malt." Paul Warner
- remarkable character and strength
- "This is what beer ought to be." SRP
- "It's the Aristotelian pure form of beer." PW
- "It's the 'Ur-beer.' SRP 'Ur'—German prefix, meaning "thoroughly" or "original" or "prototypical"—i.e., "This is what beer ought to be because this is what beer was when it was first invented."

a brewmaster's attempt to catch eternity in a bottle.

Miscellaneous:

"It's like breathing a beer about to be born. It dissolves all barriers. It's like breathing a wort yet unrealized. Infinite possibility. Like breathing hot wort." Paul Warner. [Said about the Titanic Belgian Ale of Samichlaus Bier?]

Samichlaus and Thomas Hardy — they don't dissolve barriers — they brew past barriers.

SRP note: A wort is a dilute solution of sugars obtained from malt by infusion, and fermented to form beer.

Quotable Quotes:

"In beer there is truth." Paul Warner

"Il n'est pas donné à tout le monde d'aller à Corinthe." SRP citing the French proverb ("Everyone can't go to Corinth."), i.e., "All things are not accessible to all people."

"It's like a cirque de soleil rolling into town." Paul Warner [said in relation to what?]

SRP

a good barleywine.

4854

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Cutlery Factoid
Date: Tuesday, May 13, 1997 3:48PM

On this day in 1637, Cardinal Richelieu of France created the table knife.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

4855

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: French "Knivery"

Bonjour.

Leave it to a seventeenth-century French cardinal (Richelieu) to invent a cutting instrument! He probably had the Huguenots on his mind when he created/invented the table knife.

Until yesterday, I did not know the word "factoid" (an invented fact believed to be true because of its appearance in print). The word was first used in print in 1973.

Cutting instruments, it seems, are of special interest to the French. Joseph Ignace Guillotin found a new use for Richelieu's knife in the eighteenth century when he directed his attention to his compatriots' necks.

TO WIT:

The guillotine proposed to the National Assembly by Paris physician Joseph Ignace Guillotin, 51, is a beheading machine originally called a louisette after Dr. Antoine Louis (who did not invent it any more than did Guillotin). A deputy of the Estates-General who was the first to demand a doubling of third-estate representatives, Guillotin says, "My victim will feel nothing but a slight sense of refreshing coolness on the neck. We cannot make too much haste, gentlemen, to allow the nation to enjoy this advantage." Only 10 percent of guillotine victims will be of the nobility, most of the 400,000 people put to death in the revolution will be shot, burned, or drowned, and the guillotine will often require several chops to do its job. [From Microsoft Bookshelf]

Vive la France!

SRP

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: French "Knivery"
Date: Wednesday, May 14, 1997 10:26AM

Perhaps while taking advantage of the new found ability to apply a "slight sense of refreshing coolness on the neck" (an endorsement that, by the way, sounds remarkably similar to early ads for menthol cigarettes), the nation's spectators enjoyed croissants split and buttered with the Cardinal's table knives.

The croissant, so our Microsoft Bookshelf tells us, was imported to France in the form of the kipfel roll invented by Viennese bakers in 1683. The kipfel roll apparently first arrived in Paris along with a 14-year old Marie Antoinette, who went on to marry the French dauphin on May 16 at Versailles.

Table knives and guillotines, croissants and kipfel rolls, marriages and wholesale slaughter---what a week this is for anniversaries and milestones in French history!

4856

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: More French Anniversaries

Also on this date, Robert le Premier, knight errant, gentleman extraordinary, and defender of prepositional phrases, relative pronouns and clauses, the passive voice, commas, and the Ciceronian style in general was rendered mute, flayed, and then cut down to size by a sneaky rogue wielding a green pencil. Said knight errant is presently mending his wounds, preparing for major comeback. Stay tuned.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: More French Anniversaries
Date: Wednesday, May 14, 1997 2:25PM

On this day in..

- 1610: Henry IV of France, the first Bourbon king, was assassinated by religious fanatic Francois Ravallac.
- 1643: Louis XIV acceded to France's throne at the age of 4 years, 8 months after the death of his father, Louis XIII.

4857

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: What Did Those Penguins Ever Do to You?
Date: Thursday, May 15, 1997 11:55AM

Humans bring poultry virus to penguins

Visitors to the Antarctic may have carried a potentially deadly chicken virus to the penguins that thrive there, Australian scientists said Wednesday. They said tests showed that colonies of both emperor and Adelie penguins showed they had antibodies to infectious bursal disease virus (IBDV), which can weaken and kill domestic chickens. The disease affects chicks, weakening their immune systems and leaving them open to infection. They said there was no evidence yet that any of the penguins had died or become ill from the virus. For the full story, see <http://www.merc.com/stories/cgi/story.cgi>

4858

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Pleurez halcyons, pleurez doux halcyons. . .
Date: Thursday, May 15, 1997 3:22PM

There is a very beautiful early nineteenth-century French poem with a refrain that begins "Pleurez halcyons, pleurez doux halcyons. . ." (Weep kingfishers, weep gentle kingfishers . .).

halcyon (hăl'sê-en) noun

1. A kingfisher, especially one of the genus Halcyon.
2. A fabled bird, identified with the kingfisher, that was supposed to have had the power to calm the wind and the waves while it nested on the sea during the winter solstice.

adjective

1. Calm and peaceful; tranquil. See synonyms at CALM.
2. Prosperous; golden: halcyon years.

[Middle English alcioun, from Latin alcyon, halcyon, from Greek halkuon, a mythical bird, kingfisher, alteration (influenced by hals, salt, sea and kuon, conceiving), of alkuon.]

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

The plight of the Emperor and Adelie penguins that now must do battle with a virus carried into their world by visitors is appalling. All of nature should weep at the plight of such innocent victims.

The etymology of "halcyon" has long been one of my favorites.

4859

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: On This Day in History...

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: On This Day in History...
Date: Friday, May 16, 1997 2:31PM

(So much has happened)

- 1568: Mary Queen of Scotland fled to England.
- 1770: 14-year-old Marie Antoinette married 15-year-old future King Louis XVI of France.
- 1866: Charles Elmer Hires invented root beer
- 1920: Joan of Arc was canonized in Rome.
- 1941: The Germans made their last major air attack on Britain.
- 1965: Spaghetti-O's were first sold.
- 1969: The U.S. nuclear submarine "Guitarro" sank in San Francisco; Venera 5 landed on Venus and returned information on its atmosphere.
- 1989: Soviet president Mikhail S. Gorbachev and Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping ended a 30-year rift when they formally met in Beijing.
- 1991: Queen Elizabeth II addressed the U.S. Congress, the first British monarch to do so.
- 1992: The space shuttle "Endeavour" completed its maiden voyage.
- 1995: Japanese police arrested cult leader Shoko Asahara and charged him with the nerve-gas attack on Tokyo's subways two months earlier.
- 1997: Robert Powell thanks Paul Warner for editing Martha Stewart article by treating him to a bottle (or two) of Titanic Belgian Ale or Sierra Nevada or Samichlaus Bier or Thomas Hardy.

4860

Robert Powell

3 {
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: On This Day in History...

Paul Warner freaked out and landed on Venus.

2 {

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: On This Day in History...
Date: Friday, May 16, 1997 4:00PM

Actually, I'd feel more rewarded just seeing the article in print. (Otherwise, I'll risk becoming the subject of one of these other, nasty headlines!)

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: On This Day in History...
Date: Friday, May 16, 1997 2:31PM

- 1997: Robert Powell thanks Paul Warner for editing Martha Stewart article by treating him to a bottle (or two) of Titanic Belgian Ale or Sierra Nevada or Samichlaus Bier or Thomas Hardy.

(Then what happens? Pick one.)

- 1 {
- 1997: Paul Warner of Minooka fled warrants and police by attempting to emigrate to Europe.
 - 1997: Queen Elizabeth II refused to allow a belching Paul Warner to set foot on English ground.
 - 1997: Drunk, Paul Warner married 15-year-old future King Louis XVI of France.
 - 1997: Paul Warner invented "Death by Barleywine."
 - 1997: Paul Warner was excommunicated by the pope.
 - 1997: Paul Warner made his last major attack on his liver.
 - 1997: Spaghetti-O's were first shown in court as a trial exhibit in the embarrassing case of Piggly Wiggly versus Paul Warner.
 - 1997: Paul Warner freaked out and thought he landed on Venus.
 - 1997: Paul Warner ended his 30-odd years when he tried to drink "more than his share."
 - 1997: Paul Warner freaked out and landed on Venus.
 - 1997: Wilkes-Barre police arrested a disoriented Paul Warner and charged him with having a lot of nerve and gas attacks on city buses.

4861

From: MLWINTER@aol.com
Return-path: <MLWINTER@aol.com>
To: paul-warner-home@juno.com
Cc: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Sat, 17 May 1997 21:43:39 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Pagans, Interplanetary Travel, and Barleywine
Message-ID: <970517213559_251908113@emout06.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

Like a moth that is drawn to a candle in the darkness, I went out into the night on Friday, looking for Johnny Socko, hoping to run into Johnny Socko. The strength of the attraction overrode the dictates of reason. No luck in Scranton. Elmer Suds. Where is it? That's where I'll look. Drove to Wilkes-Barre. Got hopelessly lost. It seemed close to 81 when Paul drove. Where is the damn place? Finally got the phone number and street address but could not find East Northampton Street. I will never learn my way around Wilkes-Barre. Finally, a nice man at a Turkey Hill somewhere told me how to get there. Physically stressed, I bathed in the luxuriant normalness of the place. College crowd. Not as crowded as before. Same friendly bartender. Friendly, efficient, responsive, professional. Titanic Belgian Ale. Wonderful. Hockey and basketball on multiple screens. Sierra Nevada. Beautiful glass. Strong citrus taste. Satisfying, but not full-bodied and earth-connected. I hope T. S. Eliot is right when he says that nobody loses all the time. I feel like a loser and I don't know what to do. No, I didn't park in the lot across the street, I parked about four blocks away. Official survey. A neighbor to the bar must be complaining about people parking in front of his house. Where is that belching Paul Warner who is on Queen Elizabeth's hit list? Is he causing air pollution on Wilkes-Barre buses? I really should go home. I would love to see Johnny Socko walk through that door. Heaven help me. I'm at least 40 miles from home. I'd better sit here in the truck for a while and refocus. Where is the land where Luxury takes pleasure in seeing itself mirrored in Order, where life is heavy and sweet on the senses, where happiness is wedded to silence? What I need is a dose of that natural opium that Baudelaire tells us we all carry within ourselves. Get a hold of yourself Robert. Think about Richard III before the battle. Remember that in order to ride into his finest moment to victory he regains himself with the now famous line "Richard's himself again." You can do this, you can do this. Finding 81 was easier than I thought it would be. I'm not sure I remember the drive home. I'm here, I made it. Physically and emotionally exhausted. To sleep. Surely to dream wine-fed dreams, to continue, to hope. Johnny Socko, where are you? The stakes are high. Where are you? I will continue. Has Johnny Socko freaked out and landed on Venus?
[Mailed from a cousin's house; not a workable e-mail address for CyberBob.]

4862

Like a moth that is drawn to a candle in the darkness, I went out into the night on Friday, looking for Johnny Socko, hoping to run into Johnny Socko. The strength of the attraction overrode the dictates of reason. No luck in Scranton. Elmer Sudds. Where is it? That's where I'll look. Drove to Wilkes-Barre. Got hopelessly lost. It seemed close to 81 when Paul drove. Where is the damn place? Finally got the phone number and street address but could not find East Northampton Street. I will never learn my way around Wilkes-Barre. Finally, a nice man at a Turkey Hill somewhere told me how to get there. Physically stressed, I bathed in the luxuriant normalness of the place. College crowd. Not as crowded as before. Same friendly bartender. Friendly, efficient, responsive, professional. Titanic Belgian Ale. Wonderful. Hockey and basketball on multiple screens. Sierra Nevada. Beautiful glass. Strong citrus taste. Satisfying, but not full-bodied and earth-connected. I hope T. S. Eliot is right when he says that nobody loses all the time. I feel like a loser and I don't know what to do. No, I didn't park in the lot across the street, I parked about four blocks away. Official survey. A neighbor to the bar must be complaining about people parking in front of his house. Where is that belching Paul Warner who is on Queen Elizabeth's hit list? Is he causing air pollution on Wilkes-Barre buses? I really should go home. I would love to see Johnny Socko walk through that door. Heaven help me. I'm at least 40 miles from home. I'd better sit here in the truck for a while and refocus. Where is the land where Luxury takes pleasure in seeing itself mirrored in Order, where life is heavy and sweet on the senses, where happiness is wedded to silence? What I need is a dose of that natural opium that Baudelaire tells us we all carry within ourselves. Get a hold of yourself Robert. Think about Richard III before the battle. Remember that in order to ride into his finest moment to victory he regains himself with the now famous line "Richard's himself again." You can do this, you can do this. Finding 81 was easier than I thought it would be. I'm not sure I remember the drive home. I'm here, I made it. Physically and emotionally exhausted. To sleep. Surely to dream wine-fed dreams, to continue, to hope. Johnny Socko, where are you? The stakes are high. Where are you? I will continue. Has Johnny Socko freaked out and landed on Venus?

[Mailed from a cousin's house; not a workable e-mail address for CyberBob.]

ll 8-9- at's e e Cummings & not Eliot

l 2- Elmer Sudds 825-5286

4863

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Greetings Earthling, I Come in Peace
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 12:30PM

Hello.

I just now checked my e-mail. I'm pleased that you seem to be developing a healthy addiction to good beers, but I'm not really sure about why you should compare yourself to a moth nor even why you would want to drink with a pagan or a fictional character from some cheesy Japanese TV cartoon. I gave up on drinking buddies soon after college. I don't gamble, so a phrase like "the stakes are high" is relatively meaningless to me.

My leisure is only concerned with food and drink. Company, believe it or not, doesn't even enter into it. And, Robert, it's just beer. It's good beer, but it's just beer. You can drink it alone and be OK, or you can not drink it at all (only then, other people may wonder whether you've got something to hide--in beer there *is* truth). I drink alone all the time---just remember not to drink and drive.

I find you get enough of your brain's natural opium (actually isolated in the seventies and now called endorphin) by following your own advice: celebrate yourself. I believe you already live in "the land where Luxury takes pleasure in seeing itself mirrored in Order." That's a good thing. But, I don't live there, and I don't want to. For some strange beings on, for example, Venus, their world is harsh and heavy with an atmospheric pressure 90 times that of earth. On Venus, it probably rains sulfuric acid most of the time, but to them that's home. To them, that's a good thing. To them, Cockaigne sucks.

Like a moth that is drawn to a candle in the darkness, I went out into the night on Friday, looking for Johnny Socko, hoping to run into Johnny Socko. The strength of the attraction overrode the dictates of reason. No luck in Scranton. Elmer Sudds. Where is it? That's where I'll look. Drove to Wilkes-Barre. Got hopelessly lost. It seemed close to 81 when Paul drove. Where is the damn place? Finally got the phone number and street address but could not find East Northampton Street. I will never learn my way around Wilkes-Barre. Finally, a nice man at a Turkey Hill somewhere told me how to get there. Physically stressed, I bathed in the luxuriant normalness of the place. College crowd. Not as crowded as before. Same friendly bartender. Friendly, efficient, responsive, professional. Titanic Belgian Ale. Wonderful. Hockey and basketball on multiple screens. Sierra Nevada. Beautiful glass. Strong citrus taste. Satisfying, but not full-bodied and earth-connected. I hope T. S. Eliot is right when he says that nobody loses all the time. I feel like a loser and I don't know what to do. No, I didn't park in the lot across the street, I parked about four blocks away. Official survey. A neighbor to the bar must be complaining about people parking in front of his house. Where is that belching Paul Warner who is on Queen Elizabeth's hit list? Is he causing air pollution on Wilkes-Barre buses? I really should go home. I would love to see Johnny Socko walk through that door. Heaven help me. I'm at least 40 miles from home. I'd better sit here in the truck for a while and refocus. Where is the land where Luxury takes pleasure in seeing itself mirrored in Order, where life is heavy and sweet on the senses, where happiness is wedded to silence? What I need is a dose of that natural opium that Baudelaire tells us we all carry within ourselves. Get a hold of yourself Robert. Think about Richard III before the battle. Remember that in order to ride into his finest moment to victory he regains

4864

himself with the now famous line "Richard's himself again." You can do this, you can do this. Finding 81 was easier than I thought it would be. I'm not sure I remember the drive home. I'm here, I made it. Physically and emotionally exhausted. To sleep. Surely to dream wine-fed dreams, to continue, to hope. Johnny Socko, where are you? The stakes are high. Where are you? I will continue. Has Johnny Socko freaked out and landed on Venus?

[Mailed from a cousin's house; not a workable e-mail address for CyberBob.]

5/12/97

4865

445 PM as I was coming
down off the top of the hill
a large red fox was trotting
across the greensward
behind the barn, headed
straight for the barn.

I investigated but
did not see him, nor
the Mandarin Duck
who seems to be not
with the duck tribe.

Gravels in Carbondale,
back in time for Grange.

4866

Robert Powell

To: Ginger Sosik
Subject: Plans for the Summer

June is reasonably open. MS and I are trying to carefully prepare for the late-summer whirl at Newport.

Early June in Antibes is, of course, mandatory. Then a ten-day stop in Bavaria, for the strawberry harvest.

And then in late June, it's Venice, where, as usual, I have arranged for a flotilla of 36 gondolas to transport my closest friends and me on a trip down the Grand Canal during the full moon. Midnight supper on the Rialto Bridge (torch illumination, string orchestra on the quai, champagne).

July will be more structured. On the second, MS and I have arranged for a surprise visit to a old friend, who lives near a peat bog in the north of Scotland. (Camera crew of 6 will join group there.) On the third, it's down to London for afternoon tea with the Dowager Duchess of Locksley (whose recipe for Mint Cakes we are hoping to acquire). On the fourth, we shall rest at Brighton and take the sea air. On the fifth, . . .

Stay tuned. Remain flexible. Never look back.

487

In studying literature and the arts, we acquire the ability to distinguish the deeply felt, the well wrought, and the continually engrossing from the shallow, the imitative, and the monotonous. Such a study makes a distinctive mark on the human mind and, when most successful, leads to the development of intellectual vision.

4868

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: everyone
Subject: RE: Photo CD Binder POW/MIA
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 3:40PM

I'm the guilty one. Have mercy, please, but,

IF WE MUST DIE

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!
O kinsmen! We must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

(Claude McKay, 1922).

From: Marty Devine
To: everyone
Subject: Photo CD Binder POW/MIA
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 3:03PM

Just to repeat a previous announcement...

TEN-HUT!

A Photo CD Reference Binder is missing in action.
Binder has served the department valiantly for the
past four years. Binder unselfishly gave it's all
for the needs of the many. As a POW/MIA, Binder
leaves 12 dependant CD ROMs at home.
For the love of Binder's little CDs; for the love of
department and country; and for the love of God,
please help us track down this brave soldier.

And now the threats:

If Binder is not found, borrowing rights to the
remaining Binders will be heavily restricted.

If Binder's whereabouts are still unknown by
mid-week, Mike Pavese's brown-shirted thugs
will systematically ransack each cube until
it is found.

Thank you. That is all.

Dissssss-MIST!

4869

Robert Powell

From: Ginger Sosik
To: Robert Powell
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 3:44PM

It's a good thing that your confession accompanied the poem, Mister! I'd hate to leave your fate up to notorious, amorous madames from the Hollywood network. DON'T DO IT AGAIN or ELSE.

Robert Powell

From: Kathy Manger
To: Robert Powell
Subject: If We Must Die
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 3:49PM

Tell me now, did you quote all those lines from memory? (or did the Internet or a handy text help?)

kathym

4870

Robert Powell

From: Kelly Falchek
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Pen Pals
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 11:54AM

Well, CyberBob, that's the price you'll have to pay for living on the edge.

Throw away your teapot. You have something new to jumpstart your morning.

From: Robert Powell
To: Kelly Falchek
Subject: RE: Pen Pals
Date: Monday, May 19, 1997 11:34AM

Last Thursday it was "Amy and Erin." Then on Friday it was "HOLLYWOOD BABES LIVE." Word must be spreading fast that CyberBob is now in the fast track, living on the edge. This all wouldn't have happened were it not for the Internet. Three cheers for technology. But can my heart take the stress?

From: Kelly Falchek
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Pen Pals
Date: Friday, May 16, 1997 4:15PM

Robert ...

I was going to send you a seductive message as a joke so you'd think it was from your prostitute pen pal. Then I realized that it wouldn't be very effective because you'd see my name on the message.

It's the thought that counts, right?

... Kelly

Juno e-mail printed Tue, 13 May 1997 08:07:44 , page 1

4871

From: Wweinstein@aol.com
Return-path: <Wweinstein@aol.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Thu, 8 May 1997 10:57:18 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Rice Crispies
Message-ID: <970508104442_610972267@emout15.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

In a message dated 97-05-08 02:26:18 EDT, you write:

<< Your devotion to duty is exemplary. Imagine, agreeing to go to the Napa Valley on a training mission! You are a rare bird.>>

Rara avis, to you.

<< Speaking of birds, last weekend was the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club's spring show. As I believe I mentioned, last November I invited Martha Stewart (who raises chickens) to attend the show--and (given the extraordinarily well targeted and engaging letter that I wrote her) she accepted my invitation. She and a television crew of five spent the day in the poultry building at Bloomsburg. IT WAS A COMPLETE TRIUMPH FOR EXHIBITION POULTRY AND FOR SRP. She had a wonderful time. Material filmed at Bloomsburg will be broadcast nationally on two or three of her television programs this fall. My nephew Donald and Martha Stewart are now good friends. At the club's live-bird auction, she bought--and gave to Donald as a present--a male Mandarin duck.

Martha Stewart's visit to Bloomsburg was the page-one, top-of-the-page story in several area newspapers on the following day.

It's all quite wonderful. >>

Splendid!!!! I love it!!!! Would you mind sending me some clippings?

Also

let me know when the shows will be broadcast.

B.

4872

May 16, 1997

Dear Martha,

The follow-up publicity and press coverage on your visit to Bloomsburg has been wonderful. Your visit to the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club's 1997 spring show was the page-one, top-of-the-page story on Sunday, May 4th, in both the Bloomsburg *Press Enterprise* and the Harrisburg *Patriot-News*. The photographs in both articles are excellent. Copies of both articles are enclosed. Also enclosed is a copy of an article from the *Patriot-News* of May 1st announcing your visit.

It was great to hear you speak of your visit to Bloomsburg during your appearance on *The Tonight Show* on May 9th. You should be awarded a medal of some kind for remaining calm, cool, and collected in the midst of such nonsense as the egg throwing and the sloppy painting that the others did during the segment.

During the trip from Bloomsburg back to the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton airport, you mentioned that your next towels would have pictures of poultry on them and that the towels would be sold to benefit the American Bantam Association. What a wonderful idea—and very generous on your part! Allow me, if I may, to offer a couple of observations on the idea.

First, it might be a good idea to have the sale of the poultry towels for the benefit of both the American Bantam Association and the American Poultry Association. They are the two primary governing organizations for the exhibition poultry hobby in America. There is a certain amount of overlapping in their coverage, as it were. The ABA focuses only on bantams; the APA (which is the oldest livestock organization in America) focuses on both bantams and standards. Both organizations get along well. In fact, they will hold a "joint" national meet in Columbus, OH in the fall of next year. (I'm sure that they're going to ask you to attend. Perhaps they already have done so?)

If you were to have the sale of the poultry towels benefit both the ABA and the APA, a very auspicious time to make that announcement would be at Columbus next fall (assuming, of course, that they invite you and that you are able to accept). In any event, I have not mentioned—and will not

mention—to anyone the sale of the poultry towels for the benefit of the ABA (and the APA?).

Second, the American Poultry Association has a large collection of copyrighted paintings of poultry--some of which would certainly be very good for use on the towels--which is surely another reason for including the APA under the umbrella, so to speak. The APA is very fussy (understandably so) about allowing anyone to use any of their copyrighted visual material, but if a proposed use (e.g., the towels) were to benefit the APA, they would surely be open to any discussion of the use of their visual material. The ABA does not, I'm fairly certain, have a significant photo archive.

If the poultry towel announcement, for one reason or another, is not or can not be made at Columbus, I can think of several other appropriate poultry forums at which you might make such an announcement.

In any event, if you need the names and addresses of the current officers and boards of directors of the APA and the ABA—or any other information about these national poultry organizations—I shall be pleased to send that information to you.

One additional follow-up note on your day at Bloomsburg: The name of the judge with whom you worked is Johnny Batson (not Bapson, as given on the proposed outline of filming that was drawn up for the day.)

One of my Narragansett turkey hens hatched a brood of 15 young a couple of days ago. She is an excellent mother. I have her and her brood in a large pen and it is truly wonderful to watch them. On more than one occasion, I have been reminded, as I watch them, of the Audubon print of wild turkeys.

Best regards,

S. Robert Powell
R. D. 1, Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407-9706

[Frank Wilczyski]

5/20/97

Dear Frank,

Successful hatch.

Fifteen standard

Banded Rock Chickens

from the eggs
that I got from
you.

I am very
pleased.

The eggs were
hatched under two
setting hens.

Sincerely,

S. Robert Powell

S. Robert Powell
R. D. #1, Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407-9706

4874

4875

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Stone tablets and electrons
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 1:07PM

ok.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Stone tablets and electrons
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 12:58PM

How are things at the edge of the galaxy?

4876

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: On Being Mercurial
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 2:07PM

I'm as near to the edge as you are.

Relevant to galactic dimensions, all nine planets in our solar system are practically in the same location: about 28,000 light-years from the center of the galaxy.

Thus, the nearest edge of the galaxy is pretty much as near or far from Earth as it is from Venus, Mars, Mercury, and so on.

Some factoids:

azoth (áz'òth, -òth) noun: mercury considered in alchemy to be the primary source of all metals.

Mercury as poison: Mercury compounds have been used as insecticides, in rat poisons, and as disinfectants. Not easily discharged from the body, the metal is a cumulative poison; its ingestion in more than trace amounts in contaminated food or its absorption by the skin or mucous membranes results in mercury poisoning, which can cause skin disorders, hemorrhage, liver and kidney damage, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

Workers in many industries have been affected by mercury poisoning. Lewis Carroll's Mad Hatter was a character probably resulting from mercury's use in the making of felt hats, thus hatters often were afflicted with a violent twitching of the muscles as a result of the poison's effects.

The source for this information is The Concise Columbia Encyclopedia licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1995 by Columbia University Press.

4877

Robert Powell

3
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Penguin Update
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 4:29PM

I don't know about you, but my cube is too small and I don't have enough room, wood, Indian burial grounds, penguin photos, and patience to keep from killing to get what I want. Don't worry though; I didn't forget about you. First I'm going to kill all the lawyers, then---safe from lawsuits---I'll kill all your tourists.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: RE: Penguin Update
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 4:05PM

2
Is the problem caused by the chickens or by the tourists? Killing the tourists might be a more effective solution to the problem.

FROM MY SOAPBOX:

Do tourists have "a right" to visit Antarctica even though their visits there can have negative consequences on the indigenous species of the place? Do we have "a right" to cut down the rain forests because we "need" the lumber? Then, of course, there are (or were) the American Indians, until we wiped them out because we needed lebensraum. How about "live and let live." We're all in this together.

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Penguin Update
Date: Thursday, May 22, 1997 3:43PM

*** Antarctic summit moves to prevent penguin infections

1
Tougher environmental restrictions are being prepared to prevent Antarctic penguins from getting infections passed on by humans, a New Zealand Antarctic spokesman said Thursday. Stuart Prior, head of the New Zealand delegation at the 21st Antarctic Treaty meeting in Christchurch, said there had always been fears the growing number of people in Antarctica would eventually infect penguins. These have been confirmed by Australian scientists who have found emperor penguins infected by a poultry virus, probably introduced by humans.

Make this world a little safer for the penguins, Robert. (Kill all your chickens with mercury poison?) ;)

4878

May 25, 1997

Feeling more than a little pushed around and taken advantage of by the world, wondering what this thing called life is all about anyway, racked by feelings of self-doubt, feeling very mortal and slightly out of focus (Why should today be different from any other day?) I decided to declare an official time out this afternoon in order to drink, be open to, and appropriately experience the bottle of India pale ale that Paul Warner gave me a couple of weeks ago.

When Paul gave me the IPA, I decided that I would only drink it when I was seated on the ground, by the apple tree, in the pasture, with the cows. And so at 5 P.M. I got the IPA, a can opener, a red wine glass, and a pail of cow feed. I crossed the road, the bridge, and the barbed wire fence, and looked for the cows. They were up in the back corner of the field. They were spread out, some grazing, some lying down. As soon as they saw me and the white feed pail, they started in my direction. It would be good for my ego if I could convince myself that they were following me because of me, but they were not, of course. They were following the white feed pail. I was the bearer of good news—which they wanted to eat. We crossed the pasture and arrived at the apple tree. I poured out the feed in a line on the ground, about 15 feet from me. The cows lined up and went at it with enthusiasm, butting and shoving each other to get the best spot in line.

The IPA was at room temperature. Even though I was careful not to shake the bottle as I walked, it bubbled up like champagne when I uncapped it. I went after the head with the glass and slurped virtually all of it up. Foam all over my hand and mustache. It's alive. Wonderful.

Very aromatic. The unmistakable smell of hops. Abundant character. Rich dark brown in color, a shade or two darker than the

back of the old Hereford cow, whose back is wet from the light mist. Dark reddish brown. Warblers passing through the treetops. The parasitic cow birds are after the insects that follow the cows. Barn swallows swoop down for airborne insects. The unmistakable smell of hemlock trees and the deep woods is carried here on the breeze. Heat rising like steam from the backs of the warm wet cows, as natural as the frothy head on the freshly opened IPA. Taste at the center of the tongue, towards the back. Cows chewing their cuds and belching methane, SRP swallowing IPA, with its remarkable carbon-dioxide burp quality.

Sixteen eyes are watching me. I'm sure that the cows can smell the IPA. They have never before been so focused on me as I sit and watch them eat. I am surrounded by eight sniffing quadrupeds. I'm sure that that heifer would lick the glass if I would let her. I'm sure the cows can smell the IPA. It must be the earthy sweetness of the ale. Cows love molasses. Maybe they are attracted, as well, to the smell of the hops. The young bulls are now sparring with each other. Who will be the boss? Soon the oldest bull will be sexually mature and then new behavioral patterns will take shape in the pasture. Cows have very large eyes and generous eyelashes. I'm sure they can smell the IPA. I wonder how they would react to something as pedestrian as Coors. I am surrounded by bovine noses.

May apples in blossom. Are these the famous mandrakes of Renaissance literature? The lemony berries are edible. Shall I make a jam from them? The resplendently green skunk cabbage and the apple blossoms. There are really only one or two days in the year when you can stand under/inside an apple tree and be overwhelmed by the subtle and sublime fragrance of apple blossoms. Wild strawberries in blossom—millions of them. In a couple of weeks the field will be filled with ripe berries. Shall I make some of the world's best jam--strawberry/rhubarb conserve?

4880

The rhubarb by the bridge across from the house is looking very nice and I can pick there all that I will need.

Wet earth, wet grass, the faint smell of cow manure. The breath of the cows—it always reminds me of the inside of freshly cut open pumpkins and winter squash. This IPA is smooth with a very nice three-dimensional flavor. It's interesting because it's connected to the earth, to a brewer, to an individual. Coors is connected to advertising campaigns fabricated by yuppies. Coors is about as satisfying as plastic flowers and paper leaves. There's nothing there. It's not connected to the earth, to a place. People and beer and art and music and everything else are interesting because they are connected to the earth, to a specific place at a specific time. Coors is like the nitwits on television with their nowhere faces and nowhere language and nowhere personalities. They are less than interesting. They are completely without character. Like lots of CD's, they are perfect, but they are dead and embalmed. These cows, this IPA, me—we are here, we are now, we are of this time and this place, we are alive.

As I sit here, I feel very connected to the earth, to a living organism, to the cycles of nature. To be here is to detach myself from the arbitrary structures that tend to envelop and devour me in daily life. I am renewed by contact with living things, like the chickens and these cows and this IPA and this land. It's the link to the earth that's important. I know that and so do the Herefords.

* * * * *

4881

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: What Herefords know.

May 25, 1997

Feeling more than a little pushed around and taken advantage of by the world, wondering what this thing called life is all about anyway, racked by feelings of self-doubt, feeling very mortal and slightly out of focus (Why should today be different from any other day?) I decided to declare an official time out this afternoon in order to drink, be open to, and appropriately experience the bottle of India pale ale that Paul Warner gave me a couple of weeks ago.

When Paul gave me the IPA, I decided that I would only drink it when I was seated on the ground, by the apple tree, in the pasture, with the cows. And so at 5 P.M. I got the IPA, a can opener, a red wine glass, and a pail of cow feed. I crossed the road, the bridge, and the barbed wire fence, and looked for the cows. They were up in the back corner of the field. They were spread out, some grazing, some lying down. As soon as they saw me and the white feed pail, they started in my direction. It would be good for my ego if I could convince myself that they were following me because of me, but they were not, of course. They were following the white feed pail. I was the bearer of good news—which they wanted to eat. We crossed the pasture and arrived at the apple tree. I poured out the feed in a line on the ground, about 15 feet from me. The cows lined up and went at it with enthusiasm, butting and shoving each other to get the best spot in line.

The IPA was at room temperature. Even though I was careful not to shake the bottle as I walked, it bubbled up like champagne when I uncapped it. I went after the head with the glass and slurped virtually all of it up. Foam all over my hand and mustache. It's alive. Wonderful.

Very aromatic. The unmistakable smell of hops. Abundant character. Rich dark brown in color, a shade or two darker than the back of the old Hereford cow, whose back is wet from the light mist. Dark reddish brown. Warblers passing through the treetops. The parasitic cow birds are after the insects that follow the cows. Barn swallows swoop down for airborne insects. The unmistakable smell of hemlock trees and the deep woods is carried here on the breeze. Heat rising like steam from the backs of the warm wet cows, as natural as the frothy head on the freshly opened IPA. Taste at the center of the tongue, towards the back. Cows chewing their cuds and belching methane, SRP swallowing IPA, with its remarkable carbon-dioxide burp quality.

Sixteen eyes are watching me. I'm sure that the cows can smell the IPA. They have never before been so focused on me as I sit and watch them eat. I am surrounded by eight sniffing quadrupeds. I'm sure that that heifer would lick the glass if I would let her. I'm sure the cows can smell the IPA. It must be the earthy sweetness of the ale. Cows love molasses. Maybe they are attracted, as well, to the smell of the hops. The young bulls are now sparring with each other. Who will be the boss? Soon the oldest bull will be sexually mature and then new behavioral patterns will take shape in the pasture. Cows have very large eyes and generous eyelashes. I'm sure they can smell the IPA. I wonder how they would react to something as pedestrian as Coors. I am surrounded by bovine noses.

May apples in blossom. Are these the famous mandrakes of Renaissance literature? The lemony berries are edible. Shall I make a jam from them? The resplendently green skunk cabbage and the apple blossoms. There are really only one or two days in the year when you can stand under/inside an apple tree and be overwhelmed by the subtle and sublime fragrance of apple blossoms. Wild strawberries in blossom—millions of them. In a couple of weeks the field will be filled with ripe berries. Shall I make some of the world's best jam--strawberry/rhubarb conserve? The rhubarb by the bridge across from the house is looking very nice and I can pick there all that I will need.

Wet earth, wet grass, the faint smell of cow manure. The breath of the cows—it always reminds me of the inside of freshly cut open pumpkins and winter squash. This IPA is smooth with a very nice three-dimensional flavor. It's

4882

interesting because it's connected to the earth, to a brewer, to an individual. Coors is connected to advertising campaigns fabricated by yuppies. Coors is about as satisfying as plastic flowers and paper leaves. There's nothing there. It's not connected to the earth, to a place. People and beer and art and music and everything else are interesting because they are connected to the earth, to a specific place at a specific time. Coors is like the nitwits on television with their nowhere faces and nowhere language and nowhere personalities. They are less than interesting. They are completely without character. Like lots of CD's, they are perfect, but they are dead and embalmed. These cows, this IPA, me—we are here, we are now, we are of this time and this place, we are alive.

As I sit here, I feel very connected to the earth, to a living organism, to the cycles of nature. To be here is to detach myself from the arbitrary structures that tend to envelop and devour me in daily life. I am renewed by contact with living things, like the chickens and these cows and this IPA and this land. It's the link to the earth that's important. I know that and so do the Herefords.

4883

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Ruminantia
Date: Tuesday, May 27, 1997 4:09PM

A critic is a reader who ruminates. Thus, he should have more than one stomach.
(Friedrich Schlegel)

Cow dung and horse dung, as muck goes, are relatively agreeable. You can even become nostalgic about them. They smell of fermented grain, and on the far side of their smell there is hay and grass.
(John Berger)

How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?
(Apocrypha. Ecclesiasticus 38:25)

Some luck lies in not getting what you thought you wanted but getting what you have, which once you have it you may be smart enough to see is what you would have wanted had you known.
(Garrison Keillor)

I'm a fart in a gale of wind, a humble violet, under a cow pat.
(Djuna Barnes)

No longer diverted by other emotions, I work the way a cow grazes.
(Käthe Kollwitz)

4884

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: The Skunk

Trapper Bob strikes back! I set a muskrat trap last night and baited it with some bacon grease. This morning at 6 o'clock I had the pleasure of disposing of a trapped skunk. Old Testament justice! Don't mess with the chicken farmer.

4885

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Old French Chicken + (Malodorous) Cat
Date: Thursday, May 29, 1997 9:27AM

pole + cat

polecat (pōl'kāt') noun

1. a. A chiefly nocturnal European carnivorous mammal (*Mustela putorius*) of the weasel family that ejects a malodorous fluid to mark its territory and ward off enemies. Also called fitch. b. Any of various related mammals of Asia, especially *Mustela eversmanni* of central Asia.

2. See SKUNK.

[Middle English polcat : possibly Old French poll, poule, fowl, hen. See PULLET + cat, cat. See CAT.]

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

4886

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

RE: John V. Buberniak

DATE: May 27, 1997

John V. Buberniak is an intelligent and enthusiastic individual who can successfully function either as a team member or leader. The breadth and depth of his know-how make him a valuable member of any organization. He is very comfortable and effective in pedagogical situations and is especially skilled in explaining complex issues and procedures to persons with little or no expertise in the area in question.

His commitment to his family and to family values is extraordinary. He is a devoted husband and father to his two children.

I have known John for over 15 years. During all those years, he has generously given of his time and talents to the benefit of community and civic organizations, including the Committee to Restore Carbondale City Hall and the Carbondale Historical Society and Museum, both of which he helped to organize.

I recommend him highly to you and shall be pleased to furnish you with any additional information that you might request.

Sincerely,

S. Robert Powell

S. Robert Powell

4887

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Alive/Not Alive
Date: Wednesday, May 28, 1997 4:38PM

Alive: Having the property or quality that distinguishes living organisms from dead organisms and inanimate matter, manifested in functions such as metabolism, growth, reproduction, and response to stimuli or adaptation to the environment originating from within the organism.

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Alive/Not Alive
Date: Wednesday, May 28, 1997 4:22PM

The subject "what is alive and what is not alive" has been on my mind a lot recently. Today I have been listening to a tape that I made in 1978 of a live performance of one my favorite pieces of music, Igor Stravinsky's ballet "The Firebird" (an adaptation of the Russian fairy tale).

Some time when you have your Walkman in operation and you are not backed against the wall with a Product Development deadline, I think you will find it interesting to listen to a few minutes of this tape, which was made of a live performance of the ballet at Lincoln Center. You can hear the conductor turning the pages of the score, you can hear the feet of the dancers as they move around the stage. It's a wonderful LIVE performance.

4400

MONTHLY REPORT FOR May 1997

S. Robert Powell

In the course of the month of May 1997, my time was divided among the following projects:

1. THE SECRETARIAL PROFESSION (2007-20-4400-071302). (Professional Secretary course) 1018
2. OFFICE FINANCES (2007-20-4400-071319) (Professional Secretary course) 1040, 1018
3. INTRODUCTION TO THE INTERNET AND THE WWW (2007-20-4400-011317) (Professional Secretary course) 1018
4. MATH FOR THE OFFICE PROFESSIONAL (2007-20-4400-071314) (Professional Secretary course) 1073, 1075, 1018
5. WRITTEN COMMUNICATION 1 (2007-20-4400-070905) 1018
6. WRITTEN COMMUNICATION 2 (2007-20-4400-070907) 1018
7. WRITTEN COMMUNICATION 3 (2007-20-4400-070912) 1018
8. Court Reporter Course. Letter to NCRA for Paul Marinaro. (2007-20-4400-070071). 1022

4889

June 1, 1997

6:30 A.M. Departure from home for Syracuse with Mark Whitebread for the Finger Lakes Feather Club Show. Very pleasant drive up. Mark is very verbal and easy to be around. The trip takes about two hours.

The show was enjoyable but one clearly had the impression that he was at a minor-league show. Not very many standard birds—a hundred at best. Don Nelson and Ralph Beamer judged. Don Nelson judged the standards and Art

Shallenberg said, at one point: "Looks to me like these judges need a refresher course in judging." I had Best Heavy Duck on the Black Muscovy drake and Reserve Champion English on a Black Orpington hen. Mark did not enter any birds.

They were many friendly and familiar faces, including George Schroeder, who has made a fast and very good come back from his heart problem of a month or so ago. Bob Anke and Chuck Campfield and Dick Laabs were there from this part of the country.

The Champion Standard was a Black Australorp cock that was very nice.

Mark and I were repeatedly congratulated on the success of our CPAC spring show. Many of the people who were at Syracuse were at Bloomsburg in May and all reported on how wonderful they thought our show was. That was pleasant to hear.

On the way home, as we were rolling along south of Cortland, NY, I happened to look down at my gas gauge and discovered, to my immense chagrin, that I was just about out of gas—but the vehicle was still operating. The needle was scraping bottom. We ascended a reasonably long and gradual hill. Half way up the hill, the engine

started to skip, but we continued to operate. We made it to the crest of the hill, but then the gas pedal ceased to function and we coasted for a small way. That was it. I pulled over.

I got some money together and headed out down the road. I think I must have gone about ½ mile when I saw a couple of state police cars in the median strip. They surely saw me walking along but appeared to take no action. I continued on my way. I could see an exit up ahead, with a gas sign on the horizon.

At that point, a third state police car appeared from behind me and stopped. A very friendly and soft-spoken state police officer asked me what the problem was. I explained. He said that he would drive me to the next exit and help me get gas. What a prince of a fellow! I got in the back seat. We arrive at the next exit in a few minutes and he pulled right up to the front door of a gas station/snack establishment. Since I was in the "secure" back seat, I could not open the door of the car. The officer had to come round and let me out. Very amusing. It appeared as if I were some kind of criminal. Gas station No. 1 had no gas can. The attendant was very solicitous—certainly because of the fact that I was "traveling" with

a state police officer. We got back in the car and headed to the second gas station at the exit. There the same scenario repeated itself, except at No. 2 they had small gas can for sale and I got one for about \$3 and then got a couple of dollars worth of gas and got back in the police car. I was then driven back to my truck. What a luck break that the officer in question came by. He was very friendly and we chatted about the poultry show at Syracuse and the other activities that were taking place at the fairgrounds in Syracuse. The officer seemed to find me interesting and was more than pleased to help me out in plight. For report purposes, I suppose, I had to give him my name, address, and phone number.

I put the gas in the truck and it started right up. Surely less than 30 minutes had passed between the time that I ran out of gas and the time when Mark and I were back on the road. That was the first time in my many, many years of driving that I ever ran out of gas. Mark is obsessed with full gas tanks. Before leaving his house he ALWAYS makes sure that he has a full tank of gas.

We returned to Carbondale by about 6:30 o'clock. Mark and I went over and looked at the Herefords and then up to the barn

and I released the ten birds that I took to Syracuse for the show. Mark brought with him from Shickshinny 14 Aylesbury duck eggs and I put them under setters that I have. I also have 31 fertile chicken eggs of his under various setters. The chicken eggs are due to hatch in two weeks, I think.

Satisfying day away from home. DWP had cut the grass around the house in my absence. He and DWP II spent the day at the Homestead. DWP has been making HLRP's Meat Loaf recently, and when I entered the house I could smell the unmistakable aroma of that dish. Very home and hearth.

At 10 P.M., more or less, DWP returned from having taken DWP II back to his mother's house. In a couple of weeks or so, DWP II will arrive for the summer. That will be very pleasant.

June 2, 1997

Rainy. Wind blowing from the East. Very penetrating and wet rain.

The June 1997 issue of POULTRY PRESS arrived today. Spectacular coverage of the CPAC's Spring Show and Auction: four photos on page 1 and 45 other photos—all by Bill Wulff; Bill's article on the show,

my article on the show! The CPAC has never had better or more extensive coverage. The CPAC is at the crest of the wave.

Went to see Mom at noontime. I'm wondering if she hasn't had another slight heart attack: her voice seems slurred and one of her hands seemed funny. Peg also noticed it during her visit there in the middle of the afternoon. Getting information out of the staff in a medical facility is, of course, next to impossible to do.

June 3, 1997

Faxed this morning a thank-you letter to Bill Wulff for his excellent coverage of the CPAC's 1997 Spring Show and Auction in POULTRY PRESS. Phoned Briget Kane to see if she has received her copy of POULTRY PRESS yet. She has not. She will be very happy when she sees it.

June 4, 1997

The coverage of the CPAC's Spring Show in the June 1997 POULTRY PRESS is history-making in scope. Almost six full pages of text and photos about the show! That is about the same amount of space that Bill Wulff accords to such events as the APA National Meet at Columbus.

This is surely the high point, to date, in the club's history. I am very pleased to have played a major role in making it happen.

It's like the national meeting of the Griswold Family Association of America that Donald and I organized and made happen last year in Wayne County. That event would not have become a reality had it not been for the efforts that Donald and I have put in over the years to promote the Clinton Township Griswold Reunion. It's a beautiful flowering of lots of hard work and nurturing. The same is true for the CPAC's 1997 Spring Show. That event was the result of hundreds of hours of planning and nurturing by Briget Kane, Mark Burns, Mark Whitebread, and SRP. Had it not been for the four of us, the 1997 CPAC Spring Show and Auction would not have been the stupendous success that they were. Is that bragging? Not really. It's merely the presentation of a few facts.

Mom appears to be making good progress in her recovery from her broken hip. She was quite cheerful during my 5 P.M. visit to Allied today. The husband of the woman who is in the same room as Mom said that there was some talk during the day of Helen

Powell's discharge date from Allied. That's a good sign.

June 5, 1997

Beautiful summer morning. I have finally managed to get all of the chicks and young birds to go out into the yard when I open the doors in the morning. Sunshine and earth and fresh air—the best things in the world for growing chicks (and all living things, for that matter).

I can already see several young standard Partridge Rocks that look like they should be very good birds. These young Partridge Rocks are from three sources: some that are the progeny of SRP's birds; some from Joe Vivian, and some from Murray McMurray. The ones from my stock are the best, clearly. Those from Joe Vivian have good possibilities—I'm hoping to get a couple of good ones from among them to mate with my birds. Those from Murray McMurray appear to have poor type and color. I'll allow all of them to grow up and then make some decisions. In any event, I should have all the birds I need to make up some careful matings next year and then really start to improve the quality of standard Partridge Rocks.

Some of the Buff Minorcas are starting to look nice. I'm not

so sure about the standard Columbian Wyandottes. Not a single one has died, but they do not appear to be especially good birds: not very good type and their color appears to be less than spectacular. We shall see. Some good birds may well emerge from the group.

The standard Black Orpingtons are starting to look very nice. Many of them are pullets, which is very good. I noted that my old Black Orpington hen was in a nest this morning. I would very much like to get some fertile eggs out of her by using (this fall or winter) one of the now half-grown cockerels from Joe Vivian. That would really give the bloodline some vitality. In any event, I have two or three of her daughters and they will be excellent birds to mate with the Joe Vivian birds.

What about the Campines and the standard Modern Games? I think there is only one Campine cockerel—and I am currently without an adult male. It seems like the only cockerel is not going to be very good in color—too much orange in his wings and back. The young pullets seem very nice.

There are probably 15 young standard Modern Games in two or three colors. I have not really looked at them too hard yet,

since they have the habit of dying during their growing up period and so I will wait until they are more or less adults until I begin to separate the sheep from the goats.

The APA YEARBOOK should be out before too long. I am very anxious to see my full-page ad and article on the history of standard Partridge Rocks.

Planted some White Corn and some gigantic corn (supposed to grow 12 to 15 feet tall) in among the sunflowers (also gigantic) that I planted in the bed below the lower entrance to the lot. With any luck, the "gigantic" bed could be very impressive. Also planted some annuals in the six flower boxes that I put on the gray barn foundation back wall. In the boxes I planted some zinnia seeds; also put in a seed tray quite a number of moonflower seeds. When they are a couple of inches tall, I'll distribute them in the flower gardens.

This coming weekend, I'll have to plant the cannas. Surely they have started to sprout in the bags in the cellar. I have a ton of them and it will be quite a job to plant them, but plant them I will. I like their outrageous quality.

June 6, 1997

One of the things that I should do to get rid of some of the

stress in my life at present is to make up a list of things that I have to/would like to get done. The items on this list could be do-able in one day. As such, I could start chipping away at the backlog. As it is, I am feeling overwhelmed since I see the whole as a whole, with the result that I do nothing to make the whole go away. If the whole were perceived of as a collection of individual items, brick by brick the problem could be made to go away.

Sounds like a sensible thing to do, Robert.

Went to Allied after work to see Mom. She seemed fidgety and anxious to get home. I calmed her down. Went to Tink's for an hour or so. Ran into Paul Warner there. We talked. At 8 P.M. I took my leave.

June 7, 1997

Cleaned and organized in the barn for 4 hours; fussed around with the gardens for a couple of hours. Got cleaned up and went to Allied to see Mom and then to a picnic that one of my coworkers was having at Lake Winola. My coworker, Melissa Lewis, is young, about 20, and virtually all of the guest were of the same age. Interesting people, but young. I was the only person from ICS who showed up, even though Melissa

put an announcement of the party on the departmental e-mail. I felt badly for Melissa, even though she seemed not to care at all that no other ICS people showed up.

June 8, 1997

More cleaning and organizing in the barn. Today, the area outside the main poultry area on the ground floor. Did that for a couple hours. Then walked around the entire pasture to make sure that the fence had not been damaged by deer. Got caught in the rain and took shelter under some trees at the edge of the woods. The cows followed me as I made my rounds of the pasture. Very pleasant. The woods at the back of the field, like the field itself, are beautiful. Those woods have not changed, I would guess, in three hundred years. Very beautiful and serene and unspoiled. I gathered the necessary raw materials to make a bottle garden—and did so upon my return. Grandma Russell always had her bottle garden (terrarium) on a drop-leaf table by the window that looks out onto the porch and the swing in the sitting room off the kitchen. Her terrarium bottle is in the fruit cellar yet.

Resolved to get better control of my life by doing some of the nagging little things that have to be done, e.g., fence and

gate repairs on the poultry yard, move cattle feed in the upstairs of the barn. It works. I feel better for having begun "to take action."

At about 7:45 P.M., I went to see Alvin and Sandy Seamans in Elkdale to see how the pair of Narragansett turkeys that I gave Alvin last week are doing. When I drove into their yard, I spotted the pair of turkeys walking in the deep grass up by the former SRP chicken coop. The turkeys looked beautiful and have settled in nicely. I stood for a minute and watched them and as I did some of the cows started to come from the barn and I knew that Sandy and Alvin were still in the barn. Alvin emerged after the last cow. "There's Robert!" said he in a very friendly voice.

They were just about through milking and I watched them wrap that up and then Alvin watered the turkeys. We watched the birds. Alvin asked Sandy to get his turkey calls from the refrigerator and she did. Alvin demonstrated turkey calls. He's a very convincing turkey, for the most part. The Narragansett tom paid strict attention to Alvin and his calls.

My second reason for the visit was to get some rhubarb. Every year Sandy and Alvin provide me with all the rhubarb

that I want. We three picked a pail full. Twenty minute visit/chat as we stood around the box of the pick up truck. I thanked them for the rhubarb. "Come back for more if you need it. Come back any time," said Alvin. Such nice people. They like me and I like them.

With some of that rhubarb, I will make some of the extraordinarily good "Rhubarb Strawberry Conserve," the recipe for which is in the Ball Canning book. Naturally, I will give Alvin and Sandy some of the conserve when I make it.

June 9, 1997

"If the skylark hovers and glides in its descent, the weather will remain fine; if it drops straight down, rain is near."

Beautiful summer day. Brought a Russell Dairy quart milk bottle to work with me this morning. In it, I have placed five sprigs of Columbine of several colors. It's on top of the book case above my desk. Very beautiful. Attracting lots of positive comments. I think I shall maintain a bouquet there always.

Just now (1 P.M.) returned from Allied, where I took Mom for a walk in the sunshine and warm breeze. She, of course, was in her wheel chair. She loved the

walk! Commented on the clouds (as she very frequently does), the various shades of green in the leaves, white clover in blossom. I picked a small bouquet of white field daisies and white clover and put it in a cup on her desk when we returned. During the walk, she seemed perfectly herself, which was nice. When we returned to her room, she noted, as I did, that it seemed warm to be back inside again. When I left to return to work, she was peacefully the television. She is scheduled to come home a week from tomorrow.

Grange meeting tonight at 6:30 P.M. Dairy Dinner. I will have to make something to take to the covered-dish event. What will it be? It's supposed to have milk in it to commemorate Dairy Month.

Eleanor Roosevelt: "No one can make you feel inferior without your consent."

June 10, 1997 *er*

"A sunshiny show *er* won't last out the hour."

Very enjoyable volley/series of e-mail messages with Paul Warner throughout the day. He is very bright, very responsive, and very interesting. I couldn't have made it through the first six months at ICS without his help. It was he who served as my mentor

4897

in all matters dealing with the computer. He and I started here at almost the same time. He began a couple of weeks before me.

Mom has a very "mannish-looking" (as she would say) roommate at Allied now. Mom hasn't said anything specifically, but I can tell by the way she is acting that she believes her new roommate to be a man! I came to this conclusion during my visit there this afternoon. I can tell by the way Mom looks at her/him. Bless her heart, Mom is now evaluating the other patients and offering her own diagnoses: "That one shouldn't be here. She ought to be in a hospital somewhere. . . that one doesn't eat very much" and so on. Very amusing. It's good for Mom to "get outside of herself" and focus on the other patients. She is scheduled to come home a week from today.

I will soon begin to train for distance the Racing Homers. There are at least a half dozen young birds that are ready to be trained. And the four yearling birds from last year are all set to go, of course.

June 11, 1997

"Cold wet May, barn full of hay."

Beautiful summer day.
Added some Dame's Rocket to my

Columbine bouquet above my desk at work. Spectacular!

There is a lot more Rocket growing along the creek by the house than I remembered. That's grand. It's great to have a bouquet at eye level or above. Bouquets take on a larger-than-life quality when they are so placed. The bouquet has been in place for about 10 minutes and already I can smell the ineffable fragrance of the Dame's Rocket.

"If, in the morning, you see the ants have thrown up tiny heaps of dirt by their hills, you can expect a fair day."

An early manifestation of "Mother's Day" was the Roman festival called the Hilaria, in honor of the Roman's mother goddess Cybele.

Elegant, opulent, genteel. Those are the three key behavioral words. Keep those three words in mind and you can conquer the world!

June 12, 1997

Made a batch of "Strawberry-Rhubarb-Orange Conserve" last night between 8 and 10 P.M. What an aroma! The whole house smelled of jam-making. Unbelievably home and hearth! Used the recipe in the Ball Canning book, which says that the yield is about 7 pints. I got 5 pints.

Left one pint on the kitchen table this morning for DWP, with the following note: "Strawberry-Rhubarb-Orange Conserve for your (and Griswold's) breakfast tray." I have brought two pints to work to give away: one to Paul Warner and the other to Carl Albright.

I gave the one to Paul at about 8:15 A.M. SRP: "As a connoisseur and gastronome, I think you enjoy this." He looked into the bag and saw that it was "Strawberry Conserve June 11,

1997" and said: "Wild strawberries, I'll bet." In my memo to Paul about the last bottle of India Pale ale that he gave me, I mentioned that I drank it in the cow pasture and that I was surrounded by millions of wild strawberry blossoms and that in a few weeks they would all be berries. Paul, of course, remembered that specific fact. He has a mind like a computer--unbelievably fast retrieval of data from out of the blue. I shall be very interested to learn his response to the conserve.

The second pint I will give to Carl when he and I go swimming at lunch time today.

Brought in about a cup of Columbine seeds for Laurie Kramer today. She was very glad to get them.

Added some Iris to my above-desk bouquet this morning--some of the very traditional yellow and brown variety and some of the very traditional blue/purple and yellow variety. They are a stunning addition to the bouquet. I also brought in a standard tavern beer pitcher and have put the bouquet in it. It is a superb flower vase.

I can't seem to get enough of Birgit Nilsson's voice. Again this morning, I am listing to her Brunnhilde in *Siegfried*.

4899

June 13, 1997

Rave reviews from Paul Warner on the Strawberry-Rhubarb Conserve! (See e-mail exchanged between PW and SRP on 06-13-97.) It's very gratifying to have one's creations, culinary or otherwise, appreciated by others. I will make another batch, possibly tonight, when DWP II arrives. Actually, the most effective procedure would be *to be in the process of making the conserve* as DWP II arrives. The aroma produced by this particular canning process is unbelievable. He will remember the aroma and the process for the rest of his life.

At lunch I should go back to Gerrity's and see I can get some more of their beautiful strawberries. There are several additional very interesting conserve recipes in the Ball Canning book, and I shall make some as the season progresses. I seem to remember reading one for Apple-Blueberry Conserve, also a Gooseberry Conserve recipe, and one with currants, and one with cranberries. They will make wonderful presents.

Went to Gerrity's in mid-afternoon and bought some frozen blueberries (which were very nice) and some Macintosh apples and made on Friday night (before and

during DWP II's arrival for the summer) six pints of Blueberry-Apple Conserve. Very good. Intense flavors. This conserve binge that I am on is the source of much pleasure. I'll play it as long as it lasts.

June 14, 1997

Twenty-nine chicks hatched for Mark Whitebread--under five hens. Several breeds: Single Comb Black Leghorns, Rose Comb White Leghorns, Anconas, some buff-colored standards of some breed. They look very nice. I shall call Mark and tell him they're ready. Come and get them.

Did my morning poultry chores and then worked in the flower garden in front of the house for the rest of the day. A massive job of weeding and working up the soil. Garden in radiant bloom at present: iris, lupines, columbine are the dominant flowers at present. Spectacular, beautiful summer day!

Jerry will help me move the two small chicken coops and the pigeon loft inside the poultry yard. We will do that next Saturday.

June 15, 1997

Took the 11 Racing Homers to Merli-Sarnoski Park for a training toss. DWP II went along.

The birds made it home before we did, not surprisingly.

More work in the flower garden! Discovered that the Fox-Tail Lily will blossom this summer—for the first time. I planted it about 4 years ago and this will be its first time to blossom. I am very pleased.

Eric Bolcavage came by for some chicken manure for his tomatoes. Nice guy. He may be interested in doing the grass cutting in Maplewood Cemetery if John is no longer available.

Anson Tiffany phoned and wants to have his birds re-tested following the botched job that the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture did with the blood that I sent in about a month ago. I will do the testing next Sunday afternoon. What a pain in the neck this re-testing is. If the Bureau of Avian Health had tested the blood when it arrived at Summerdale (instead of holding it for four days), the blood samples would have been workable. As it was, many of them dried out and now I have to take a whole day and re-test birds.

June 16, 1997

Brought the Homers with me to work this morning. Released them in the Wal-Mart parking lot and they kitted up well.

Mom comes home from Allied tomorrow. The adventure re-begins.

I didn't do a head count when I got home, but it appears that the 11 Homers made the return trip successfully. I did note that the white bird, who doesn't seem to want to kit well, was there, so I am assuming that all 11 are there. I'll know for sure the next time I catch them for a training flight—probably in the next few days.

DWP II spotted the Mandarin drake in the creek by the bridge. DWP II and I herded him up onto the bank and then to the pond by the stone wall. The drake then went up to the barn by himself. At dark, I herded all of the waterfowl into the poultry yard, where they will be "safe" from night predators.

Today is [Leopold] Bloom's Day.

June 17, 1997

Mom to be discharged from Allied this morning at 9 A.M.

Mom is home—it was a three-hour process (medical and bureaucratic red tape), but she's home. Not walking very well. Will probably spend most of her time in a wheelchair. DWP II will help out (answering the phone, making sure she is OK and hasn't fallen, maybe getting her lunch, other such tasks,

but not the heavy-duty personal cleaning and grooming, which DWP and I will do) in caring for his grandmother.

Mom misses all the medical attention that she got at Allied. It will take a few days for her to get used to "normal" attention and care. She is not at all interested in walking and spends her time in the wheel chair.

We four had a normal supper tonight: sausage, green beans, corn, cranberry sauce, wheat bread, and cookies for dessert. We got Mom to bed at about 8:30 P.M. Donald and I had to carry her up the stairs. She sat on a straight-back chair and we carried her up in that manner. It's the easiest way to carry someone upstairs, it seems.

June 18, 1997

Establishing a morning routine with Mom. No problems so far. She was seated in her wheel chair at the kitchen table before 7 A.M. and was having breakfast when I left for ICS about 7:15 A.M. DWP I and II will see to her care during the day—which should be minimal.

"An English summer: two fine days and a thunderstorm."

"The higher the clouds, the finer the weather."

Mark Whitebread came by at 5:30 and picked up the 25+ chicks that I hatched for him. The Single Comb White Leghorn chicks among them he left with me. They are the progeny of his Rose Comb White Leghorns, and possibly his Black Leghorns. I will raise these S.C. Whites and cross them with my Single Comb White Leghorns. We went to Archbald to pay Mark Burns an unannounced visit. Mark wanted to see his yard and grounds—which are beautiful. Mark was not home and we left some "signs" of our visit (a weed or two on his porch—there are none in his garden—plus a "racy" note on his door, signed "Love Tina"). Very amusing.

DWP II "baby sat" for Mom during the hour-long visit to Archbald. He played the same role between his father's departure for class (about 5 P.M.) and my return home from ICS (about 5:30 P.M.). He is a remarkable fellow and very grown up for his age.

June 19, 1997

Thirteen years ago today, I began my stay at Elkdale. On June 18, 1984, I moved from 8 Hendrick Lane in Carbondale (where I was house sitting in the Hendrick house in the time between the death of Rebecca Colville and the sale of the house

to the Dzielaks) to Elkdale. How well I remember the move to Elkdale. I am sure that I can now conjure up the wonderful smell of the old church building on the first day of my arrival there. I lived in Elkdale from June 19, 1984, until January 7, 1991, when I moved to Middleburg. Those seven years in Elkdale were wonderful. Very detailed SRP journals and lots of photographs exist for that period.

The flowers above my desk from Monday through yesterday were Lupines. Today I brought in five stalks of the most beautiful Iris from the garden: chocolate brown, butter yellow, white upper three petals and purple lower three (three blossoms, one above the other, all on one stalk and all facing in the same direction; unbelievable!), light purple upper three and deep purple lower three, white streaked with light purple veins. Absolutely breathtaking!

Made six additional pints of the "legendary" Strawberry-Rhubarb-Orange conserve tonight. The basic recipe is in Bell Canning book. What an aroma! I have enough rhubarb and strawberries to make six more pints, and I hope to be able to do that over this coming weekend.

Conserves are such wonderful things. I will make more as the season progresses.

June 20, 1997

Mom is getting settled into a routine, and things are much easier to take care of in the morning and at night. Without any difficulties at all, I had her up and into the bathroom and bathed and seated at the breakfast table—eating her breakfast—by 7 A.M. At one point during the morning routine, she said: "To think that it would come to this!" SRP: "Don't worry about it. We're all headed down the same path." HLRP: "You're a good soul. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Brought the eleven Homers to work with me. Released them in the Wal-Mart parking lot. They, too, are getting used to a routine. When I opened the "race panier," all eleven birds exploded into the air and were on their way.

Brought my "Decker's Woods Terrarium" to work with me.

June 21, 1997

Midsummer day. Roasted a turkey to mark the occasion. I suggested to DWP that we celebrate with a thanksgiving-type dinner every year on Midsummer Day.

DWP II has had five perfect reports in a row! All A's. Most commendable. I will give him a

one hundred dollar bill to reinforce the importance of the accomplishment. He is growing up very quickly.

Gerry, Donald, and I moved my two small chicken coops and the pigeon loft inside the poultry yard. We dragged them, using the yellow jeep. The process took all afternoon, and what a process it was! Next I will move my strawberry bed, asparagus bed, and black raspberry bed, and then DW? can mow over the site of my former poultry area and re-convert it into a tee for the golf course.

Mom is getting very impatient about getting out of the wheelchair. She doesn't seem to remember that she broke her hip a couple of weeks ago.

June 22, 1997

Bloodtested birds for Anson Tiffany, Merl Rynearson, and Gerald Rettberg—from noon to 5:30. Came home and drew blood from my own birds and also did the blood testing for Mark Burns.

Day-long process. The blood will be mailed by Express Mail to Summerdale tomorrow. If this blood doesn't prove to be acceptable, I will scream. The first time that I sent in blood, the Bureau of Avian Health keep the blood samples too long and half of

them dried out. Their fault, not mine.

June 23, 1997

Sent off the poultry blood samples to Summerdale this morning, at a cost of \$19.40. I have written memos to Anson, Merl, Gerry, and Mark to ask them to share the postage expense. I have not charged them for the actual bloodtesting, as some testers would. Some testers charge a flat fee of \$20 plus a per bird charge for testing. These guys whose birds I test are really getting a break. To ask them to share the cost of the postage is not too much to ask.

Brought into the office this morning a bouquet of iris (creamy yellow, theatre-curtain velvety brown, and white top purple bottoms), white peonies, and orange Oriental poppies. What a sight! The bouquet is veritably stopping traffic. Most of my colleagues can't believe that someone can actually grow such flowers at home. My neighbor Paul Warner has put up a computer-generated sign on his side of the wall--between our cubicles--below the bouquet with the well-known quotation from Voltaire's *Candide* about "cultivating your garden." Very appropriate, to be sure. All of my

4904

neighbors here at ICS have gotten involved with my daily bouquets above my desk, which is gratifying. Today's bouquet is a huge success with most of my colleagues. It is, to be sure, magnificent.

If there are more Oriental poppies that are ready to be picked tomorrow morning, I will add bring them to work to add to the bouquet. Later in the week, I think it will be time to bring in some peonies—an extravagant bouquet of about 20 of them.

June 24, 1997

Took Mom to Dr. Simpson for her regular check up. It was somewhat of a trial because of the necessity of taking the wheelchair. But all went well. We stopped at Cousin Peg's on the way home and Peg and I carried a couple of her new front-porch rocking chairs out into the yard beside the side of the truck and sat in them, as HLRP remained in the truck. It was much easier than getting Mom out the truck and into the wheelchair and then into the house. It was a very successful manner for a visit, like a drive-by visit, as it were.

June 25, 1997

Work, work, work. We had a company meeting at Genetti's in Dickson City this morning where

we heard presentations by the management of the new owners of ICS—Harcourt General. The new management are well educated, verbal, highly driven. The acquisition of ICS by Harcourt General should be a good thing for all concerned.

Watched "The Call of the Wild" on television with DWP II. Very touching. We had a good time watching the movie. DWP I was teaching and so DWP II and I spent the evening together. He's an amazing guy—very grown up and sophisticated, and yet very much a little boy.

Violent thunderstorm at about bed time. DWP II knocked on my door and said "I'm scared." He then returned to the bathroom and threw up.

I had him bring into my room his pillows and blanket and he slept on the floor in front of one of the Eleanor Jones cherry dressers. He had a good time. It was like camping out.

June 26, 1997

My wind-up alarm scared the daylight out of DWP II when it went off at 5 A.M. It is a horrible sound. It scares me very frequently, and so I find that I usually wake up before it goes off and shut it off before it rings.

How's that for being intimidated by an object.

Given all of the craziness and stress in my life at present, I have decided to carry on as if everything were 'normal,' whatever the hell that means.

As such, I brought the Racing Homer fly-team with me to work and released them at 7:50 A.M. in the ICS parking lot. They kitted beautifully and were well on their way before I reached the front door of the building.

Also brought with me about 15 stalks of peonies, of three colors: white, pink, and theatre-curtain red. Completely outrageous. There are so many wonderful flowers at this particular moment in the season that it is hard not to be overwhelmed by them. But I'll manage!

June 27, 1997

Made arrangements to rent a truck tomorrow morning to transport the show cages that we (the CPAC) borrowed from the Sussex County Poultry Fanciers' Association for our Spring Show back to New Jersey. My plan at present is to take Mom with me. I can't see any reason why she shouldn't be able to handle the trip—and enjoy the day out at the same time. Carl Harris and Craig

Russell will meet me at the poultry building at Bloomsburg at noon.

There a million things that I would like to do at home tomorrow, but these borrowed cages have to be returned, and no one else in the CPAC seems to care whether or not or when they are returned. So I will do it and be done with it.

The Homers made it home yesterday without difficulty. And they all went into the loft, I am pleased to say, even though it is now about 30 yards closer to the barn than it was. Distance training of the Homers can now begin in earnest.

The Tipplers all went back into the loft also, but it took them several days to do so. I'll give them a couple more days to gather their strength/regroup and then I will put them out again, so that they get used to trapping in their loft's new location.

Peonies, poppies, iris—in the bouquet above my desk. What a beautiful sight!

In the terrarium that I made about a month ago—and which is now here at my desk at ICS—the wintergreen plant is now blossoming! That is quite an accomplishment, I would say. It can be very tricky to get the humidity regulated in a terrarium. The moss is also growing nicely in

the terrarium which, I think, is very beautiful. It's in a gigantic pickle jar that I bought at Wal-Mart a few years ago.

June 28, 1997

Rented a Ryder truck in Childs and drove to Mark Whitebread's house and picked up the key to the poultry building in Bloomsburg. Released 11 Racing Homers there. Continued on my way to the poultry building at Bloomsburg, where Craig Russell and Harold Strawser met me and we loaded up all of the cages that the CPAC borrowed from the Sussex County Poultry Fanciers' Association for our Spring Show. Drove to Augusta, New Jersey, where I was met by four members of the Sussex group. Among them were Jerry Sliker. Unloaded the truck. I then drove back to Childs and returned the truck. Completely exhausting day: 280 miles of driving, very hot day. I left home at 9:30 A.M. and returned home at 9 P.M. The rental truck cost \$160, plus \$10 for gas, and \$5 for something to eat for SRP.

The things I do for the CPAC! No one else in the club would do what I do for the club.

Two of my colleagues in Product Development at ICS share my enthusiasm for flower gardens: Debbie Johnson (project manager)

and Susan Jaffer (freelance editor and project manager). About three weeks ago, Susan gave me a coreopsis seedling in a peat pot. The plant was about two inches tall. She wondered if I could identify it by sight. I did. In so doing, I strengthened my position with Susan as someone who knows a thing or two about flowers.

The routine of the daily bouquet above my desk continues. It is placed on top of my bookcase on the wall between my cubicle and that of Paul Warner (a fellow editor and without doubt the most interesting person in Product Development, excluding me, of course; PW is certainly one of the most interesting people I know). At present there are almost too many choices among the perennial flowers and flowering shrubs for the daily bouquet. Each floral possibility has a very brief window of maximum opulence and so it becomes a full-fledged game of gathering rosebuds while one can. Monday will probably be mock orange (*syringa*) and fox glove, although I am not too sure how well fox glove will serve as a cut flower. We shall see. The roses, lilies, daisies, and delphinium are waiting in the wings.

The terrarium that I took to the office recently is doing beautifully. The wintergreen plants in the moss are now in blossom! I don't believe that I have ever had a plant blossom in a terrarium. The light, temperature, and humidity must be exactly right at my desk for terrarium growth.

June 29, 1997

Mom's birthday. She's 84. Nine of the 11 Homers returned from the 55 mile training toss. That's fine. Separate the sheep from the goats.

Made six additional pints of Strawberry-Rhubarb conserve—with peanuts and whole almonds. DWP II and I made Mom a birthday cake. No recipe. Just put it together.

Mid-afternoon: we four (HLRP, DWP I and II, SRP) got into the truck and went up to Lake Hiawatha to see Cousin Peg. Mom and I in the front of the truck; DWP I and II in the back, along with boxes and the wheel chair, fishing pole and tackle box, etc. DWP II immediately went fishing when we arrived. I put together the birthday cake: sliced the two 8" layers in half, horizontally, and spread strawberry-rhubarb conserve on them. It was beautiful. I dusted the whole with confectioner's sugar and set it on a

doily made of ferns and served it on a large tray. It was a spectacular success. Very beautiful and delicious. The cake reminded DWP and me of the cakes that Norton Vale's mother used to make when we were at boy scout camp on Fiddle Lake, many years ago. It was a cake with substance. Not all air and fluff and nothing. Plain vanilla-flavored cake with peanuts, caraway seeds, and ginger. Delicious. Peg's friends Pat and her husband were there for the birthday party. HLRP loved it. We all had a good time.

DWP I and II and I went swimming. Intense memories of Aunt Eleanor and Joey flowed freely throughout our three-hour visit. Such amazing women they were—the forged out a mountain lake retreat for themselves in the summertime and escaped whenever possible. As kids, Mom took us there every summer for a visit. Mom and Dad spent part of their honeymoon there. It's an important place in the history of the family.

June 30, 1997

Took off the afternoon as vacation time at ICS. Did in-town errands, mostly at banks. In late afternoon, put Mom and the lawnmower into the truck and

went to Elkdale and cut grass in the cemetery there.

Clyde Seamans has not cut it for some time. The grass is over a foot high in most places. I made a good inroad into the job and got a reasonably large area cut by the lower entrance to the cemetery, near the McAlla stones. When seen from a passing car, the cemetery looks to be perfectly manicured. I'm sure that Clyde will know very soon that someone has been cutting in the Elkdale Cemetery. Hopefully that will get him into high gear and he will cut the rest of the cemetery. I will check in the course of the next several days and if it has not been cut to my satisfaction, I will do it myself.

July 1, 1997

"If the first of July be rainy weather, 'twill rain more or less for four weeks together."

These are the Gettysburg days. My emotional involvement with the Civil War is intense. I will never understand it.

Gettysburg campaign

Gettysburg campaign, June-July 1863, a series of battles that marked the turning point of the U.S. CIVIL WAR. After his victory at CHANCELLORSVILLE, Confederate Gen. Robert E. LEE undertook a second invasion of the

North, crossing the Potomac into Pennsylvania and fighting at Harrisburg and Chambersburg. Union forces under George G. MEADE were massing N of the Potomac. The two forces met just W of Gettysburg in the greatest battle of the war (July 1-3, 1863). On July 1 the Union was driven to Cemetery Hill, south of the town. On July 2 the Confederates took the Peach Orchard but were repulsed in assaults on Cemetery Ridge and Cemetery Hill; they briefly held Culp's Hill. On July 3 Lee ordered George E. PICKETT's division forward in its famous but disastrous charge against the Union center. Tremendous losses resulted, and on July 4 Lee withdrew. Union losses totaled 23,000 killed or wounded; Confederate, 25,000.

I prepared a very festive supper, which all four of us enjoyed a great deal: Italian sausage in SRP's home-canned tomato sauce, on linguine; served in my large iron frying pan. Home-canned tomato sauce is 25 times superior to the commercially-canned product. The home-canned appears to be thin, but it's not. It's pure tomato juice, and the home-canned has intense tomato flavor. The commercially-canned stuff is thick and pasty and gloppy and not nearly as flavorful.

4909

From: MLWINTER@aol.com
Return-path: <MLWINTER@aol.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Mon, 2 Jun 1997 19:19:07 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Wasted trip to Allied
Message-ID: <970602155558_156929323@emout01.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

Stopped to see your mother almost two hours ago only to find she was in therapy. Obviously I didn't get to visit with her. However, I did buy her a tee shirt with matching knit vest which I left with a note. Donald just called and put Helen on the phone for a few minutes. I notice her speech was slightly slurred but otherwise she seems in pretty good spirits and thought the vest and shirt were pretty. Tried to tell her that there were three other new tee shirts in her middle drawer but I couldn't make that sink it. The reasons for the new clothes are twofold. First I thought she needed some clothes that were really hers. and secondly, the clothes of mine that she has been wearing are WAY too big. Thought she might feel better about herself if her clothes fit. Maybe there's a third reason - I was in K-Mart last Friday and the three tees were on sale and so cheap it seemed a waste to leave them in the store. Wait til you see them - two are rather bright and I'm not sure she'll like them but, as I said to Donald, with a little luck they'll fade in the wash.

Do you think Helen had another mini-stroke? Or is she just so exhausted from all she's been through in the past months? Whatever the reason, I hope she continues to improve.

By the way, Charley seems to be improving after three days of medication. At the price I paid for the medicine, I expect her to become a puppy again.

4910

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: mlwinter@aol.com
Subject: Allied visit
X-Status: New

I'm not sure that I noticed the slurred speech yesterday (Monday) but I did notice that one of Mom's hands appeared funny. I'll see what I can find out today.

I did notice that Mom's roommate, who seemed to be the picture of good mental and physical health until yesterday, was somewhere in outer space during my afternoon visit there yesterday. She was quite convinced that everyone who passed by the room was related to her: "There's my husband. . . , that one is my cousin, there goes my husband again. . ." Is it the air, the food, the medicine?

Thank you for getting the new clothes for Mom. Tell me how much you spent and I'll see that you get reimbursed.

I went to a poultry show in Syracuse on Sunday. On the return trip, just south of Cortland, NY, I ran out of gas on I-81! First time ever for me to do that. What an adventure. A very nice state trooper saved the day.

NAME S. Robert Powell
 ADDRESS R.D. #1, Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407-9706
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



4911



UNITED STATES MINT
 PO BOX 382606
 PITTSBURGH PA 15250-8606

*For DWPT II
 at Christmas
 1997*



ORDER FORM, UNITED STATES MINT 1997 AMERICAN EAGLE PROOF COINS

Remember, Gold American Eagle Proof Coins will be available until December 31, 1997, or a sellout, whichever comes first.

Attention: This is a limited offer. Please act now. YES, please accept my order for the following 1997 American Eagle Proof Coins. I understand that mintage of these coins is strictly limited and that orders received after mintage limits have been reached will not be processed. Coins may be delivered in multiple shipments at different times. I understand that the Mint accepts orders only under the pre-printed terms described on this order form. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.

TO ORDER, CALL 1-800-USA-MINT.

DO NOT SEND CASH. Make check or money order payable to: United States Mint.

METHOD OF PAYMENT: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☒ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

Credit Card Account # 4128002091057807

Credit card accounts will be billed and checks deposited upon receipt by the United States Mint. Shipping and billing addresses must match for credit card orders to be processed.

Expiration Date 08/99
 Month Year

Signature S. Robert Powell
(717) 382-7701, X283
 Daytime Telephone Number

See the reverse of this card for important conditions.

Qty.	Opt.	Item	97 Price	Subtotal
1	S74	Proof Silver (One Ounce)	\$23.00	<u>23.00</u>
2	G77	Proof Gold (One-Tenth Ounce)	75.00	
3	G76	Proof Gold (One-Quarter Ounce)	159.00	
4	G75	Proof Gold (One-Half Ounce)	299.00	
5	G74	Proof Gold (One Ounce)	589.00	
6	G78	Proof Gold Four-Coin Set A Savings of \$97.00	\$1,025.00	

Total Order Price \$ 23.00

This space for Mint use only.

GR7 G521

PRINT CHANGE OF ADDRESS BELOW:

Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

S ROBERT POWELL
 RR 1 BOX 40
 CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9706



♦ This is your Customer Number. Please write it in upper right corner of your remittance.

05333039303339 1615230512 1 0735323140 071837 6

4912

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Job Opening
Date: Tuesday, June 03, 1997 4:26PM

I would have to do this AND edit these drafting and welding study units? No thanks.

1 {
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Job Opening
Date: Tuesday, June 03, 1997 3:49PM

The Emperor penguins need a protector.

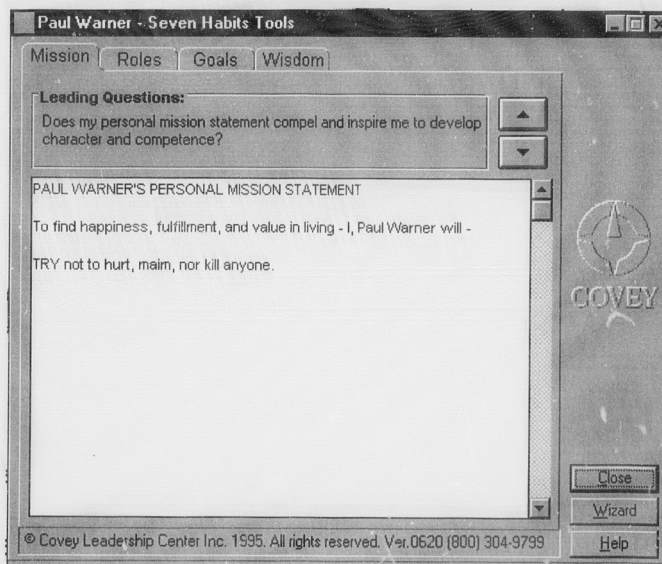
1 {
Applicants for the position of "Lord Protector of the Ice" should be willing TO HURT, MAIM, or KILL all tourists as they disembark in Antarctica. Forward resume, detailed descriptions of carnage that you have personally wrought in the past two years (enclose color photographs and/or videos if available; photographs of dead or dying lawyers are especially welcomed), and three recent letters of recommendation to:

Emperor Penguins
Antarctica

4913

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
 To: Robert Powell
 Subject: RE: Priorities
 Date: Tuesday, June 03, 1997 2:46PM



 From: Robert Powell
 To: Paul Warner
 Subject: Priorities
 Date: Tuesday, June 03, 1997 2:29PM

Are you sure that you can identify your highest priority for the week?

Juno e-mail printed Wed, 4 Jun 1997 11:35:42 , page 1

4914

From: JJJCCarter@aol.com
Return-path: <JJJCCarter@aol.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Tue, 3 Jun 1997 18:20:53 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Are you still alive?
Message-ID: <970603181926_-329534091 @emout06.mail.aol.com>
X-Status: Read

dear robert, it has been so long since we have spoken..i hope all is well with you. it has been a cold and very wet spring, and it looks like june is going in the same direction. not much news here.. the boys have been playing lots of soccer games.. and so i have spent many afternoons in an ugly green rainsuit. not exactly my cup of tea. tim is fine.. did i tell you we had a wonderful weekend in febraury in nyc? since we are both sorely lackimng in funds at the moment,i am not sure when we we see each other . how are you how is your job? please reply so i can know if i have sent this to the right address. my email address is JJJCCarter@aol.com..love,janice

4915

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: JJCCarter@aol.com
Subject: Progress Report
X-Status: New

Yes, I received your message. Two copies of it. Good to hear from you, as always.

Lots of stress. I have the impression that I have very little to say about how I lead my life. No time. I get up at 5 A.M. and go at full speed until about 10 P.M., when I collapse into bed, and then get up seven hours later and start over.

My mother has been in and out of the hospital for the past nine weeks. She is presently in a rehabilitation facility to learn how to walk again after breaking her hip about 10 days ago. I'm weary.

Things at work are fine. Got a promotion and a raise in March--8% salary increase. The people I work with are great and I LOVE MY JOB.

Glad that you and Tim were able to have a weekend in February in NYC. It's wonderful how you two have managed to see each other regularly all these years. How many years has it been?

The Martha Stewart visit to my poultry club's spring show in May was an OUTSTANDING SUCCESS. On the Friday following the show, she talked about her visit to this poultry show on the Jay Leno show! Footage that her film crew shot during Martha's visit here will be broadcast on national television this fall. I'll let you know when.

Are you working out of your house at present or do you have to go to an office? Where's your computer? At home?

page 1

POULTRY PRESS

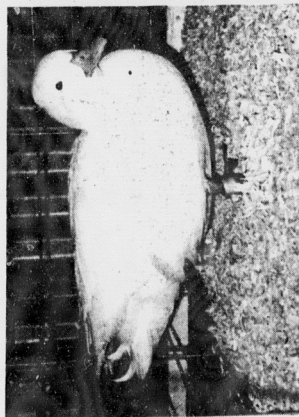
CPAC

Excellent coverage of the 1997 Spring Show:

- article by Bill Woreff
- article by S.R.P.
- 49 photographs by Bill Woreff (4 on p. 1)
- 2 pages of space ads
- about 6 full pages of CPAC material



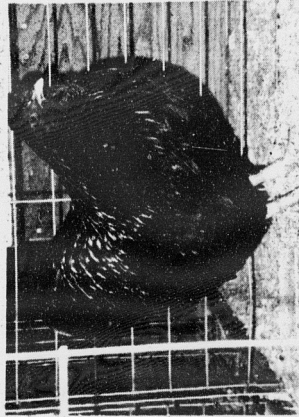
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - MARTHA STEWART CAME TO BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA TO PICK THE PRETTIEST CHICKEN. IT WAS A WHITE CRESTED BLUE POLISH BY JOEL AND ELLEN HENNING. (PRESS PHOTO)



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) SUPER GRAND CHAMPION OF THE SHOW, A WHITE CALL OLD MALE BY EYV AVERY (2) GRAND CHAMPION LARGE FOWL, A BUFF ORPINGTON



TON COCK BY BACON AND MCCARTY (3) RESERVE GRAND CHAMPION BANTAM, A PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTE COCK BY DOC PATTERSON (PRESS PHOTOS)



4916



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB

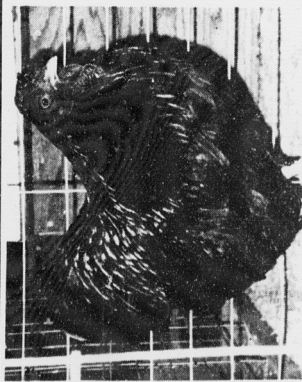
ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL

ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL



MAY 3-4, 1997

BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



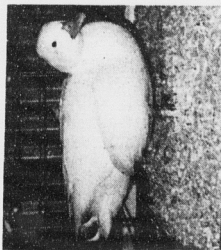
Doc Patterson

Reserve Grand Champion
Bantam of Show on
Partridge Wyandotte Cock
Champion Trio of Show on
Partridge Wyandotte
Best Display of
Wyandotte Bantams

66260 Forest Lenox, Michigan 48050

1-810-727-9480

SUPER
GRAND CHAMPION
OF THE SHOW
CHAMPION BANTAM OF SHOW
ON PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTES
WHITE CALL OLD DRAKE
1ST WHITE YOUNG DUCK
1ST WHITE OLD DUCK
RV-GRAY OLD DRAKE
2ND GRAY OLD DRAKE
3RD GRAY OLD DRAKE
5TH GRAY OLD DRAKE
5TH GRAY YOUNG DUCK
EVY AVERY
1-607-967-7369



*Thank you, Briget Kane,
for a job very well done as
show secretary. CPAC
members, exhibitors, and
friends at
1997 Spring Show.*

*Thank you, ABA, for
allowing the CPAC to host
your 1997 Semi-Annual
meet. It was an honor and
a privilege.*

Gillis and
McCarthy
Staten Island,
New York

Congratulations on a
Great Show

BOWLES
POULTRY SUPPLY

THANKS FOR YOUR
CONTINUED SUPPORT

312 O'CONNOR ROAD
LUCASVILLE, OHIO 45456
1-614-372-3973

4917

p. 36 (middle)

<p>WONDERFUL PEOPLE</p> <p>GREAT SHOW</p> <p>THANKS CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB</p> <p>LARRY PETERSON</p> <p>AMBOY, MINNEOSTA</p> <p>CONGRATULATIONS TO MY COLLEAGUES ON MAKING AMERICAN POULTRY HISTORY</p> <p>SALL L. RUFFINO</p> <p>GRAND CHAMPION LARGE FOWL BUFF ORPINGTON COCK RESERVE CHAMPION ENGLISH BLACK AUSTRALORP COCK CHAMPION OLD ENGLISH BLACK HEN BACON and McCARTY P.O. Box 261 Craley, Pennsylvania 17312 1-717-244-0218</p>	<p>M and J Poultry Bantams New Hampshire BB 3-1st Silver Duckwing BV 5th Overall 3-1st Thanks</p>	<p>Best Barred Plymouth Rock Bantam Thanks For Another Nice Show</p> <p>Dick and Pat Horstman</p>	<p>RESERVE CHAMPION CONTINENTAL ON BLACK HAMBURG BLACK SUMATRA BANTAMS 2C, 1H, 1K, 1 RB-P DON KRAHE 2108 WAGER RD. ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA 16509 814-325-4008</p>	<p>S. ROBERT POWELL APA MASTER EXHIBITOR 250</p>	<p>BEN'S BLUE DIAMONDS</p> <p>BV-BLUE COCKEREL RV-BLUE HEN CHAMPION AOSB BLACK SUMATRA HEN LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA 17046 1-717-865-3080</p>	<p>ART LUNDGREN CHAMPION AND RESERVE CHAMPION LIGHT BRAHMAS RESERVE WHITE CALL DUCK</p>	
			<p>RESERVE CHAMPION CONTINENTAL ON BLACK HAMBURG BLACK SUMATRA BANTAMS 2C, 1H, 1K, 1 RB-P DON KRAHE 2108 WAGER RD. ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA 16509 814-325-4008</p>	<p>Champion Turkey on a White Holland Great Show and Lots of Rare and Old Birds</p> <p>Craig Russell</p>	<p>TIG'S CORNISH YARD BB-BEST-A.O.C.C.L. DARK HEN R.V. DARK COCK R.V. WHITE PULLET</p>	<p>Bob and Chris Padula Exeter, Rhode Island</p> <p>ABA Standards Committee also Ralph Sheriff Jr.-Judge</p> <p>Special Thanks Gus Vinhage and Meet of Mottled Old English Thanks ABA for Qualified Laura</p> <p>It was so nice to see you at the show. I'm only sorry I didn't get to spend more time with you. Maybe next time.</p>	

49/18

WAY TO GO EVY!!!

**Congratulations
Show Champion
on a White Call**

We Love You

**Beth & Laura Adams
Breeders of Exhibition
Australorps, Cochins and
WF Spanish**

(607) 538-1356

email:

BethAdams@Compuserve.com

**B.V. B.B. RED - COCKEREL
R.V. B.B. RED - COCK
1ST RED PYLE - COCK
B.V. WHEATEN PULLET
R.V. SILVER DUCKWING
PULLET**

**WONDERFUL A.B.A.
SEMI-ANNUAL**

**STRANGE ACRES
JACK AND SIS**

PUXSUTAWNEY, PENNSYLVANIA



**Lovely place with really fun people
putting on a great show!**
**Large F White Faverolle Hen BB BV
White Faverolle Cocks BB BV & 2nd
Salmon Faverolle Cocks BB BV & 2nd
Hens RV & 2nd
Black Jersey Giants Hen BB BV
1P, C RB-BV, 1K
Silkies - White Hen BB BV 1st & 3rd
1C, Blue 1P, Buff 1P, Splash 12P, 2K,
Bantam Salmon Faverolle - C BB BV-1K
1-SP
Champion Faverolle
Mary and Scott Wagner
7210 Knights Griffin Road
Plant City, Florida 33565
1(813) 986-3884**

**Thank you Central Pennsylvania Avian Club for
an Outstanding Show**

**Congratulations to all the Exhibitors
who showed at the Bloomsburg Show.**

Congratulations to all the winners and those that didn't win.

**Officers and Directors
American Bantam Association**





CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB

ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL

The Central Pennsylvania Avian Club hosted the American Bantam Association Semi-Annual meet. It was held at Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania at the fairgrounds on May 3-4, 1997.

This was our first trip to Bloomsburg and it was a tremendous weekend. We've

heard a lot about this show but never had the opportunity to attend. The building on the fairgrounds are absolutely beautiful. They had the majority of the chickens in the one building that produced natural light and it really gave every opportunity to the birds to be seen.

They had a Chinese auction



ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL

to sell your birds and whatever and it was very well attended. Lots of birds went through the auction.

This was their 21st annual show and I feel the American Bantam Association made a wise choice in holding their semi-annual at Bloomsburg. Everyone in the organization

was helpful with all the exhibitors and visitors needs.

They had the qualifying meet
CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



**Red Pyle
Old English
Game Bantams**
THIRD BEST
OLD ENGLISH
ON OUR COCKEREL
RV-PULLETT
BILL WULFF
1-765-825-0621



ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA MAY 3-4, 1997

ABA
SEMI-ANNUAL



Hey Ben!

The Old Lady Did It Again.
Congratulations
Tom Kernan

Great Show CPAC
Golden Sebrights
1-2 Hens, BV, BB Reserve RCCL, 3C
Silver Sebrights 2-3H, RV 2C
Black Sumatra Bantams
1-3C, BB, 3-4H,
Black Sumatra Standards
1-2C, RB 2-3H

Tom Kernan (609) 785-0678



CONGRATULATIONS
ON A FINE SHOW

BILL KENNERY
FRANK GOODFELLOW
ONTARIO, CANADA



A Beautifully Set Up Show

We Really Enjoyed It

1 BV BB Black Rosecomb Cock

1 BV BB Black Rosecomb Hen

1 BV BB Black Tailed White Jap Cock

1 BV BB Black Tailed White Jap Hen

1 BV Dark Brown Leghorn Cock

1st RV Dark Brown Leghorn Hen

Don and Jane Kelsey

4225 West 82nd Tulsa, Oklahoma 74132

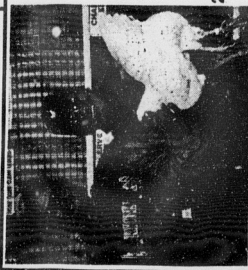
1-918-45-1777

4920

p. 37 (middle)

4921

<p>MARK S. WHITEBREAD</p> <p>Thanks Everyone for Supporting the ABA Semi-Annual</p>	<p>Reserve Mediterranean R.C. White Leghorn Cock Champion Heavy Duck - Aylesbury</p>	<p>Great Show RB Gray Call Young Male Class of 150</p> <p>BB Belgian BV Columbian Wyandotte</p> <p>Edington and Freeman 1-207-929-6376 or 1-207-929-8204</p>	<p>Thanks Bloomsburg and ABA Semi-Annual for an Excellent Show</p> <p>Tommy and Sandy Stanley Virginia</p> <p>"It's a Good Thing"!</p> <p>Glad to have been a part of the show</p>	<p>Adrienne and Carter</p>	<p>Congratulations Sarah Weinheimer Senior Showmanship Reserve Featherleg</p>
<p>RV Black OE Cockerel 5th Cock Black Very Nice Show</p> <p>Carl Rozzelle Robert Callihan and John Alloway Great Show. Will Be Back Again.</p>	<p>THANKS BLOOMSBURG JERRY AND DORIS YEAW</p>	<p>Great Show CPAC Congratulations to all Winners Reserve Champion Large Fowl White Rock Hen Champion Mediterranean on a S.C. White Leghorn Cock Best and Reserve Large Rock White Hen and Pullet Reserve Bantam Rock on a White Pullet</p> <p>Twin Cedar Farm 2114 Gun and Rod Club Road Houston, Delaware 19954</p>	<p>NICE SHOW! The Black Girls were there! Best Large Cochín-Pullet Reserve-Hen BV-RV Large Buff Brahma's Kay St. Amour</p>	<p>KANE'S FEATHERED FRIENDS Rt. 2 Box 241 Keyser, West Virginia 26726</p>	<p>Bantams BV-BB Modern Red Pyle Cockerel BV Modern Cockerel Champion Modern Tilo BB Reds</p>



p. 37 (bottom)

<p>Russ and Lynne Crevoiserat Great Show! Thank You Briget! Had a Great Time Durb did too! Partridge and Barred Rock Bantams Wearre, New Hampshire 1-603-529-2946</p>	<p>KEN MAINVILLE 229 Flynt Street Palmer, Massachusetts 01069 White Leghorn Bantam 1C, 2H, 1P, 1 RV-RB-K White Plymouth Rock Bantam 1 BV-BB-Champion SCCL-2C</p>	<p>THANKS C.P.A.C. FOR A GREAT ABA SEMI-ANNUAL</p> <p>DAVID ADKINS LUCASVILLE, OHIO</p>	<p>Joel and Ellen Henning Colderen, New York Champion Continental White Crested Black Polish Reserve AOCC-L White Crested Blue Polish and Prettiest Chicken of Show The Chicken now has a name and it's "Martha" It's a good thing! Thanks Super Show</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------



<p>CARL-BETTY AND SETH HARRIS BETTY - BB MODERN GAME BIRCHEN BANTAM COCKEREL SETH - BEST FEATHERLEG JANET - BEST BANTAM CARL - BB RB DARK CORNISH MODERN GAME COCKEREL CPAC GREAT SHOW</p>	<p>Reserve Grand Champion Trio S.C. Rhode Island Reds Large Fowl BB Reserve American on Cock in Trio Reserve SCCL S.C. Rhode Island Cockerel BB - S.C. White Leghorn Bantam Hen Don and Sue Nelson Wyoming, Rhode Island</p>	<p>Had a lot of fun Best Junior RCCL Silver Seabright Pullet Reserve Jr. AOCC Buff-Laced Polish Pullet 9-1st, 3-2nd, 2-3rd Christopher McCue</p>
<p>Champion Goose Brown China Old Male Reserve Goose American Buff Old Male</p>	<p>Champion Light Duck White Runner Old Female Curtis Oakes Feather Edge Farm</p>	<p>Very Nice Show, Great People Mille Fleur d'Uccle Cock BV BB Champion Featherleg APA Reserve Champion Bantam Mille Fleur Hen RV Porcelain Cock BV RB, Porcelain Hen RV, Mottled Hen RV Golden Neck Hen BV, White Hen BV Dick and Thola Waldau 433 County Rte. 23 Constancia, New York 13044-9756</p>

POULTRY PRESS
PUBLISHED MONTHLY SINCE 1974
SAYS THANK YOU
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA
AVIAN CLUB

Great Show
CPAC and ABA
Great Birds
Pleasure to Judge
Jerry Yeaw
Rick Porr
Pat Malone
Jeff Halbach
Charles Wabeck (Jr)
Tom Kane (Jr)

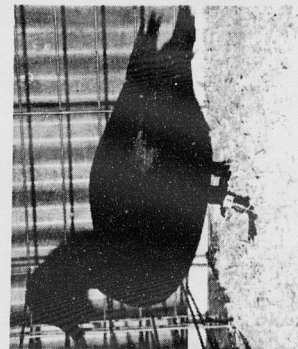
4922



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE GRAND CHAMPION BANTAM (APA), A MILLIE FLEUR D'UC-
CLE COCK BY DICK AND THOLA WALDAU (2) RESERVE GRAND CHAM-
PION LARGE FOWL, A WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK HEN BY TWIN CEDAR



FARM (3) RESERVE GRAND CHAMPION WATERFOWL, A BLACK EAST
INDIE OLD FEMALE BY FRAMPTON AND ROW (4) JUDGING THE APA
SEMI-ANNUAL AT BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA WERE JEFF HAL-
BACH, PAT MALONE, RICK PORR AND JERRY YEAW. (PRESS PHOTOS)



4923

SRP ↓

p. 38 (middle)

**CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA
AVIAN CLUB
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37**

for the Mottled Old English Game Bantams and it was judged by New ABA Vice President Ralph Sheriff, Jr. If my memory serves me right, I think that Dave Lofgren from Rhode Island had best and reserve of variety on two females. If I'm wrong, I apologize to whoever I left out. I know Bob Padula was extremely happy to finally get them into the Standard. The birds that we have seen shown are really nice and some were extremely tiny like they are supposed to be. My personal opinion was I thought the females were much better than the males.

When I received the catalog to print, I saw that there would be a special appearance by

Martha Stewart. I had to ask Joyce who she was, since I don't watch TV. She told me who she was and the catalog had in it that she would pick the most beautiful bird in the show. Finding out that she raised chickens made quite an impression on me, because anyone who raises poultry are number one in my book! Seeing her at the show and spending the entire day also made another impression on me and she drew quite a crowd all day. The most beautiful bird picked by Martha Stewart was a White Crested Blue Polish by Joel and Ellen Henning. Congratulations Joel and Ellen. Martha took time with the exhibitors and non-exhibitors to sign autographs in her book or anything that they had to write on. I know that past president Joimny Batson spent a lot of

time with her and the birds. Johnny was a disc jockey back many years ago and worked with Martha very well. To Martha Stewart, I want to personally thank you for attending this show. You gave the poultry fancy a big, big boost, not only by talking about it when you were on the Jay Leno show the following week but with the specials that you will incorporate into your shows. This is a special thank you from one poultry fancier to another.

Another special thank you to S. Robert Powell for making all the contacts for Martha coming to the Show and providing many activities for her.

The Central Pennsylvania Avian Club had over 1500 birds for Jeff Halbach, Pat Malone, Rick Port and Jerry Yeaw to judge in the open show. Dr.

Charles Waback judged the Junior Show and Junior Showmanship.

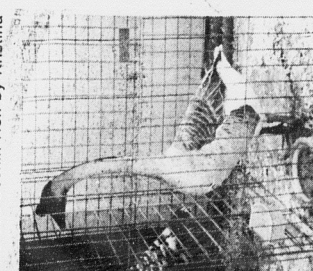
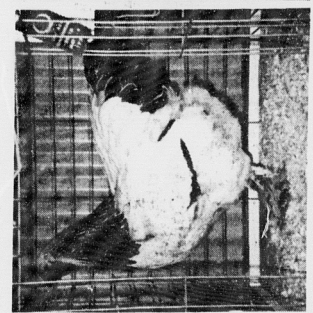
Attending banquets is not one of my favorite things to do, only because after being on my feet, just like to go back to the motel and rest. This banquet, food and wise in both quality and quantity was superb. There's not too many banquets that I've attended that could top this one because it was one that I'll always remember. Good home cooking is my favorite and this is what this one had. Good 'Job Central Pennsylvania and the cooks.

They had at least 15 other breed club meets to go along with this 'American Bantam Association Semi-Annual. The meets will draw the Exhibitors to your show. Now to the show and

the winners as there were no losers.

In the Junior showmanship, Sarah Weinheimer won the Senior Division with Angelique Livezey taking reserve. Junior Showmanship winner was Joshua Minnich with Kristina Carle winning reserve. In the Novice Showmanship Annie Soergel won with Ashley Tindall taking reserve. The scoring was very close in each division as these Junior Exhibitors know their birds.

In the Junior Show, it was a Gray Call Young Female winning Grand Champion Waterfowl by a Junior and it was won by Sean Kane. Reserve Grand Champion Waterfowl by a Junior was a Gray Call Old Male by Sean Kane. Grand Champion Large Fowl by Junior was a Black Cochon Hen by Kristina

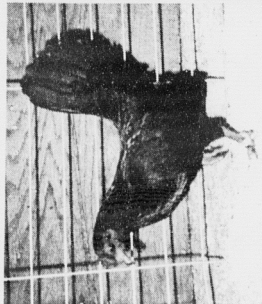


CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) CHAMPION MODERN, A BIRCHEN COCKEREL BY BETTY HARRIS (2) CHAMPION ASIATIC, A LIGHT BRAHMA HEN BY ART LUNDGREN (3) CHAMPION

HEAVY DUCK, AN AYLESBURY YOUNG FEMALE BY MARK WHITE-BREAD (4) GRAND CHAMPION GOOSE, A BROWN CHINA OLD FEMALE BY FEATHER EDGE FARM. (PRESS PHOTOS)

4924

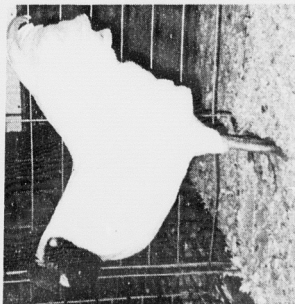
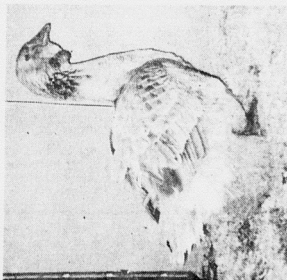
p. 38 (bottom)



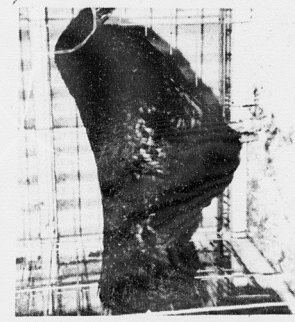
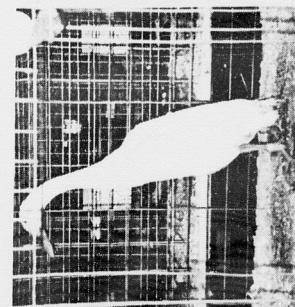
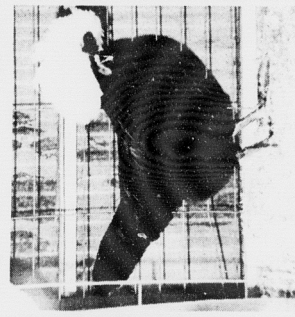
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) CHAMPION OLD ENGLISH, A BLACK HEN BY BACON AND MCCARTY (2) CHAMPION MEDITERRANEAN, A S.C. WHITE LEGHORN COCK BY TWIN



CEDAR FARM (3) CHAMPION HEAVY GOOSE, A BUFF TOULOUSE OLD FEMALE BY C. DARREL SHERAW (4) CHAMPION MEDIUM DUCK, A BLACK CAYUGA BY BILL RYAN. (PRESS PHOTOS)

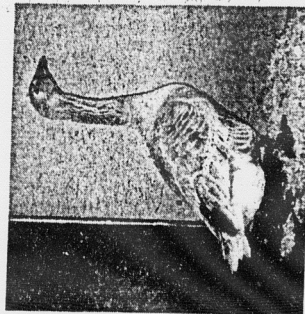
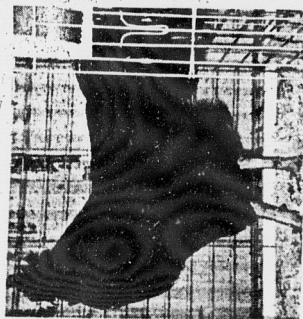


CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) CHAMPION SCLL, A WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK COCK BY KEN MANVILLE (2) CHAMPION CONTINENTAL, A WHITE CRESTED BLACK POLISH PULLETT



BY JOEL AND ELLEN HENNING (3) CHAMPION LIGHT DUCK, A WHITE RUNNER OLD FEMALE BY FEATHER EDGE FARM (4) CHAMPION AOSB, A BLACK SUMATRA HEN BY BEN BENSINGER. (PRESS PHOTOS)

4925



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) CHAMPION AOCC, A DARK CORNISH HEN BY TIG'S CORNISH YARD (2) RESERVE CHAMPION AMERICAN, A S.C. RHODE ISLAND RED COCK (OUT OF TRIO) BY DON AND SUE NELSON (3) RESERVE GRAND CHAM-

Carle. Reserve Grand Champion Large Fowl by a Junior was a S.C. White Leghorn Hen by William Bacon III. The Grand Champion Bantam by a Junior was the Gray Call Young Female by Sean Kane. Reserve Grand Champion Bantam by a Junior was a White Cornish Hen by Ashley Tindall.

Winning the Grand Champion Turkey on a White Holland Old Tom by Craig Russell. Reserve Grand Champion Turkey was a Narragansett Old Tom by S. Robert Powell.

The Grand Champion Guinea was Pearl Cook by S. Robert Powell. Reserve Grand Champion Guinea was also won by S. Robert Powell on a Pearl Hen.

In Waterfowl, it was an Ayresbury Young Female winning Champion Heavy Duck by Mark Whitebread. Reserve Champion Heavy was a White Pekin Old Male by Feather Edge Farm. Champion Medium Duck was a Black Cayuga Old Male by William Ryan. Reserve Champion Medium Duck was a Black Cayuga Young Female by Feather Edge Farm. Champion Light Duck was a White Runner Old Female by Feather Edge Farm. Reserve Champion Light Duck was a White Runner Old Male by Jeff Iurato. Champion Bantam Duck was a White Call Old Male by Evy Avery. Reserve Champion Bantam Duck was a Black East Indie Old Female by Frampton and Row. The Grand

Champion Duck was the White Call Old Male by Evy Avery. The Reserve Grand Champion Duck was the Black East Indie Old Female by Frampton and Row. Champion Heavy Goose was a C. Buff Toulouse Old Female by C. Darrel Sheraw. Reserve Champion Heavy Goose was a Buff Toulouse Old Male by C. Darrel Sheraw. Champion Medium Goose was an American Buff Old Male by Feather Edge Farm. Reserve Champion Goose was a Sebastopol Old Male by Jeff Iurato. Champion Light Goose was a Brown China Old Male by Feather Edge Farm. Reserve Champion Light Goose was Brown China Old Female by Feather Edge Farm. The Grand

Champion Goose was the Brown China Old Male by Feather Edge Farm. The Reserve Grand Champion Goose was the American Buff Old Male by Feather Edge Farm. The Grand Champion Waterfowl was the White Call Old Male by Evy Avery. The Reserve Grand Champion Waterfowl was the Black East Indie Old Female by Frampton and Row.

In Large Fowl, it was a White Plymouth Rock Hen winning Champion American by Twin Cedar Farm. Reserve Champion American was S.C. Rhode Island Red Cock (out of Trio) by Don and Sue Nelson. Champion Asiatic was a Light Brahma Hen by Art Lundgren. Reserve Champion Asiatic was a Light

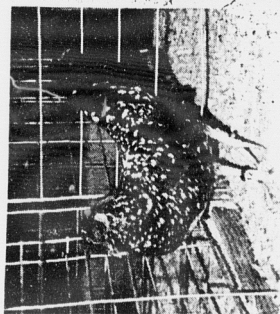
Brahma Cockerel by Art Lundgren. Champion English was a Buff Orpington Cock by Bacon and McCarty. Reserve Champion English was a Black Australorp Cockerel by Bacon and McCarty. Champion Mediterranean was a S.C. White Leghorn Cock by Mark Whitebread. Champion Continental was a White Crested Black Polish Pullet by Joel and Ellen Henning. Reserve Champion Continental was a Black Hamburg Pullet by Donald Krahe and Sons. Champion AOSB was a Black Sumatra Hen by Ben Bensing. Reserve Champion AOSB was a Lemon Blue Old English Hen by Paul Jones. The Grand Champion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

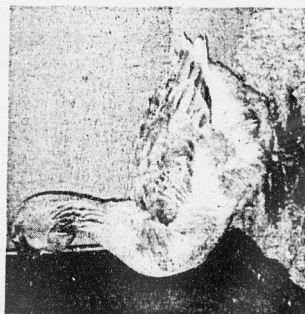
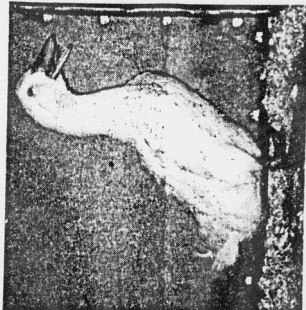
SKP ↑

4926

p. 39 (middle)



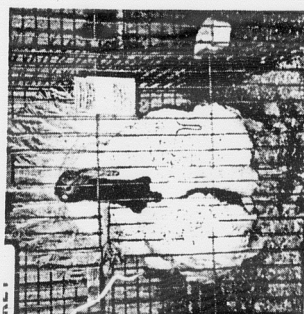
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE CHAMPION OLD ENGLISH, A SPANGLED PULLET BY DAVE LOFGREN (2) RESERVE CHAMPION ASIATIC, A LIGHT BRAHMA COCKEREL BY ART LUNDGREN (3) RESERVE CHAMPION HEAVY DUCK, A



WHITE PEKIN OLD MALE BY FEATHER EDGE FARM (4) RESERVE CHAMPION HEAVY GOOSE, A BUFF TOULOUSE OLD MALE BY C. DARRELL SHERAW. (PRESS PHOTOS)



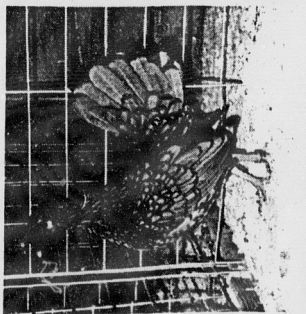
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE CHAMPION SCCL, A S.C. RHODE ISLAND RED COCKEREL BY DON AND SUE NELSON (2) RESERVE CHAMPION ENGLISH, A BLACK AUSTRALORP COCKEREL BY BACON AND MCCARTY (3) RESERVE



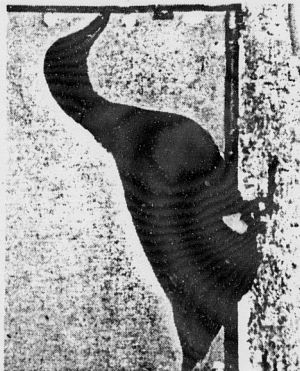
CHAMPION MEDIUM GOOSE, A SEBASTOPOL OLD MALE BY JEFF IURATO (4) GRAND CHAMPION TURKEY, A WHITE HOLLAND OLD TOM BY CRAIG RUSSELL. (PRESS PHOTOS)

4927

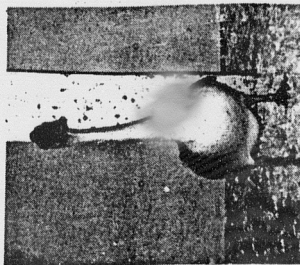
p. 39 (bottom)



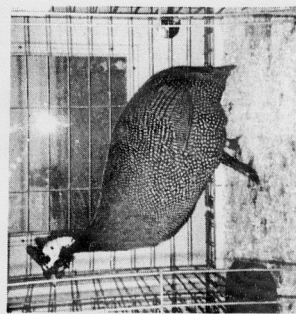
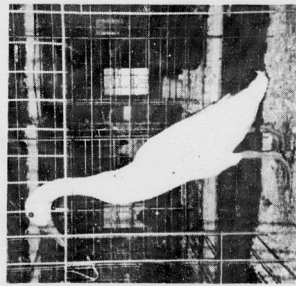
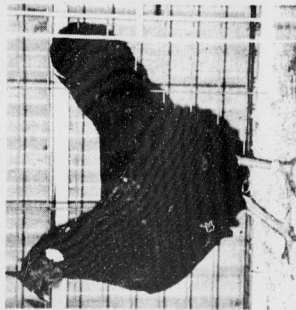
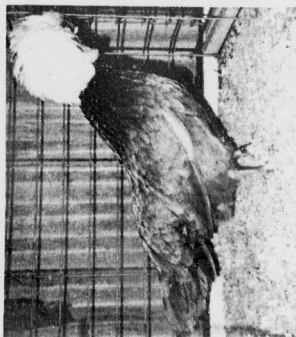
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE CHAMPION ROCL, A GOLDEN SEBRIGHT HEN BY THOMAS KERNAN (2) RESERVE CHAMPION MEDITERRANEAN, A R.C. WHITE LEGHORN COCK BY MARK WHITEHEAD (3) RESERVE CHAMPION



MEDIUM DUCK, A BLACK CAYUGA YOUNG FEMALE BY FEATHER EDGE FARM (4) RESERVE CHAMPION LIGHT GOOSE, A BROWN CHINA OLD FEMALE BY FEATHER EDGE FARM. (PRESS PHOTOS)



4928



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE CHAMPION LIGHT DUCK, A WHITE RUNNER OLD MALE BY JEFF IURATO (4) CHAMPION GUINEA, A PEARL COCK BY S. ROBERT AND ELLEN HENNING (2) RESERVE CHAMPION CONTINENTAL, A BLACK HAMBURG PULLET BY DONALD KRAHE AND SONS (3)

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Large Fowl was the Buff Orpington Cock by Bacon and McCarty. The Reserve Grand Champion Large Fowl was the White Plymouth Rock Hen by Twin Cedar Farm.

In Bantams, it was a Birchen Cockerel winning Champion Modern by Betty Harris. Reserve Champion Old English was a Spangled Pullet by Dave Logren. Champion SCCL was a White Plymouth Rock Cock by Ken Manville. Reserve Champion SCCL was a S.C. Rhode Island Red Cockerel by Don and Sue Nelson. Champion RCCL was a Partridge Wyandotte Cock by Doc Wyandotte Cock by Doc

Patterson. Reserve Champion RCCL was a Golden Sebright Hen by Thomas Kernan. Champion AOCCL was a Dark Cornish Hen by Tig's Cornish Yard. Reserve Champion AOCCL was a White Crested Blue Polish Pullet by Joel and Ellen Henning. Champion Featherleg was a Mille Fleur d'ucelle cock by Dick and Thola Waldau. Champion Bantam Duck was a White Call Old Male by Evy Avery. Reserve Champion Bantam Duck was a Black East Indie Old Female by Frampton and Row. The Grand Champion Bantam was the White Call Old Male by Evy Avery. The Reserve Grand Champion Bantam was the Partridge Wyandotte Cock by Doc Patterson which was Grand

Champion Bantam (APA). The Reserve Grand Champion Bantam (APA) was the Mille Fleur d'ucelle Cock by Dick and Thola Waldau.

The Super Grand Champion of the Show was the White Call Old Male by Evy Avery.

Well, the American Bantam

Association Semi-Annual meet is now history and it was a great one. The Central Pennsylvania Avian Club can feel completely happy about the job they did putting on the show. As I said in the article, I was impressed with the show and facilities. We definitely will be back. Until then, best to all.

↑
SAP

4929

p. 40 (middle)

American Bantam Association - was successful, and Mottled Old English Game Bantams are now an officially recognized variety by the American Bantam Association.

Excellent Show Buildings at Bloomsburg is one of the best buildings anywhere for a poultry show: wide aisles, abundant natural daylight, a first-class fluorescent light system, good ventilation.

All of the standard and bantam chickens were displayed in the main poultry building. Also in this main show hall were (1) the American Bantam Association's information table, manned by ABA President Larry Peterson

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB'S 1997 SPRING SHOW AND AUCTION

By S. Robert Powell

On the first weekend in May at the Bloomsburg Fairgrounds, excitement was in the air. It was an almost tangible excitement, and it was apparent from the opening of the poultry building at 7 A.M. on Saturday, May 3rd, until long after coop-out time on Sunday morning, May 4th.

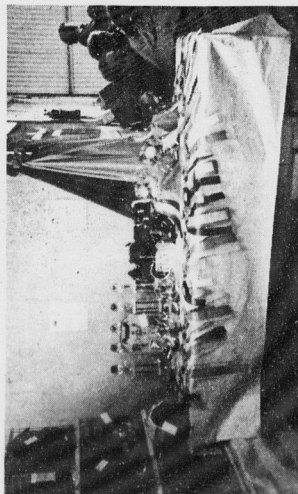
First-Class Show

What could cause all this excitement? Perhaps the most obvious cause was that a first-class poultry show, sponsored by the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club, was in progress. The show was housed both in the poultry building and the dog-show building next door, which were filled to capacity with over 1,500 birds shown by 150 exhibitors for the CPAC's 21st annual spring show.

The 1997 semiannual meet of the American Bantam Association took place in conjunction with the show. A special feature of that meet was the qualifying meet for Mottled Old



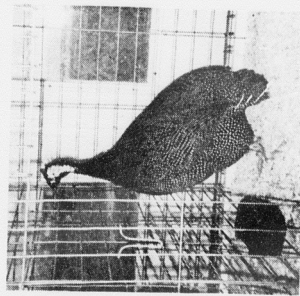
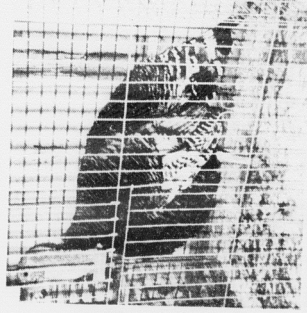
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - PICTURED IS ABA VICE PRESIDENT RALPH SHERIFF, JR., ABA PRESIDENT LARRY PETERSON, MARTHA STEWART AND ABA SECRETARY ELEANOR VINHAGE AT THE AMERICAN BANTAM ASSOCIATION TABLE. (PRESS PHOTOS)



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - THIS IS THE AWARDS TABLE THAT THE CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB HAD FOR THE EXHIBITORS. (PRESS PHOTOS)

4930
(Continued on p. 41)

SRP → p. 40 (bottom)



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1) RESERVE CHAMPION FEATHERLEG, A BUFF BRAHMA HEN BY DON EMERY (2) RESERVE CHAMPION AOSB, A LEMON BLUE OLD ENGLISH

HEN BY PAUL JONES (3) RESERVE CHAMPION TURKEY, A NARRAGANSETT OLD TOM BY S. ROBERT POWELL (4) RESERVE CHAMPION GUINEA, A PEARL HEN BY S. ROBERT POWELL. (PRESS PHOTOS)



CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AVIAN CLUB - ABA SEMI-ANNUAL - (1 & 2) PICTURES 1 & 2 CONTAIN A COUPLE OF PICTURES BY ARTIST C.R. GETZ, SON OF ROY GETZ WHO HAD AN UNVEILING OF THIS SPPA HIS

TORIC BREEDS. (3) THIS IS THE ABA CAKE THAT THE CATERER MADE FOR BANQUET ON SATURDAY NIGHT OF THE SHOW. IT WAS VERY GOOD. (PRESS PHOTOS)

4931

and Secretary Eleanor Vinhage, (2) American Poultry Association table with Lorna Rhodes at the table, and (3) the Poultry Press table, manned by Bill, Joyce and David Wulff.

Next door to the show hall was the second show building. The club had never used this building before, but it turned out to be an excellent facility in which to show birds, especially waterfowl and turkeys. The standard ducks, turkeys, and geese were displayed in the ample, sturdy, and viewer-friendly cages on the right side of the building. The bantam waterfowl and the junior show were housed on the main floor. The remainder of the space in the building was used by vendors, breed and specialty clubs, and poultry organizations.

In keeping with the special nature of the show, the cages were all skirted. In addition, the show hall was embellished with a wide array of annual flowers in bloom. These flowers were distributed throughout the building on the tops of the show cages. Jerry Scott's cut-flower arrangement in the form of a chicken was displayed on top of Champions' Row. This floral arrangement was admired by many people and was presented to Jane Edington at the conclusion of the show.

Show Secretary Brigit Kane, assisted by Adrienne Blankenship, arranged a very attractive award table on which were displayed the etched glass plates to be awarded to the class and show champions, the custom rosettes, as well as the Best of Breed and Reserve of Breed buttons for both the open and junior shows.

Also displayed on the award table were special show awards created by club members. Don Emery's commemorative wooden plaques were present and so was Dick Laabs' figure of a Japanese bantam female. The figure was molded in solid pewter and was awarded to the Best Japanese Bantam Female in the show.

Special thanks to Paul Slusser and Fred Trump of the Bloomsburg Fair's board of directors for making available these excellent facilities for CPAC spring show and auction.

Martha Stewart

An additional cause of excitement was the presence of Martha Stewart and a five-person television crew in the show halls and on the Bloomsburg Fairgrounds all day on Saturday. Martha Stewart, guru of fine living, author, and nationally known television personality, has raised poultry for many years. She visited the show at the invitation of the club for the purpose of selecting "the most beautiful bird in the show."

Footage her film crew shot of the poultry show and auction will be broadcast on the Martha Stewart television program this fall.

Accompanied by ABA judge Johnny Batson, Martha Stewart examined all of the birds in the show and selected a White Crested Blue Polish Bantam hen as "the most beautiful bird in the show." This Polish hen was exhibited by Joel and Ellen Henning of Colden, New York, who were awarded a rosette by Martha Stewart for their win.

The first runner-up in the most beautiful bird contest was a standard White Rock hen shown by Shelby and Eddie Harrington of Twin Cedar Farm, Houston, DE.

S. Robert Powell served as host for the Martha Stewart visit. Special thanks to Virginia Sosik, who served as hostess and assisted Robert Powell with all of the arrangements for this day-long, high-profile visit by one of America's most discerning fanciers of things natural and beautiful.

This special appearance by Martha Stewart at the show was clearly the magical ingredient that transformed what is invariably an interesting and exciting annual event into an unforgettable experience for all concerned.

Friendly Show

There was also much excitement in the air because of the exuberant interaction among the CPAC members, the exhibitors, and the hundreds of visitors of the show halls.

The Bloomsburg show has a reputation of being a very friendly show, which is perhaps why people always come back to Bloomsburg.

Poultry shows are about birds, but they are also about people, and the Bloomsburg club does not overlook the needs and comforts of the exhibitors and visitors to the show. At Bloomsburg, there are always many places to sit down and rest, or visit with friends.

Many Activities

So many different activities together helped to keep the excitement level high throughout the two days of the show: meets by the APA and the ABA and a long list of breed and specialty clubs; an ABA qualifying meet for Mottled Old English Game Bantams; a Junior Show, a Junior Showmanship Class, a Live-Bird Auction; a wide variety of vendors displaying poultry supplies for sale; a Chinese Auction; a 50/50 Drawing; a food stand featuring a wide assortment of homemade goods; a banquet; and last - although certainly not least - the competition for "the most beautiful bird in the show" as judged by Martha Stewart.

The CPAC's live-bird and poultry supplies auction is arguably the best auction on the East coast for exhibition poultry. The Reverend Roland Romig has served the CPAC as auctioneer for many years, and his knowledge of poultry, together with his skills as an auctioneer, make the auction a pleasure for all concerned.

Held in the Arena on Saturday, a very successful live-bird auction was conducted in a new auction format for the CPAC. The birds were sold, they were returned to their boxes, which were provided by the consignors. The boxes were then picked up by the individual buyers.

Special thanks to the Reverend Roland Romig and his capable assistants for conducting this very successful auction.

Food

Food for exhibitors and visitors at a poultry show is important. The in-house food stand this year was under the capable direction of Molly and Andy Casazza.

In addition, a first-class banquet was held on Saturday night on the fairgrounds in the Arts and Crafts building. The banquet,

attended by more than 115 people, was catered by Jilly's Restaurant (Irene and Jill Shaw) of Sweet Valley, PA. The primary menu items were Chicken Francais, Virginia Ham, and the stuffed shells. A special feature of the banquet was the beautiful and delicious cake that was embellished with the logo of the American Bantam Association.

SPPA Booth

Another special feature of the show this year was the display that was set up by the Society for the Preservation of Poultry Antiquities. SPPA president Craig Russell manned the booth. On display was an original painting of Red Dorkings by C. Richard Getz, son of the noted poultry artist Roy Getz. The SPPA will have one thousand signed and numbered prints made of this painting and will sell them for the benefit of the SPPA.

The C. Richard Getz painting of Red Dorkings was officially unveiled at the show by Martha Stewart.

Thank You

The success of this show was, in a large measure, the result of the dedicated, enthusiastic, and tireless work of Show Secretary Briget Kane, President Mark Whitebread, and Treasurer Mark Burns, all of whom put in hundreds of hours of work before, during, and after the show to guarantee success. Sincere and heartfelt thanks to them all from all CPAC members and exhibitors for an outstanding job. Well done!

Special thanks to the officers and directors of the Sussex County (NJ) Poultry Association for lending the CPAC the additional cages to house the many birds shown at this important event.

Special thanks also (1) to Arlene Sliker and Kim Weaver for conducting the Chinese Auction. (2) to Benton Roller Mills for donating the feed and shavings needed for the show, and (3) to Jerry Scott for inscribing in his fine calligraphic hand the CPAC cash prize and special envelopes for the show. Over \$1,000 in cash show prizes and special were awarded.

Reviews

A great many exhibitors and visitors to the show and auction sponsored by the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club reported that this was the best poultry weekend they had ever experienced. The word "wonderful" was used by many people to describe the event.

Follow-up press coverage of the show was excellent. The show and auction were page-one, top-of-the-page stories in both the Bloomsburg Press Enterprise and the Harrisburg Patriot-News.

In addition, the show and auction were mentioned on The Tonight Show on May 9, 1997. Martha Stewart was one of Jay Leno's guests and having had experience in evaluating her own poultry - as well as judging poultry under the direction of Johnny Batson at the Bloomsburg show - Martha Stewart evaluated a live bird that was brought on stage. During the discussion with Jay Leno on nationally broadcast television, Martha Stewart remarked that she had "had the best time last Saturday. . . (at) the Central Pennsylvania Avian Show."

Martha Stewart's visit to the 1997 Bloomsburg show was truly "a good thing" for the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club and for the exhibition poultry hobby in general.

Fall Show and Auction

The CPAC will sponsor a 1997 fall show and auction the third weekend of October. Briget Kane (304-788-5555) will serve as secretary of the poultry show. The judges for the poultry show have not yet been selected. David Stiles (717-465-3207) will serve as the secretary of the pigeon show. The judges of the pigeon show will be Terry Fick and Muard Naugle.

Robert Powell

4934

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Answers
Date: Wednesday, June 04, 1997 4:28PM

- 1-2. The unofficial center of America's micro-brewing industry is in the state of ____ decline _____. There are no less than ____ 2 ____ breweries and brew-pubs in operation at any one time.
3. Most of the beer consumed in the United States is of the ____ fizzy, watery ____ variety.
4. The creator of Budweiser beer was ____ some unknown Slovak in Ceske Budejovice (the American version was developed by Adolphus Busch) ____.
- 5-7. The three varieties of hops that are highly recommended in making the best pilsner beers are ____ Saaz ____ , ____ Saaz ____ , and ____ more Saaz ____.
8. "Pilsner Urquell" means ____ "mere-yellow-beer-with-a-fancy-sounding-name" (or "the original [beer from] Plzen") ____.
9. Staropramen is made in the country of ____ probably Korea in a European-run sweat shop ____.
10. There are over ____ 2 ____ different styles of beer, ranging from ales to bocks to stouts. The most familiar and basic differentiation in beer is lagers versus ales. While there are more than ____ 2 ____ styles of lagers, there are over ____ 2 ____ different styles of ales.

This is a "Bud Dry" test for a nonexistent ICS course called INTRODUCTION TO BREWING. A search is currently underway for an SME. Any names come to mind? Adolphus Busch

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Unannounced Quiz
Date: Wednesday, June 04, 1997 2:29PM

Self-Check 1

- 1-2. The unofficial center of America's micro-brewing industry is the state of _____, wherein there are no less than _____ breweries and brew-pubs.
3. Most of the beer consumed in the United States is of the _____ variety.
4. The creator of Budweiser beer was _____.
- 5-7. The three varieties of hops that are highly recommended in making the best pilsner beers are _____, _____, and _____.
8. "Pilsner Urquell" means _____.
9. Staropramen is made in the country of _____.
10. There are over _____ different styles of beer, ranging from ales to bocks to stouts. The most familiar and basic differentiation in beer is lagers versus ales. While there are more than _____ styles of lagers, there are over _____ different styles of ales.

This is a "dry" test for a nonexistent ICS course called INTRODUCTION TO BREWING. A search is currently underway for an SME. Any names come to mind?

4935

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: paul-warner-home@juno.com
Subject: Quiz Answers
X-Status: New

Dear Mister Paul:

Whatza matter fa you! You notsa smart o what? Ya flunked the quiz and she's not so bad the quiz. Everyboddy they pass. We gotta studentz as far way as Pittston and they can pass and you no can pass. I dont no whatta we gonna do fa you. You want try again? You write again the ansers and you send to Tony and maybe you put couple dollars in envelope and Tony he make sure you pass. So wattya say? You try gan? Hey, itz notsa hard.

ICS

Paul is not in the office today, so I will send the same message to him at his e-mail address at home.

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 5 Jun 1997 12:48:12 , page 1

4936

From: Jim Morgan <Jim_Morgan@ccm.ch.intel.com>
Return-path: <Jim_Morgan@ccm.ch.intel.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Tue, 27 May 97 08:07:00 PDT
Subject: Re: Information requested on HENRY MORGAN
Message-ID: <Tue, 27 May 97 08:11:11 PDT_5@ccm.hf.intel.com>
X-Status: Read

Robert, if you are having a difficult time responding to my mail, please try one of these two addresses:

jim_morgan@ccm.ch.intel.com <-- Try this first
jmorgan@az.intel.com <-- Text only, please

Thank you again,
-- Jim Morgan

1544 N Silverton Street
Mesa, AZ 85233
(602) 610-9277

_____ Reply Separator

Subject: Information requested on HENRY MORGAN
Author: Jim Morgan at AZCCM19
Date: 5/15/97 3:41 PM

Robert,

I don't have my genealogy materials here with me at work, but I was surfing and noticed the link to Carbondale. My gg-grandfather Henry MORGAN, who was married to a woman named Jemima (possible EVANS) MORGAN lived and if I recall died in Carbondale. He only had one child that I know of, Alva, but possibly a daughter named IRA too. The problem that I'm having is that he was "lost" around the 1890 timeframe, so there's no census to continue the trace, and I don't have access to much other information here in AZ. By the way, this information is all off the top of my head, so it may not be 100% accurate.

If I supply you with more information, what info could you provide for me? If there are any costs (copying, postage) I would be happy to reimburse you. If you have a significant charge for your time, please let me know before you embark on a search...

Thanks in advance,
-- Jim

4937

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: jim_morgan@ccm.ch.intel.com
Subject: Henry Morgan family
X-Status: New

There are Morgan families that still live in Carbondale (18407): Harry Morgan, 17 Maple Avenue; M. Morgan, 68 Laurel Street; Merle Morgan, 140 Westgate Drive; maybe a couple more that are not in the phone book. Possibly one of the preceding has a lot Morgan family history?

If Henry, Jemima, Alva, and Ira Morgan died in Carbondale or in the Carbondale area in the 1890's or after, they are probably interred in Maplewood Cemetery, Carbondale. The Historical Society (282-0385) has a copy of the complete interment records of that cemetery; we also have a vast quantity of death certificates. A volunteer is at the Historical Society on Wednesday afternoon and Saturday mornings (among other times). Her name is Mrs. Frances Kamerowsky. Phone her and perhaps she can find some information for you.

4938

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Carl Albright
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Water
Date: Thursday, June 05, 1997 11:21AM

Despite the fact that I might have received a nick when I was going to shave this morning, and that I might have lost my balance for a moment a few days ago, I think I'll try to get myself to go swimming.

See you at 11:30:00.

Carl

PS: My shaman couldn't find anything with which to write a note.

1 {

From: Robert Powell
To: Carl Albright
Subject: Water
Date: Thursday, June 05, 1997 11:13AM

Having missed your exercise session on Tuesday, you have a SERIOUS need for a workout today. The only acceptable excuse for not going swimming today would be an open flesh wound or severe dizziness. A signed note from a clergyman or medical person might also be acceptable. Don't let me down. If you don't go, I might end up alone in the pool again with "Big Alice."

Splish splash at 11:30?

4939

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: QGD error?
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 10:27AM

80? (I think anytime, anywhere learning at ICS is literally going to the dogs.) While I'll admit that I don't know the answer to question 9, what other mistake could I have possibly made?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: QGD error
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 10:11AM

Dear Mr. Warner:

We have rechecked your answers to Self-Check 1 in "Introduction to Brewing" that you submitted last week. You are correct. Only two of your answers are incorrect, which means that your grade for the self-check in question is 80. Congratulations on your fine accomplishment. Please accept our apologies for this unfortunate error.

Errors in grading, such as the one that happened with your self-check, never used to happen in our crack Quiz Grading Department. With the advent of wall-to-wall computers here, however, errors are becoming more and more frequent. Management now believes that an ability to turn on the computers and to play video games are more important than an ability to read.

You'll be interested to know that your self-check was erroneously mistaken for Self-Check 6 in our "Professional Locksmith" course, which was submitted for grading by a student named Spot (whom we have reason to believe is a cocker spaniel, who lives in Cleveland, and who is a prime suspect in at least two break-ins at the Ajax Meat Packing Plant there).

Tony, of course, has been fired, largely on the basis of your observations about his appearance--there is no room for ugliness here on campus--but also because of his unfortunate computer error in grading your self-check. (Spot's student number and yours are very similar.) Since the recent takeover, by a company whose name escapes me at present (possibly Proctor & Gamble), a new rule has been put into effect: One mistake and you're out. Poor Tony. I hope he and his wife and 9 kids will be OK.

We stand ready to assist you in any way that we can. (It has recently been determined that more work gets done in QGD without chairs for the staff.)

Yours truly,

Employee 486
Customer Service Department

4940

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Laurie Dempsey
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Sonnet XVIII
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 2:40PM

Thank you, Robert! Such beauty between acrylic nails and permanent waves. :)
I needed and enjoyed it immensely.

From: Robert Powell
To: everyone
Subject: Sonnet XVIII
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 2:39PM

It's been much too long since we've heard from Shakespeare! And so, on this beautiful summer day, here, for your delectation, is the immortal bard's luminous eighteenth sonnet.

Sonnet XVIII

1 {
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

[1609]

4941

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: "...on this beautiful summer day, here, for your delectation..."
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 2:58PM

To see the Summer Sky
Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie-
True Poems flee-

Emily Dickinson (1830-86), U.S. poet. The Complete Poems, no. 1472 (1955).

Robert Powell

From: Marie McTague
To: everyone
Subject: RE: Sonnet XVIII
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 3:03PM

Robert,

Put that picture of Martha away!

Hah,
M.

Robert Powell

From: Sharon Massen
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Sonnet XVIII
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 6:17AM

I remember well teaching this to my Greeks, Turks, and others in Italy. They loved it the way I did it. S

4942

From: paul-warner-home@juno.com (Paul Warner)
Return-path: <paul-warner-home@juno.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Sun, 08 Jun 1997 17:46:51 EDT
Subject: Re: Quiz Answers
Message-ID: <19970608.173241.4583.1.Paul-Warner-Home@juno.com>
References: <19970605.084851.3406.0.silasrobert@juno.com>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Juno 1.23

Actually, my Budweiser answer may be wrong. Using as a basis the following account, one could legitimately argue that the original developer of our American Budweiser was Carl Conrad, a friend to Adolphus Busch.

"The saying goes that behind every great fortune there is a great crime. In the case of Anheuser-Busch, the fortune rests on the stupendous success of its most famous brand, Budweiser. But the King of Beers was, in fact, a pretender to the throne. Long before Anheuser-Busch produced Budweiser, a European brewery was selling a beer with the same name.

The murky origin of their flagship beer was something the descendants of Adolphus Busch were reluctant to discuss. For years, its interesting past was a carefully guarded secret. Instead, legends, some spawned by Anheuser-Busch, grew up around the beginnings of the world's most popular beer. One story had it that Adolphus and his good friend, Carl Conrad, obtained the recipe for Budweiser from European monks. Another tale mentioned a special yeast brought across the ocean in an ice cream container. But in fact, the beer that helped make Adolphus Busch rich was actually a high-quality adaptation of the Pilsner brewing process. The name Budweiser was already in use in Europe before Anheuser-Busch began using the name. A brewery in what is now Czechoslovakia had been selling Budweiser for years in central Europe and even importing [sic] small quantities into the United States.

Soon after Adolphus Busch became a brewer, he turned his attention to improving the Bavarian Brewery's inferior product. He read every technical journal he could get his hands on about advances in Europe. In 1868 and quite often afterward, he traveled to Europe to study the brewing industry. He visited Paris, where Austrian and German beers were competing head-to-head [pun?]. He also focused his attention on the Pilsner beer brewed in Bohemia, then part of Austria and now part of Czechoslovakia, where beer had been skillfully brewed in the southern region for more than 600 years. The brewery in Pilsen was the largest, with cellars carved out of solid rock stretching more than five miles."...

"On trips abroad with Conrad, Adolphus meticulously noted the Pilsner process, right down to the name of a brand of beer that was being produced by a brewery in Ceske-Budejovice, sixty-five miles south of Pilsen. During the reign of the Hapsburgs, the town was known by its German name, Budweis. Its famous beer was sold in Vienna, Yugoslavia and Bavaria; some even reached New York in kegs and bottles bearing the name Budweiser."...

"...the [Budweiser] brand name was first registered in the United States by Conrad, an importer of wines, champagnes and liquors. The Anheuser Brewery produced the brand for him under contract. Conrad had offices in Mainz and Geisenheim in Germany and in St. Louis. To a line that included Moss Rose bourbon and Governor's Choice rye from Silver Creek Kentucky, he added 'world-renowned Conrad's Budweiser beer.' Made slowly with the

best ingredients available, the product was corked with a special wire fastener wrapped in foil that made it look like a champagne bottle. Conrad sold the beverage to restaurants as far away as Denver and New York.

Adolphus got the rights to Budweiser from C. Conrad and Company in October 1882 when Conrad went bankrupt. He was laden with \$300,000 in debts, the largest being \$94,000 owed to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. An arrangement was worked out in which the brewery assumed control of Conrad's company—and the brand name Budweiser.

Conrad was given a lifetime job with Anheuser-Busch. At that time, Adolphus said he saw no problem in the fact that the brewery had lost \$94,000 through its unsecured loan to Conrad. He believed the reputation that Conrad had established for Budweiser would more than compensate the brewery for the loss. Once again, Adolphus had clearly foreseen the future.

The story was not yet over. Anheuser-Busch's tenuous claim to the name Budweiser was kept under wraps for many years after that. But when it filed documents in 1907 to register the name as a U.S. trademark, a German brewery stepped forward to file a complaint, arguing that the St. Louis company could not use Budweiser because it was a geographical name and because the German brewery had used it first.

In 1911, Adolphus settled the matter by paying the German brewery 82,500 kronen. That same year a similar settlement that included a large payment was reached with a brewery in Budweis in what is now Ceske-Budejovice, Czechoslovakia. Under the terms of the arrangement, Anheuser-Busch could use the name Budweiser on beer sold in the United States. The European breweries could use it on beer sold in Europe and they could sell 'Imported Budweiser' in the United States. But Anheuser-Busch was not allowed to sell its Budweiser in Europe.

When the Czech brewery attempted to sell its Budweiser in the United States in 1937, Anheuser-Busch considered contesting its plan. But a lawyer advised the company that it would lose such a showdown under the terms of the 1911 agreements. He added in strong language that the adverse publicity over the origin of the name could cost the Anheuser-Busch brewery millions. The evidence in the case would 'seriously affect, if not destroy' the [perceived] good will of Anheuser-Busch and Budweiser in the United States. But the Czech brewery was no match for the Anheuser-Busch muscle. Two years later, the company obtained from the Czechs the right to use the name exclusively in North America, the United States and all its possessions.

The cloudy origins of the Budweiser name continued to haunt Anheuser-Busch into the 1990s. As it set its sights on world markets, the brewery found itself legally prohibited from selling Budweiser in most of Europe. Anheuser-Busch had grown into a colossus, producing 200 times the amount of beer brewed by the little brewery of Ceske-Budejovice, Czechoslovakia. But the Czechs still had exclusive marketing rights to sell Budweiser in Western Europe; they resisted Anheuser-Busch's offers of cash, joint-venture production and new territorial division. The Budweiser beer sold in Europe is the original and is of Czech not American manufacture.

In December 1990, as Communism gave way to a free-market economy, workers at the Czech brewery went on strike trying to force management to merge with Anheuser-Busch. But the suggestion of a merger created protests around Ceske-Budejovice. The local newspaper, South Bohemian Truth,

4944

reported that beer drinkers would rather die than see an agreement with a company whose beer is 'a weak imitation of the original product.' An irritated young businessman said, 'You'll never see our beer in cans, we use cans for sauerkraut only.'"

from "Under the Influence: The Unauthorized Story of the Anheuser-Busch Dynasty", by Peter Hemon & Terry Ganey, Simon & Schuster, 1991, pages 35-38

On Thu, 5 Jun 1997 08:48:49 -0700 silasrobert@juno.com (S. R. Powell) writes:

>Dear Mister Paul:

>

>Whatza matter fa you! You notsa smart o what? Ya flunked the quiz and
>she's not so bad the quiz. Everyboddy they pass. We gotta studentz as
>far way as Pittzton and they can pass and you no can pass. I dont no
>whatta we gonna do fa you. You want try again? You write again the
>ansers and you send to Tony and maybe you put couple dollars in
>envelope and Tony he make sure you pass. So wattya say? You try gan?
>Hey, itz notsa hard.

>

>ICS

>

4945

Robert Powell

2 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Shakedown
Date: Monday, June 09, 1997 10:02AM

Fred Distance. That's pretty good.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Shakedown
Date: Monday, June 09, 1997 9:38AM

SHAKEDOWN AT ICS ANNOUNCED

SCRANTON, PA (AP)—Company officials at ICS Learning Systems announced this morning that the entire Quiz Grading department at the school would be dismissed at noon today. The group dismissal came about as the result of what company CEO Fred Distance described as "recent and colossal screwups" that have taken place in the department.

Distance would not comment on the specific nature of the problems in the QGD but an employee of the company, who spoke with the CHRONICLE-GAZETTE on the condition that his name not be used, reported that the exams submitted by a student from Cleveland who is enrolled in the "Professional Locksmith" course and those of a local student who is enrolled in "Introduction to Brewing" somehow got mixed up in the grading process. "It's really not such a big deal. It happens all the time," the informant said, "I don't know what they're all getting so excited about."

1 { Fred Distance assured the CHRONICLE-GAZETTE that "a new era of seriousness" has begun at the company. "This downright sloppiness in the QGD can not be tolerated any longer," said Distance. "I have here," he added, "all of the exam answers from the student in question in the "Introduction to Brewing" course, including an answer that was received this morning. This student has outlined for us the entire history of the dispute between Adolphus Busch and Carl Conrad for the rights to manufacture and sell Budweiser beer. No one here at the school knows anything about this dispute. We shall include this material in the next printing of our now-famous study unit on brewing. How could those [*****] morons in QGD have gotten these exams mixed up! The abuse that this student has had to endure at the hands of the QGD is intolerable!"

From sources inside ICS, we have learned that Distance, whose brother is "well positioned for revenge" at the Department of Labor, has made it impossible, on the basis of a technicality, for any of the staff in the QGD to collect unemployment insurance following their dismissal today.

The CHRONICLE-GAZETTE's crack investigative team will conduct a probe to determine the nature of the "technicality" in question and will keep its faithful readers informed of its findings.

Policy
Number

HOA 80 15 01

HOMEOWNERS POLICY DECLARATIONS

Policy
Number

HOA 80 15 01

☐ NEW

☐ RENEWAL

☒ AMENDED

HARLEYSVILLE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
HARLEYSVILLE, PA 19438

DIRECT BILL 4946
PA
AGT TEL 717-282-1170

A Member of The Harleysville Insurance Companies

Named Insured and Mailing Address	HELEN POWELL RD 1 BOX 40 CARBONDALE PA 18407	X Agent	PAUL J MCGOVERN & ASSOC INC 20 SIXTH AVENUE CARBONDALE PA 18407

Policy Period: 12:01 A.M. Standard Time	05-15-97 TO 05-15-98	Amendment Effective	05-15-97	Agent's Code/Sub Code	712379
--------------------------------------------	----------------------	---------------------	----------	-----------------------	--------

Coverages and Limits of Liability	Section I				Section II	
	A. Dwelling	B. Other Structures	C. Personal Property	D. Loss of use	E. Personal Liability	F. Medical Payments to Others
	\$178,000	\$17,800	\$ 89,000	\$35,600	\$ 100,000	\$1,000
					Each Occurrence	Each Person

PREMIUM SECTIONS I & II

\$693.00

*** PLEASE NOTE ***

YOUR HOMEOWNER PREMIUM HAS BEEN REDUCED BY 10% BECAUSE
WE ALSO WRITE YOUR AUTOMOBILE POLICY PAA 802286.

ADDITIONAL COVERAGES:

PREMIUM ADJUSTMENTS:

PROTECTIVE DEVICE CREDIT
LOSS FREE DISCOUNT
AGE OF HOME FACTOR

15.00CR
36.00CR
34.00

TOTAL PREMIUM ***

\$676.00

AMENDED PREMIUM

\$.00

INSURED LOCATION IS RTE 106, R.D. 1
18407

CARBONDALE, PA 18407

DEDUCTIBLE: \$ 500 DEDUCTIBLE APPLIES TO LOSS COVERED BY SECTION I.

RATING INFORMATION: DWELLING IS FRAME.

OCCUPIED BY ONE FAMILY.

PROTECTION 9.

CONSTRUCTED IN 1935.

LOCATED OVER 1,000 FEET FROM A FIRE HYDRANT.

LOCATED IN PA TERRITORY 38.

FIRE DISTRICT TAX CODE 02835

YOUR POLICY IS SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING FORMS AND ENDORSEMENTS. IT MAY HAVE A FORM OR AN ENDORSEMENT WITH SPECIAL LIMITS OF LIABILITY, DESCRIPTIONS OR CONDITIONS. ENTRIES LEFT BLANK ON THE ENDORSEMENTS ARE SHOWN ON THE DECLARATIONS PAGE OF THIS POLICY.

H00003 (0491) SPECIAL FORM
H00137 (0397) SPECIAL PROVISIONS
H0291 (0181) PENNSYLVANIA NOTICE
F4326 (0896) CHANGES IN POLICY -- PUNITIVE DAMAGES EXCLUSION
F4097 (1291) VOLUNTEERS PROTECTION ENDORSEMENT
PJ0001E(0895) POLICY JACKET
PR0914 (1291) POLICY QUICK REFERENCE
H00416 (0491) PREMISES ALARM OR FIRE PROTECTION SYSTEM
LOCAL ALARM 2% CREDIT
H00496 (0491) NO COVERAGE FOR HOME DAY CARE BUSINESS

ADDITIONAL ENCLOSURES:

ST7205 (1296) IMPORTANT NOTICE

1 0590

023373811109155035 3 1-PAY

053097 0197

F22

P

F-3059J (Ed. 5/84)

INSURED'S COPY

I GROUP 7/20 I



Harleysville Mutual Insurance Company

355 Maple Avenue, Harleysville, PA 19438-2297 (215) 256-5000
A Member of The Harleysville Insurance Companies

4947

712379

PAUL J MCGOVERN & ASSOC INC
20 SIXTH AVENUE
CARBONDALE PA 18407

HELEN POWELL
RD 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE PA 18407

Dear Policyholder:

Thanks for placing your policy with us. We're glad you and your agent chose us to handle your personal insurance needs.

We pride ourselves on our service, and we're also quite proud of our efforts to reduce insurance fraud. With that in mind, we have introduced a toll-free, 24-hour hot line so you can report cases of suspected fraud directly to our company's Special Investigation Unit. Simply call 800-917-0055 if you believe a claim or policy warrants special investigation. All information will be kept strictly confidential.

Remember, this new hot line is only for reporting suspected fraud. If you have a question about your policy, your billing or the handling of a claim, contact your agent at 717-282-1170. If, however, you are unable to reach your agent with a claim that requires immediate attention, call 800-241-2541 -- any time of the day or night. We're committed to providing you with superior customer service through your professional independent insurance agent. As part of that commitment, we pledge to take whatever steps are necessary to reduce the cost of insurance fraud to you.

Harleysville's Safe Haven mortgage protection insurance offers you a variety of plans to safeguard you and your family in the event of death or disability. Please see the enclosed brochure for more details.

113

RETAIN THIS PORTION FOR YOUR RECORDS HOA 80 15 01

Please tear here

PREVIOUS BALANCE \$676.00
AMENDED PREMIUM \$0.00
POLICY BALANCE \$676.00

Insured

Amount Remitted

Policy Number

Expiration Date

Agent's Code

YOUR AMENDMENT DID NOT CHANGE THE POLICY PREMIUM.

If address change cross out the 'Y' below and write address on back of stub. 05-30-97

Y

4 4H0A801501 0067600 00000000 00000000

4948

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Goliath and David
Date: Monday, June 09, 1997 4:47PM

I think the name Hopsberger or Hopwell would make a successful beer label. Or maybe a successful beer could be labeled so. I really don't know how the masses of public consumers react both to what's outside and to what's inside a beer bottle. As a consumer, I am a sales and marketing team's nightmare.

That is an intriguing notion, though, about sampling a Czech-made Budweiser. But I'm not really fond of pilsners anyway, even the good ones. However, I would like to travel back in time to sample one of Conrad's Famous Budweisers. That would be a gas.



From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Goliath and David
Date: Monday, June 09, 1997 3:18PM

I can't help but wonder why Carl Conrad went bankrupt in 1882. He had a quality product; his packaging ideas and marketing seem very sound (. . . "The product was corked with a special wire fastener wrapped in foil that made it look like a champagne bottle. . . [It was] sold to restaurants as far away as Denver and New York."); sales must have been good. Did he spend too much money on packaging and shipping and decrease by too much his profit margin? Did he sell his product for too much and decrease the size of his customer base? Did the packaging mislead the customers? Labor costs? Those are all questions that probably can't be answered at this point.

I like the fact that a small Czech brewery, in the 1990s, can dictate policy to a monster corporation about market territories. Given the fact that Czech beer drinkers describe American-made Budweiser as "a weak imitation of the original product," one wants to conduct independent research to see if Czech beer drinkers are right. There must be some big-city importer somewhere who has on his import list Czech-made Budweiser.

If Adolphus Busch had called his brew Hapsburger, for example, would Anheuser-Busch be as hemmed in as it now is? There aren't, after all, many (if any) Hapsburgs of consequence running around these days. I'm sure I've never seen one.

*Initial
message*

4949

Robert Powell

To: Paul Warner
Subject: and or

Preliminary thoughts and notes on backward and/or forward.

Please help strengthen or weaken the argument in favor of backward and forward.

Palindrome--a word, verse, number, or sentence that reads the same backward or forward. (p. 836, Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Tenth Edition, 1993)

SOMETIMES OR MEANS AND

I know how to write prose or poetry.
I know how to write prose and poetry.

Does the meaning of the words prose and poetry when joined by or include the meaning of those same words when joined by and?

Since I know how to write prose or poetry, I know how to write both prose and poetry. It appears that or, in a great many cases, includes the meaning of and.

Possibly backward or forward means backward and forward? Since a palindrome reads the same backward or forward, it must read the same backward and forward?

WHEN DOES OR NOT MEAN AND?

I like Czech or American Budweiser--but I don't remember which one it is that I like. (I like the one but not the other; I do not like both; Czech and American are mutually exclusive.) I like Czech and American Budweiser. (I like them both.)

DOES AND EVER MEAN OR? I don't think so.

I like apples and oranges. (both not one)

In typing the preceding, I think I have persuaded myself that backward or forward means backward and forward.

4950

Robert Powell

↓
2

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: AND
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 12:26PM

I know how to read prose or poetry (I'm just not sure which one).

Q: Robert, we need some help on our newsletter. Are you good with prose, or how about poetry?

A: I can write both prose and poetry with equal grace and panache. I can do both, but not for the price of one. Hire me either to write copy or to write poems.

To make meanings clear, whether in negotiating contracts or in crafting dictionary definitions, one should insist always on definite distinctions.

AND MEANS AND
 OR MEANS OR

AND is a function word indicating a connection or addition
 OR is a function word indicating an alternative
 OR does not mean AND

Why use one for the other? If the word "or" can imply the sense of "and," would we have use in English for the function word "and/or?"

Of course, the word "or" may be used to introduce words or phrases that are similar in meaning to the ones before, or synonyms. But that is not the sense in which the word is being used in "reads the same backward or forward." That phrase is intended to mean essentially "is spelled the same backwards as it is when spelled forwards." Clearly, there is no alternative being implied in the way the definition was originally written; the correct function word should indicate sameness.

The trouble here is that we are thinking of how we would get the same word "racecar" when reading either from left to right OR from right to left. That's true; we can read in only one direction at a time---given that we are not chameleons with independently rotating eyes. However, to be precise, the original definition does NOT say that one would read the same "word" backwards or forwards. Rather, it tells us one can pronounce the word the same "way"---both backwards and forwards.

As it is written, the definition is semantically unsound. To fix it, and if one can change only one word in the definition, one ought to change OR to AND.

To not use AND (as the definition is originally written) is to invite misinterpretation. The word "park" reads the same when read backwards as "crap" does when read forwards, but these words are not palindromes. The definition must make clear that the palindrome is the SAME word read the SAME way backwards as it is when read forwards. Which function word do you think is more appropriate for emphasizing this notion of SAME?

 From: Robert Powell
 To: Paul Warner
 Subject: and or
 Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 11:13AM

↓
① Preliminary thoughts and notes on backward and/or forward.

4951

Please help strengthen or weaken the argument in favor of backward and forward.

Palindrome--a word, verse, number, or sentence that reads the same backward or forward. (p. 836, Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Tenth Edition, 1993)

SOMETIMES OR MEANS AND

I know how to write prose or poetry.
I know how to write prose and poetry.

Does the meaning of the words prose and poetry when joined by or include the meaning of those same words when joined by and?

Since I know how to write prose or poetry, I know how to write both prose and poetry. It appears that or, in a great many cases, includes the meaning of and.

Possibly backward or forward means backward and forward? Since a palindrome reads the same backward or forward, it must read the same backward and forward?

WHEN DOES OR NOT MEAN AND?

I like Czech or American Budweiser--but I don't remember which one it is that I like. (I like the one but not the other; I do not like both; Czech and American are mutually exclusive.) I like Czech and American Budweiser. (I like them both.)

DOES AND EVER MEAN OR? I don't think so.

I like apples and oranges. (both not one)

In typing the preceding, I think I have persuaded myself that backward or forward means backward and forward.

4952

Robert Powell

↓
5
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: FYI
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 2:19PM

Here's the address for the free e-mail event/appointment reminder service that I had mentioned some weeks ago.
<http://www.getreminded.com>

Robert Powell

↓
4
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Or Maybe...
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 1:10PM

Palindrome--a word, verse, number, or sentence that may be read the same way both backwards and forwards.

Robert Powell

↓
3
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Or Maybe Not
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 12:51PM

Actually, substituting AND for OR does not help clarify the definition. Doing so merely substitutes one possible misinterpretation for another.

Palindrome--a word, verse, number, or sentence that reads the same backward and forward.

With that version, one may imagine chameleons reading forward AND backward. Still, the definition is faulty. The solution? Recast.

Palindrome--a word, verse, number, or sentence that reads the same way backwards as it does when read forwards.

4953

Robert Powell

↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: White on White
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 2:52PM

1 Indeed, where do we come from? And who was it first tasked with naming the whole of creation? Who was it that started the classifying, the cataloging; who made the first distinctions? Abraham Gottlob Werner? Dmitri Ivanovich Mendeleev? Carolus Linnaeus? The United States Patent Office?

No. No, it has been revealed to be that legendary prototype of all humankind---back in the garden, back at the start of it all---the first man. Coincidence, or something more?

↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: White on White
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 2:26PM

6 In the midst of all this ambiguity and complexity about the use of "and" and "or," I am inclined to agree with Paul Warner who, in his "RE: AND" memo to Robert Powell on 06-10-97, said: "One should always insist on definite distinctions. 'And' means 'and' and 'or' means 'or.'"

The whole history of art is proof of the sagacity of that position. Ever since we, as a species, emerged from the primeval slime (if that's where we came from), we have been battling, alternately, with what some art historians call the classicizing and the non-classicizing tendencies within us. It's surely an oversimplification, but, in a few words, the classicizing tendency is an inclination toward simplicity; the non-classicizing tendency is an inclination toward complexity. The classicizing tendency reigned supreme in the seventeenth century in France; the non-classicizing tendency reigned supreme, practically everywhere, in the nineteenth century. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the non-classicizing tendency assumed such a dominant position in the arts (too many options, too many details, too much equality, and so on) that it made abstract art not only inevitable but necessary.

So how do you keep your sanity when confronted by out-of-control complexity. You erase the board and start over. In the early twentieth century, artists started creating works with titles like "White on White" (which some people mistook for blank canvases). In order to function, therefore, I am going "to insist on definite distinctions" and see if I can recreate the world on the basis of the certain knowledge that "and" means 'and' and 'or' means 'or.'"

4954

↓
9
Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Saeculum
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 4:02PM

Jason Weber knows all the answers. He knows Bob Dobb in Texas.

↓
8

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: In saecula saeculorum
Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 3:44PM

In naming the whole of creation, the first man, incapable of--and not at all interested in--escaping his self (intellectual, biological, emotional) responded to stimuli that were, ironically and paradoxically, both within him and yet were not under his control. And the word (the naming) was made flesh, and several millenia of imperfect solutions (voices calling out in the wilderness) have followed--a glorious document, to be sure. Every new answer, however, results, maddeningly, in a new question. And yet the game continues.

The naming was less a coincidence than it was an inevitability.

4955

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: Susan <newyorker@ezaccess.net>
Subject: Dame's Rocket
X-Status: New

Now that I'm sure that you're not an undercover agent for some sleazy tabloid, I am throwing caution to the four winds by venturing, with some trepidation, into cyberspace.

Thanks again for the Coreopsis. You'll be interested to know that today I added a large quantity of Dame's Rocket to the Columbine bouquet (now in a larger vase) a-top my desk. About ten minutes after I re-did the bouquet this morning, I was aware that a gentle blanket of summer garden fragrances was floating gently over me and into the department. Remarkably, only about six or seven of my coworkers seem to have even seen the bouquet--which (says he, modestly) is very beautiful. Some of my coworkers, it seems, move through the world with their eyes glued to the floor. For others among them, such things as flowers don't seem to matter--or even exist.

My plan, at present, is to maintain a bouquet, year round, on top of my bookcase here at this "international center of learning."

I planted a large quantity of Moonflower and Zinnia seeds last weekend. (Zinnias were developed in the 18th century, so I recently learned, by the German botanist Johann G. Zinn.) The intensity of Zinnia colors is, as you know, extraordinary, as is the fragrance of Moonflowers.

4956

From: Susan <newyorker@ezaccess.net>
Return-path: <newyorker@ezaccess.net>
To: "S. R. Powell" <silasrobert@juno.com>
Date: Wed, 11 Jun 1997 16:46:41 -0700
Subject: Re: Dame's Rocket
Message-ID: <339F38E1.B64@ezaccess.net>
References: <19970611.143140.3566.0.silasrobert@juno.com>
X-Status: Read
X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.02E-KIT (Win16; U)

Hello Robert!

> Now that I'm sure that you're not an undercover agent for some sleazy
> tabloid, I am throwing caution to the four winds by venturing, with
some
> trepidation, into cyberspace.

I don't know, Robert.....if ICS doesn't come up with enough work for me,

I'm beginning to envision a lucrative career working at home for the
Star.

>
> Thanks again for the Coreopsis. You'll be interested to know that today
I
> added a large quantity of Dame's Rocket to the Columbine bouquet (now
in
> a larger vase) a-top my desk.

Dame's Rocket is one of my top favorites! When I redid one of the flower
beds this spring, I gave away lots of clumps of plants. It was all I
could do to resist telling everyone how lucky they were to be the
recipient of these beautiful flowers. I love how our path smells at
night, and the sight of a sphinx (or hawk?) moth at work on the white
ones, is a lovely touch.

> About ten minutes after I re-did the
> bouquet this morning, I was aware that a gentle blanket of summer
garden
> fragrances was floating gently over me and into the department.
> Remarkably, only about six or seven of my coworkers seem to have even
> seen the bouquet--which (says he, modestly) is very beautiful. Some of
my
> coworkers, it seems, move through the world with their eyes glued to
the
> floor. For others among them, such things as flowers don't seem to
> matter--or even exist.

Sad, but not surprising. When I moved here I found it amazing that so
few people grow flowers. Actually, so few people grow "anything"! But
tomatoes definitely take precedence over tithonia.

>
> My plan, at present, is to maintain a bouquet, year round, on top of my
> bookcase here at this "international center of learning."

Capital idea! (Or is it capitol?)

>
> I planted a large quantity of Moonflower and Zinnia seeds last weekend.
> (Zinnias were developed in the 18th century, so I recently learned, by
> the German botanist Johann G. Zinn.) The intensity of Zinnia colors is,
> as you know, extraordinary, as is the fragrance of Moonflowers.

4957

So I can start Moonflowers now? Do they need a trellis to grow on?
I've heard they're difficult to start. True?

I did two kinds of dwarf zinnias this year--Border Beauty mixed and
Border Beauty Peaches & Cream--and two kinds of tall--State Fair and
something from Johnny's Seeds called Blue Point Mix (I think). The
dwarfs are all in bloom, and most of the mixed are yellow and orange. I
think next year I'll buy more individual colors so I can get what I want.

Last year I planted nothing but State Fair mixed and they were fabulous.

Hope you were reassured by your venture into cyberspace. I'm glad to
hear from you!

Susan



Pennsylvania
BlueShield

DENTAL
EXPLANATION OF BENEFITS
KEEP FOR YOUR TAX RECORDS

Blue Shield and Blue Cross Plans of Pennsylvania are Independent
Licensees of the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association.

4958
DENTAL CUSTOMER SERVICE
P.O. BOX 898856
CAMP HILL PA 17089-8856

Subscriber: S R POWELL

ID Number: 198340586

Page: 1 of 1

Patient: S POWELL

Claim Number: 47156042104

Date: 06/12/97

Provider: P JOSEPH PERROTTI DMD
(000171571)

PROCEDURE DESCRIPTION PROCEDURE CODE (NUMBER OF SERVICES) *TOOTH DESCRIPTION*		SERVICE DATE(S)	PROVIDER'S CHARGE	ALLOWANCE	AMOUNT PAID	AMOUNT NOT PAID	REMARKS
PERIODIC EVALUATION 00120	(001)	05/30/97	14.00	12.00	12.00	2.00	Q1030
PROPHYLAXIS ADULT 01110	(001)	05/30/97	32.00	30.00	30.00	2.00	Q1030
		TOTALS	46.00	42.00	42.00	4.00	

Q1030 These services were performed by a Participating Provider. This Provider has agreed not to bill you for the difference between the PROVIDER'S CHARGE and the ALLOWANCE for this service.

The Provider has been paid the amount shown in the AMOUNT PAID column.

PATIENT SUMMARY FOR:

Patient Name: S ROBERT POWELL

Identification Number: 198340586(001)

Benefit Period: 01/01/97 - 12/31/97

Coverage: Dental

Group Number: 018615-000

For this benefit period, \$89.00 has been applied to your \$1,000.00 individual program dollar maximum.



Pennsylvania BlueShield

An Independent Licensee of the Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association

Camp Hill, PA 17089

|||||
S R POWELL
RR 1 BOX 40
CARBONDALE PA 18407-9706

HAVE A QUESTION?
PLEASE CALL 1-800-332-0366

Service for the Deaf via TDD Equipment
is available at 1-800-345-3837.

THIS IS NOT A BILL

DN007844

4959

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: David Hilbert
Date: Wednesday, June 11, 1997 1:51PM

No. America's educational "system" *is* a sham, but the reason you have never heard of David Hilbert has more to do with your own predilections and prejudice than with any pedagogic deficiency. From birth, people begin specializing in their tastes and values---embracing some topics, and inflexibly shunning others. For you, perhaps it was the secret language of birds you chose as your forte, and so turned a deaf ear to the ramblings of mathematicians and other doctors of science.

Do not despair, however, and think you are now too rigid and set in your ways. Part of being alive is having some capacity to change. Where there is life, there is hope. Discover every day anew, Robert. Baron Cauchy, I'm certain, would agree with this. (After all, as I'm sure you already know, it was the baron himself who founded the mathematical theory of elasticity.)

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: David Hilbert
Date: Wednesday, June 11, 1997 11:31AM

Just now, as I was checking the etymology of a word, my eyes landed on the dictionary entry: "Hilbert space"---noun, named after David Hilbert, term first used in 1939. A Hilbert space, you may recall, is a vector space for which a scalar product is defined and in which every Cauchy sequence composed of elements in the space converges to a limit in the space.

Somehow, somewhere along the way, I failed to learn about David Hilbert and his work on vector spaces. Is this an implicit commentary on the bankruptcy of the educational system in America?

4960

Robert Powell

4 {
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Baron Cauchy
Date: Thursday, June 12, 1997 3:33PM

I think a biography of the prolific Cauchy would be really kooky.

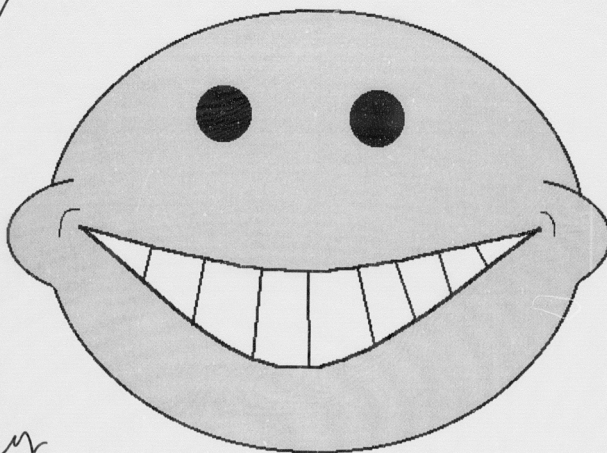
3 {
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Baron Cauchy
Date: Thursday, June 12, 1997 3:02PM

In an effort to triumph over the shackles that envelop me and to nurture a capacity to change (heaven help me)--following the road signs erected by the Baron Cauchy in the sands of time--I looked up the Baron in the encyclopedias in the Product Development library [sic] to see what I could learn. The Baron's work in mathematics is truly astounding. I'm almost embarrassed to admit that I had never even heard of him until yesterday. (His collected works were published in 27 volumes; he wrote 789 papers.) His life would be very interesting to study in detail, given his extraordinary mind and the turbulent times during which he lived. His devotion to the Bourbons and his loathing for Louis-Philippe is very interesting. In the biographical sketch of the Baron in the encyclopedias is the following tidbit: "Although acting only from the highest motives, Cauchy often made himself objectionable to his colleagues by a self-righteous obstinacy and an aggressive religious bigotry." (Character "flaws" or simply an understandable impatience with the limited horizons of many of his colleagues and contemporaries?) Is the world ready for a biography of Baron Augustin-Louis Cauchy?

4961

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Strawberry Conserve: Too Good for Words (So I'll Draw a Picture)
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 8:13AM



*some
of my
home
canning that
I gave to Paul.*

4962

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Strawberry Conserve, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Insulting The Pie Plant
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 9:15AM

And now, from the banks of the Volga, Robert's Rhubarb Relish:

The word rhubarb may contain two hidden references to its origins. The first of these is in the rhu- part of the word, which can be traced back to the Greek word rha, meaning "rhubarb." According to the Late Latin historian Ammianus Marcellinus, rhubarb was named rha because it grew near the river named Rha, which we know as the Volga. The -barb part of rhubarb was actually added first to Late Latin rha, descended from Greek rha, in the form rhabarbarum, barbarum being the neuter form of barbarus, "foreign." Another Greek word for rhubarb, rhêon, influenced the Late Latin word rhabarbarum, giving us reubarbarum, which yielded Old French reubarbe. The Old French form gave us Middle English rubarbe, first recorded in a work written around 1390. In imitation of the way the Greek word rha is spelled, an h was added, completing the long journey of this word into English from the banks of the Volga in classical times.

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved

I'm not sure, but I think a person can live quite well and in good health with no food other than a supply of that concoction. By the way, did you harvest your own pecans and walnuts and dry your own grapes?

The American Heritage Dictionary defines conserve as "a jam made of fruits stewed in sugar." Do you stew the whole thing---along with the nuts, raisins, and orange zest---or do you add certain ingredients afterwards, for example, after stewing only the strawberry and rhubarb? And have you ever experimented with different types of sugars?

To hell with what people think; give the rhubarb at least equal billing!

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Strawberry Conserve
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 8:36AM

Thanks. Glad you like it. The larger-than-life yellow smiling face is amazing. How you create such visual material is beyond me.

The name Strawberry Conserve is imprecise. In truth, it's Strawberry-Rhubarb Conserve. Rhubarb, it seems, tends to intimidate most people, and I have discovered that it's best not to tell someone who has never tasted this conserve that there is a lot of rhubarb in it. In fact, there is as much rhubarb in it as there are strawberries. A hidden--and very nice--feature of the conserve, says he modestly, is the citrus flavor (grated orange rind and juice) that lurks among the pecans, walnuts, raisins, strawberries, and rhubarb.

4963

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: rha
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 11:40AM

Why don't you give your sugar the same fair consideration you plan to give rhubarb? The "plain" sugar you speak of is probably beet sugar---it seems to be the most commonly available type of sugar in the US. Even the brown or "unrefined" sugars sold in most stores are, I think, refined beet sugar "back engineered" by flavoring with some molasses. (I once heard that you had to go out of your way---like to Puerto Rican specialty food shops---for authentic unrefined cane sugar.) I once tasted some sugar from a stalk in a cane field, and I thought the taste was much more subtle than the table sugar I'm used to here in the States.

I find corn sugar (which is typically used as an inexpensive adjunct in brewing) to be much sweeter than table sugar. Corn sugar (essentially fructose) is in fact a sweeter substance than is granulated sugar, although I think an increased sensation of sweetness might be partially due to the way the corn sugar has been pulverized to a very fine powder, letting it dissolve more readily across the surface area of the tongue. Rice syrup solids (used primarily in sake) is another finely powdered sweetener I've tasted and brewed with. This stuff has a very delicate (if not nonexistent) flavor, but it's relatively expensive. Someday, I plan to buy and use some Belgian candy sugar. I wonder how these various sugars or maybe invert sugar would work in the preparation of preserves?

By the way, what's the difference between "preserves" (fruit cooked with sugar to protect against decay or fermentation) and "conserves" (jams made of fruits stewed in sugar)? When you cook fruit, aren't you essentially making a jam? The dictionary defines "jam" as a preserve made from whole fruit boiled to a pulp with sugar. Therefore, are preserves a type of preserves? Are all preserves preserves or are all preserves preserves or are the terms somehow mutually exclusive? (I demand that you account for the labeling of your jars.)

Definitions were taken from The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: rha
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 10:38AM

Yea! You're right. Rhubarb's been maligned for much too long! The time for rhubarb's moment in the sun has come. In fact, the next person who dares to speak against rhubarb in my presence will have to endure considerable verbal abuse from me. And when I have reduced them to pulp, I will assail them with rhubarb's etymology, which is surely among the most remarkable and complex I've ever heard.

The pecans, walnuts, and grapes were, I regret to say, store-bought. I do know, however, where there are some butternut and black walnut trees--and nuts from those trees would be very interesting to use. Everything but the nuts gets a good stewing. The nuts are added at the end (so they don't get water logged and disintegrate). The mixture is brought back to the boil, and then quickly canned. No, I have never experimented with different kinds of sugars. I don't know much about sugar. I do know that if brown sugar were used, the quantity would have to be reduced considerably or the resulting product would be excessively sweet. Maple sugar would be interesting. I wonder if plain sugar might not be the best choice? The sugar does its job and allows the other ingredients to speak up. Sometimes if you get too many flavors going (all of them wonderful in their own right), things get too complicated and you lose focus.

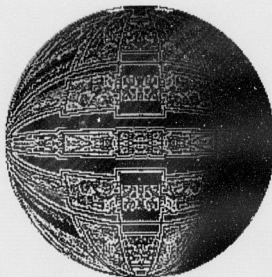
4964

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Truth in Labeling
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 3:41PM

I'm impressed. We are now back in the garden, naming all creation. All conserves are preserves, but all preserves are not conserves, and though jams and jellies are preserves, neither of them are conserves.

Now, what about iced cream, iced milk, milk shakes, ice cream floats, ice cream sodas, ice cream sundaes, Tastee Freeze, and Eskimo Pies?



(Eye Candy)

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Truth in Labeling
Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 2:26PM

Yes, what IS in a name. Jams (one fruit-crushed, stewed in sugar), jellies (one fruit, crushed, stewed in sugar, STRAINED AND BOILED TO "THE JELLYING POINT"), and conserves (MORE THAN ONE fruit, crushed, stewed in sugar) are all preserves. I believe that that's the distinction that most homecanners would make. The making of jams and conserves is relatively straightforward. Cook them until they are "thick" and look like what the finished product should look like. Jellies, on the other hand, can be a little tricky to make. The strained and sweetened fruit juice is boiled down until the liquid "sheets" when poured from a spoon. If you don't boil the liquid long enough, you get fruit syrup. If you boil it too long, you get fruit rubber. To make first-class jelly requires great skill.

One could, I'm sure, create some extraordinary preserves by using the various kinds of sugar.

I note that a frothy brewing icon made an appearance earlier this week in your electronic mail. The world inside your computer is vast, multichambered, and empyrean.

4965

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: JVB1@prolog.net
Subject: What's Up
X-Status: New

How are things?

Have you moved to Indiana?

One of the reasons why I need to know if you've moved is Maplewood. I guy I know through poultry matters may be able to do some grass cutting in Maplewood if you and Sonia can't do it any longer.

I wonder if this JVB1@prolog.net e-mail address is still valid? Probably it is. Let me know.

Thirteen years ago this Thursday (06-19-1984), I moved to Elkdale from Hendrick Lane. In some respects, it seems like it was 50 years ago.

Your birthday is a summertime event. I can't seem to remember when it is.

Tell me again when it is.

I hope you are well.

4966

Faxed
1006 on
6-16-97

JVB fax number at Harmon's car lot 888-722-5635

How are things?

Have you moved to Indiana?

One of the reasons why I need to know if you've moved is Maplewood. I guy I know through poultry matters may be able to do some grass cutting in Maplewood if you and Sonia can't do it any longer.

I wonder if this JVB1@prolog.net e-mail address is still valid?

Probably it is. Let me know.

Thirteen years ago this Thursday (06-19-1984), I moved to Elkdale from Hendrick Lane. In some respects, it seems like it was 50 years ago.

Your birthday is a summertime event. I can't seem to remember when it is. Tell me again when it is.

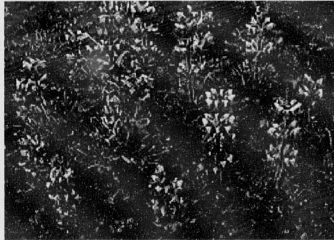
I hope you are well.

SRP: 717-342-7701, ext. 283

4967

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Lupines
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 10:10AM



Wolflike?

4968

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Wolf hairs?
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 11:39AM

lupulin

lupulin (lip'ye-len) noun

Minute yellowish-brown hairs obtained from the strobili of the hop plant, formerly used in medicine as a sedative.
[New Latin lupulus, hop species (diminutive of Latin lupus, hop plant, from lupus, wolf). See LUPINE2 + -IN.]

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Wolf tails
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 11:11AM

Lupines must be so named because of their shape and the manner of their appearance in the overall vertical profile of the garden. The lupine flower stalks do have a way of projecting above the level of most perennial flowers. Given the general greenness of most gardens, the sight of lupine flower stalks, when seen from a distance of about 50 yards, perhaps appeared to some botanist as the erect tails of hypothetical wolves as they moved through fields and thickets. The body of the wolf was not visible, only its tail. This etymological explanation is, of course, conjecture. As far as I know, wolves do not have any direct associations with these flowers. Wolves are not, for example, attracted to them (at least I hope they're not) because of their very unusual pepper-like fragrance.

Lupines, unlike most flowers that have been cut and put in vases, demonstrate recognizable heliotropic behavior. In less than an hour, these flowers, in this highly inorganic ICS world, have oriented themselves toward the strongest light source. They are real survivors.

4969

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Labels
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 2:57PM

What should these labels matter to us? After all, so Iago says, it is a woman's role

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

Othello, act 2, sc. 1, in describing the role of "a deserving woman." Desdemona calls this a "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Well, I'll take pity on the doomed Desdemona and shall lend my hand to this lame task. How about this:

Romulus and Remus were twin sons of Mars. On the spot where they had been rescued from the Tiber, they founded a city (in---according to tradition---753 B.C.). They later quarreled, and Romulus killed Remus. After a long reign Romulus vanished in a thunderstorm; he was thereafter worshiped as the god Quirinus.

I can see on a label for a highly hopped beer a picture of a statue of young Romulus and Remus being nurtured near the banks of the Tiber. The name of such a beer could be (please excuse what must be clumsy syntax) "Pax Lupus."

What do you think?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Labels
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 1:51PM

The day will surely come (Can it be far off?) when "Warner Brewing Enterprises" will embark on the design of appropriate labels to embellish its product line. As such, WBE should perhaps aggressively collect visual materials as label photo possibilities.

Here is an off-the-top-of-my-head possibility for the label on those products that have hops in them. Somewhere on the label, a photo of a lupine flower stalk and/or a wolf might work. Such a label with a photograph of a hops vine on it would be too ordinary and much too obvious a choice as a floral embellishment--if such an embellishment were appropriate and/or desirable. The true connoisseur, for whom the brew in question was designed and created, would surely appreciate the fact that the lupine flower stalk and/or the wolf appeared on the label of the brew with hops in it for the very particular (but not obvious) reason that lupines and Humulus lupulus are both etymologically related to wolves. The wolf photo, in addition, would announce the assertive nature of the hopped brew in the bottle. Every dog, as we know, has its day. But the "dog of the day" seems to be the wolf, especially with its reintroduction into its former habitat in many countries.

Just a couple of possibilities. They could easily end up on the cutting room floor. The important thing is to get the mind focused on label designs.

4970

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Pax Lupus
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 5:28PM

A marketing giant? Reaping great profits? I doubt it...

I respect not his labors, his farm where everything has its price, who would carry the landscape, who would carry his God, to market, if he could get anything for him; who goes to market for his god as it is; on whose farm nothing grows free, whose fields bear no crops, whose meadows no flowers, whose trees no fruits, but dollars. Henry David Thoreau (1817-62), U.S. philosopher, author, naturalist. Walden, "The Ponds" (1854).

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

And doesn't Pax Lupus translate (poorly) as "Peace Wolf?" Shouldn't the translation be "Peace from the She-Wolf" or "The Wolves' Peace" or "Making Peace under the Auspices of the She-Wolf" or "A Peace Associated with the Wolf" or "A Peace Brought about by the Wolf?" Isn't there a more appropriate ending for the Latin word for wolf?

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Pax Lupus
Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 4:37PM

Pax Lupus is exactly right. It's easily pronounced, even by those who have never heard of the Latin language, let alone Romulus and Remus. Consumer to bartender: "Gimme a Pax." or "Yes, I'll have a Pax." or "Yea, I'll have another Lupus." For those who recognize the Latinate quality of the name, such an appellation would conjure up images of the Romans and their imbibitional shenanigans and excesses: "If this is what Cesar and those high-living party-crazed Romans drank, it's what I want to drink." Other consumers would be titillated by the traditional image of the nurturing of Romulus and Remus by the shewolf. The fact that this nurturing took place on the banks of the Tiber provides a nice liquid subtext to the visual scene. The quality product in the bottle would speak for itself to the connoisseur. Well done. I can see a future for you in Marketing.

4971

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Walden
Date: Tuesday, June 17, 1997 10:18AM

We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand. The artist must know the manner whereby to convince others of the truthfulness of his lies.
 Pablo Picasso (1881-1973), Spanish artist. "Picasso Speaks," in *The Arts* (New York, May 1923; repr. in Alfred H. Barr, Jr., *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*, 1946).

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

I've heard that Thoreau's Walden Pond never really existed, at least not as we would fancy it. Apparently---during the time of Thoreau's so-called "exile"---the pond was just as much subject to human encroachment (and the tourism and litter that goes with it) as any American pond or lake is today. After all, the railroad train, that "devilish Iron Horse," ran just by the cabin. Thoreau was never quite alone during his two-year stay at the pond: when not entertaining his frequent guests, he was hanging out in town. (Now and then I think he grew so tired of the sound of crickets late at night---and so longed for the familiar sound of urban sprawl---that he would have jumped at the chance to spend some time in the city, even if in jail. But, of course, that's another story: Civil Disobedience.)

Walden's Pond had---at one time---become severely polluted. However, in the late 1980s and into the 90s, a great popular effort went into cleaning up the pond. Musician Don Henley (the drummer from The Eagles) led an extensive fund-raising campaign for just that purpose. I wouldn't doubt that the woods and pond near Thoreau's cabin are actually in nicer shape today than they were in the 1840s. When I think of Don Henley's efforts and the contributions of so many others, I'm sure that Colleen enjoyed her visit and was treated to a pleasant tour.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Thoreau
Date: Tuesday, June 17, 1997 8:52AM

Thoreau is always interesting.

Walden Pond, or what has become of Walden Pond, still exists, of course--Colleen McGraw visited it last week -b, it Thoreau's Walden Pond exists only on paper (probably in an electronic version also) and there it shall endure in perpetuity (or until we as a civilization annihilate ourselves). I've never been to the 20th century Walden Pond and have no interest in going there. It would be too painful to see what has become of what once was.

In that same regard--and conversely--I'm thinking now about Picasso's celebrated reply to a spectator (maybe it was Gertrude Stein herself) who said that his portrait of Gertrude Stein did not look like Gertrude Stein: "Don't worry," said he, "Gertrude Stein will one day look exactly like my painting" (or words to that effect). And of course Picasso was right.

Three cheers for the human mind.

4972

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: From within MOMA
Date: Tuesday, June 17, 1997 4:04PM

I know a lot of money was shuffled back and forth in the past, but I have to confess that I don't know whether the pond and surrounding woods were actually "restored." I haven't seen nor heard anything about the effort in the past few years. Colleen might be able to shed some light on the success (or failure) of the "Save Walden Pond" campaign.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: From Under a Rock
Date: Tuesday, June 17, 1997 3:06PM

Three cheers for Don Henley and the others who came to the defense of Walden Pond. I'm not very well informed about what's going on "out there." I do remember hearing or reading somewhere--apparently before the clean-up campaign in the late 1980s--a story about the extreme pollution of Walden Pond and the real-estate development schemes swirling about this legendary American body of water. Given that campaign, Walden Pond and environs are, indeed, very probably in better shape today than they were 150 years ago. And that's good news.

That's a good point you make about Thoreau's "exile" in the woods. I distinctly recall thinking, as I read "Walden Pond," that Thoreau did devote a lot of time and energy to thinking and writing about things beyond the pond and life in the woods. [My interest in Thoreau and his "life in the woods" is strong. Following my "flight" from civilization--if that's what New York is--some years ago, I lived for seven years in an abandoned building in the woods.] Thoreau's pond probably became a mythic configuration less than a generation after "Walden Pond" was published--and it has remained that up to and including the present time.

The observation by Picasso about art and truth is wonderful. It's one of those quotations that helps me to keep things in focus when the going gets rough. [Another footnote of a personal nature: During my time in New York, I knew Mrs. Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (widow of the author of "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art," mentioned in your e-mail message) and attended some very nice openings at the Museum of Modern Art as her guest. At the time, a friend of mine was helping Mrs. Barr to establish a professional chronology of her late husband's work in establishing the Museum of Modern Art. As one of Mrs. Barr's dinner guests on one occasion, I remember that she served an especially wonderful pork roast with bay leaves.]

I'm troubled by the fact that Walden Pond was restored and I knew nothing about it. Perhaps I should subscribe to a news magazine?

June 11, 1997

Mr S. Robert Powell
RD1 Box 40
Carbondale, PA 18407

Dear Robert,

Well, I think I finally found my niche in the world, I've been placed into a job that is a "new" position, and in a sense a create your own world environment. (I love it, the power to be god!) I can be reached at the following:

WORK

Career Resources
1801 Smith Street
Suite 500
Logansport, IN 46947

219-722-6652 ext 26
219-753-8619 fax
Internet to come soon

HOME

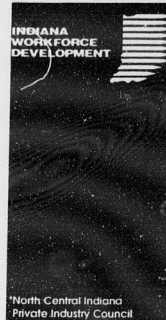
2000 Erie Avenue
Logansport, IN 46947
219-753-8266 (Harmons house)

Tell all hello, and keep the faith.


Sincerely,

John

4973
CR
CAREER RESOURCES



1801 Smith Street
Suite 500
Logansport, IN 46947
Phone: 219-722-6652
FAX: 219-753-8619

4974

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Fill in the blanks
Date: Wednesday, June 18, 1997 3:40PM

The message read: " YOU WATCH TOO MUCH SCI-FI TV, ROBERT."

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Fill in the blanks
Date: Wednesday, June 18, 1997 1:48PM

The badly damaged Interplanetary Personnel Shuttle (IPS) drifted out of control, silently, for three days. In the command module, frantic efforts to establish contact with the wounded IPS were re-doubled. Without a communications link, rescue efforts could not be initiated. In one last desperate effort to establish such a link, Captain Wetherby broadcast into the darkness the coded help message that he and all the others had learned before their departure on this secret mission. The damaged IPS's monitor light in the command module suddenly lit up. In less than 15 seconds, the input monitor in the command module received and decoded a message from the damaged IPS. The message read: " _____."

4975

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Barley Corn
Date: Friday, June 20, 1997 1:48PM

The May 1997 issue of "Barley Corn" is very interesting and informative. May I borrow it for a couple more days?

The barrels of IPA that we shipped to India were pitch lined. OK, I understand the necessity for doing so. But surely the IPA that was produced for the home market was not aged/stored in pitch-lined barrels. If the brewers didn't want the oak flavor, why would they have gone to the trouble to get Memel oak (prized for its neutral flavor profile) from the Baltic states?

Store-bought water would probably produce uninteresting ale. On p. 13 in this issue, I learned that "mineral-laden water produces a beer that is paler, with a cleaner, sharper bitterness."

Original IPA--6.75% alcohol by volume, with 3 to 4 pounds of hops per barrel; 1 to 2 pounds of hops per barrel would be considered a lot today.

"As beer warms up to room temperature, the malt perception steps forward and the hop perception steps back." That is the kind of statement that I find very informative and helpful.

IPAs were called "stock ales" in the nineteenth century.

IPA can be any color from gold to deep copper.

Essential IPA is 6% alcohol by volume, 1061 original gravity (I'm not sure I understand what this means; what is the original gravity of tap water) and with 45 bittering units (I'm sure I don't understand what this means). IPA is a high-gravity beer.

A day trip to the Brooklyn Brewery (see "Bay Schooner" insert in 5/97 "Barley Corn") would be an interesting thing to do.

4976

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Barley Corn
Date: Friday, June 20, 1997 4:08PM

Keep the paper as long as you like. (I would just like a chance to read that IPA article. I only briefly looked at it, and it seems like a very thorough treatment of the subject.)

Some comments:

"The barrels of IPA that we shipped to India were pitch lined. OK, I understand the necessity for doing so. But surely the IPA that was produced for the home market was not aged/stored in pitch-lined barrels. If the brewers didn't want the oak flavor, why would they have gone to the trouble to get Memel oak (prized for its neutral flavor profile) from the Baltic states?"

I don't understand your questions. Was there much of a "home market" for IPA during its development as a unique style of beer? In fact, to be called an IPA, wouldn't a beer have to get brewed specifically for shipment overseas? Regarding oak casks, I imagine that the durable (or workable?) oak was simply the choice of the coopersmith. The brewers' emphasis on procuring oak that had a neutral (that is, "weak") oak flavor seems to show that they were interested in "not" having a noticeable oak character "infect" their beer bound for India.

"Store-bought water would probably produce uninteresting ale. On p. 13 in this issue, I learned that 'mineral-laden water produces a beer that is paler, with a cleaner, sharper bitterness'."

After reading all the opinions off the Internet, you must know by now that any such sweeping notion regarding the mineral content of brewing water is probably an oversimplification. (There's a limited number of factors involved in brewing: only four ingredients, certain temperature ranges, and timing. But possible outcomes surly number into the thousands. Some ales brewed under certain conditions at certain temperatures and with certain ingredients may indeed be made paler and/or more bitter by the addition of brewing salts. But another, different ale---brewed elsewhere---may actually suffer because of the water's hardness.)

"Original IPA--6.75% alcohol by volume, with 3 to 4 pounds of hops per barrel; 1 to 2 pounds of hops per barrel would be considered a lot today."

For certain modern breeds of hops, the level of bitterness (measured in---believe it or not---international bittering units, or IBUs) can be much higher than the level associated with most British hops. Considering how bitter some American hop varieties are---varieties such as Cascades and Nuggets---I suspect that many modern IPAs may actually be "hoppier" than original IPAs (even though these modern brews are made with less pounds of hop flowers.)

"As beer warms up to room temperature, the malt perception steps forward and the hop perception steps back.' That is the kind of statement that I find very informative and helpful."

Hop character---at least in terms of aroma and flavor---comes from some kind of volatile chemical stuff. That is, the character actually seems to evaporate away as a beer warms. Bitterness from hops added early in brewing, however, tends to stick with the beer.

"IPAs were called 'stock ales' in the nineteenth century."

Penn's Brewery makes a fine Stock Ale that I believe is brewed to deliberately conform to this early distinction. However, I think many other breweries tend to use the word "stock" more indiscriminately, like "stock" is a synonym for "private stock" or "special."

"IPA can be any color from gold to deep copper."
 Who cares? (It ain't for lookin' at.)

"Essential IPA is 6% alcohol by volume, 1061 original gravity (I'm not sure I understand what this means; what is

4977

the original gravity of tap water) and with 45 bittering units (I'm sure I don't understand what this means). IPA is a high-gravity beer.'

The specific gravity of a fluid merely refers to how many times heavier or lighter the fluid is than water. (To be precise, specific gravity of a fluid is the ratio of the mass of the fluid to the mass of an equal volume of distilled water at 39°F under prescribed conditions of temperature and pressure.) Measured to the precision necessary in brewing, tap water would have a specific gravity of 1 to 1 (or simply 1).

Simply put, a liquid will have a high specific gravity if it has a lot of stuff (denser than water) suspended throughout its volume. In a wort (the concoction before the yeast is put in), much of this "stuff" takes the form of fermentable sugars. Brewmasters use a hydrometer to check the specific gravity of the wort (the original gravity, or OG) and then they compare this reading with a measurement taken at bottling time (the finished gravity, or FG, of the beer). These measurements are used to ensure that the beer matches a profile derived from the measurements of previous batches or of some prototype. A large difference between OG and FG indicates that a lot of fermentable sugars were converted to carbon dioxide and alcohol during the brewing process.

Saying that an IPA should ideally have an OG of 1061 is truly meaningful only to a brewmaster. It's like saying "If you want to make a beer like this beer here that has an OG of 1061, you should make a beer that has an OG of 1061." You could think of it in terms of trying to match the stock number of a color hue on a car. As an individual consumer, you wouldn't really care if the shade of blue on your Ford Escort exactly matched the shade #245-1a for that production model and year. It would still be a Ford, and you may even greatly prefer the unique color. But for interchangeability of parts and for consistency, the manufacturer of the cars would be very concerned about exact matches.

The bittering units (IBU rating) serves a similar purpose: it essentially allows comparisons and contrasts across batches and styles. A beer hopped to a level of 45 IBUs will be noticeably more bitter than a beer hopped to a level of 15 IBUs. Once more, though, for an individual consumer and an individual beer, such things are entirely a matter of individual taste, and referencing a standardized scale serves little purpose. (By the way, there's even such a scale for describing the relative darkness of a beer: the numerical Lovibond scale.)

"A day trip to the Brooklyn Brewery (see 'Bay Schooner' insert in 5/97 'Barley Corn') would be an interesting thing to do."

That is correct.

4978

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: everyone
Subject: Lunch
Date: Friday, June 20, 1997 10:22AM

Wearing my best threadbare hand-me-downs and fortified by the splendid industrial-strength, everywhere-nowhere, high-style sleaze of the non-decor of Q's, I shall partake, at mid of day, of the many gastronomic pleasures available at Q's extensive Chinese and American buffet. Already I can taste the Chicken Teriyaki and the Singapore Noodles. Join me, if you would like to.



925 Oak Street Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515 (717) 342-7701

4979

TO: All Employees

FROM: Scott Klenk, Vice President, Human Resources

DATE: June 20, 1997

SUBJECT: ALL EMPLOYEE MEETING

There will be an all employee meeting on Wednesday, June 25, 1997 at 10:30 a.m. It will be held at Genetti Manor, 1505 North Main Avenue, Dickson City.

The executives of Harcourt Brace will be presenting an overview of the company. There may also be time for a question and answer period following the presentation. In light of this, I am asking that if you have any questions you submit them, in writing, to my attention by noon on Tuesday.

Attached is Volume 1, Issue 1 of the *transitions@hbc* newsletter, which will focus on the progress of combining Harcourt Brace and NEC.

Dress for the day will be business casual.

We are looking forward to seeing you all there.

transitions@hbc



As you know, we recently announced that Harcourt

General completed

an agreement to acquire National Education Corporation (NEC) and that our intention is to combine its operations with those of Harcourt Brace & Company. Harcourt Brace is a diverse, global publishing organization committed to the quality and integrity of our products and services and to market leadership in growth and profitability. We are very excited about the potential for the NEC businesses, as industry leaders in their own right, and in combination with the many talented people and tremendous worldwide resources available at Harcourt Brace.

The combined talents and enthusiastic contributions of over 6,000 employees around the world are critical to our future successes. By bringing these two successful companies together we are continuing along a strategic path to position Harcourt Brace as the preeminent publishing and information company providing learning

anytime, anywhere to students, educators, professionals, and consumers around the globe.

More important than the completion of the legal and financial requirements of merging corporate organizations is the challenge of transitioning and integrating the operations and cultures of different businesses. We know this is never easy and that it is often overlooked as a key to the success of any strategic combination. I promise you that we will do our best to make this process as open and as interactive as possible.

Therefore, a key element of our transition effort will be to make available to our employees honest, relevant information. Through meetings with Harcourt management, voice mail, e-mail, and a variety of other communications avenues, we will keep you abreast of important transition issues as well as provide an outlet for your questions and comments.

This newsletter, *transitions@hbc*, will focus on the progress of combining Harcourt Brace and NEC. This will be

further supplemented through our Web site and "hotline" that will proactively provide information as well as respond to frequently asked questions (FAQ).

Your feedback is meaningful. Let us know how to best take advantage of the opportunities between our two great companies. Constructive criticism is always welcome. I ask that you join with me and your new colleagues at Harcourt in making this a successful transition into an exciting future for Harcourt/NEC.

**Brian J. Knez, President and CEO,
Harcourt Brace and Company**

inside

Harcourt General Announcement	2
The Transition Process	3
Overview of HBC	4
Overview of NEC	5
Success Through a Merger	6
Frequently Asked Questions	7
News and Information	8

4981

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Cheryl McDonald; Donna Shotto; Jason Weber; Joe Rutledge; Karl Williams; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine; Robert Powell; Sheila Baress; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: RE: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 9:36AM

↓
2 Under the spreading chestnut tree
I sold you and you sold me:
There lie they, and here lie we
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

George Orwell (1903-50), British author. Popular song in Nineteen Eighty-Four, pt. 1, ch. 7, and passim (1949).

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

↓
① From: Jason Weber
To: Cheryl McDonald; Donna Shotto; Joe Rutledge; Karl Williams; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine; Paul Warner; Robert Powell; Sheila Baress; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 8:55AM

(Reference p.6 from the "Harcourt is our Friend" packet we all got today--it's actually p.7)

10. Concentrate on what's going right.
Be thankful we're not reverting back to a Feudal system. Sure, you're bought and sold like peasant workers, but that's really none of your concern.

9. Become a change agent.
Hmm, do I get my secret decoder ring and black sunglasses?

8. Look for things you can suggest or do yourself that will help the merger process.
"I love Big Brother I love Big Brother I love Big Brother" (repeat until dead)

7. Use the merger as an opportunity for growth by setting some new goals for yourself.
Translation: we're going to work you even harder than your last masters.

6. Keep doing your job by trying harder and staying focused.
A. see 7. above.
B. Ignore the cameras, the vermin in the cafeteria, that guy with the whip, and all our sinister schemes. Keep typing.

5. Embrace the challenge and live optimistically.
Custer's last words (if Custer had attended one too many management motivation seminars).

4. Be enthusiastic about what is happening by not letting the bad news drive the good news away.
A. We're not lying to you! It's the Jewish-run media that's spreading false information. Everything's a-ok.
-or-
B. The fact that we're taking away your health care pales in comparison to the fact that all our executives got new offices. Rejoice, hallelujah!
-or-

4982

C. See no evil, hear no evil . . .

3. Get to know the other company.

"He who fights monsters must beware, lest a monster he becomes. And if for a long time you stare in the Abyss, the Abyss also stares into you."

2. Practice good stress management techniques to cope with the changes.

Soma will be available upon swiping in and out of the building. (Brave New World reference)

1. Use your sense of humor to keep things in perspective.

Done.

4983

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Jason Weber; Cheryl McDonald; Donna Shotto; Joe Rutledge; Karl Williams; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine; Paul Warner; Sheila Baress; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: RE: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 10:16AM

The literary reference by Paul Warner to George Orwell in response to Jason's memo has caused me to think about a behavioral mode (e.g., how to come through a merger) advocated by Voltaire, who concludes "Candide, ou l'optimisme" with the following paragraphs:

"There is [said Pangloss] a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle by the backside for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not travelled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

From: Jason Weber
To: Cheryl McDonald; Donna Shotto; Joe Rutledge; Karl Williams; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine; Paul Warner; Robert Powell; Sheila Baress; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 8:55AM

(Reference p.6 from the "Harcourt is our Friend" packet we all got today--it's actually p.7)

10. Concentrate on what's going right.

Be thankful we're not reverting back to a Feudal system. Sure, you're bought and sold like peasant workers, but that's really none of your concern.

9. Become a change agent.

Hmm, do I get my secret decoder ring and black sunglasses?

8. Look for things you can suggest or do yourself that will help the merger process.

"I love Big Brother I love Big Brother I love Big Brother" (repeat until dead)

7. Use the merger as an opportunity for growth by setting some new goals for yourself.

Translation: we're going to work you even harder than your last masters.

6. Keep doing your job by trying harder and staying focused.

A. see 7. above.

B. Ignore the cameras, the vermin in the cafeteria, that guy with the whip, and all our sinister schemes. Keep typing.

5. Embrace the challenge and live optimistically.

Custer's last words (if Custer had attended one too many management motivation seminars).

4. Be enthusiastic about what is happening by not letting the bad news drive the good news away.

A. We're not lying to you! It's the Jewish-run media that's spreading false information. Everything's a-ok.

-or-

B. The fact that we're taking away your health care pales in comparison to the fact that all our executives got new offices. Rejoice, hallelujah!

4984

-or-

C. See no evil, hear no evil . . .

3. Get to know the other company.

"He who fights monsters must beware, lest a monster he becomes. And if for a long time you stare in the Abyss, the Abyss also stares into you."

2. Practice good stress management techniques to cope with the changes.

Soma will be available upon swiping in and out of the building. (Brave New World reference)

1. Use your sense of humor to keep things in perspective.

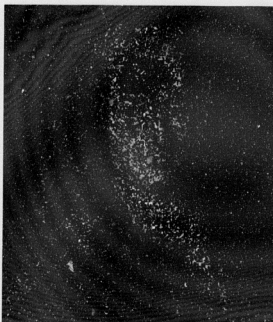
Done.

4985

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 10:46AM

"If we do not find anything very pleasant, at least we shall find something new."



François Voltaire
Culver Pictures, Inc.™

(1694-1778), French philosopher, author.
Cacambo, in *Candide*, ch. 17 (1759),
on journeying downriver into unknown country.

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Cheryl McDonald; Donna Shotto; Jason Weber; Joe Rutledge; Karl Williams; Laurie Dempsey; Marty Devine;
Paul Warner; Sheila Baress; Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: RE: Top Ten Ways to Successfully Come Through a Merger
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 10:16AM

The literary reference by Paul Warner to George Orwell in response to Jason's memo has caused me to think about a behavioral mode (e.g., how to come through a merger) advocated by Voltaire, who concludes "*Candide*, ou l'optimisme" with the following paragraphs:

"There is [said Pangloss] a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle by the backside for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not travelled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

4986

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: A Clearer View
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 11:41AM

Here.



François Marie Arouet de
Voltaire
Culver Pictures, Inc.

4987

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Good Things
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 4:08PM

Mead is good. Good mead is great.

Precision and authenticity---of course these are admirable, noble pursuits. But the standards for our taxonomies help only in the awarding of artificial medals, as in the Best of Breed in a dog show. A dalmatian, you see, is black and white. But if a particular dalmatian were purple and green, would this make it a bad dog? Are all the other black-and-white dalmatians necessarily "better" dogs because of this color variance? Does an India pale ale need to be a certain color or have a certain bitterness or start from a certain specific gravity or be dark to a certain degree to be a very good beer? Certainly not. A very dark, mildly bitter IPA could still be far and away a superior product. It could be perfect. A purple-and-green dalmatian could be the best damn dalmatian in all of creation: a perfect dog, the star of any show.

Black and white---why, such distinctions help only when you're sitting around defining the norms.

When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with such applause in the lecture room,
 How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and
 sick;
 Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by
 myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to
 time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.
 Walt Whitman (1819-92), U.S. poet. When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer.

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Filters
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 3:37PM

Is it an uncontrollable tendency to be hyperbolic? Am I an inveterate gilder of lilies? Is it an out-of-control wish to be precise and authentic? Probably, yes, yes, and yes.

Your points are well taken.

Aesthetic appreciation is, I'm sure, inseparable from the notion of individual response. "The Beautiful and Damned," or any other work of art or object to be appreciated for its "fineness" (e.g., a garden, a bottle of mead) must be seen in relationship to a spatially and temporally situated spectator/appreciator. A work of art such as "The Beautiful and Damned" is always the same, yet it is always different because the spectator and the spectator's life experience are always different. Ten identical bottles of a liquid called "mead" (having met the necessary criteria to be validly regarded as mead), when drunk at the rate of one bottle per month by the same person, would all be "different."

Because they are all, at the same time, autonomous and aesthetic, all works of art are, it can be argued, equal, which does not mean, however, that some works of art can't be greater than/superior to others. By the same token, all bottles of mead, say, are equal, even though some bottles of mead are better than/ superior to others.

My interest in "criteria" is a consequence, perhaps, of my years in academia. At the same time, I have a clear interest in separating the authentic from the inauthentic.

4988

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 1:58PM

These criteria---bitterness levels, measurements of specific gravity, and degrees of darkness---do they indeed clarify what is meant by "superior?"

I say, "No." For an individual, for that single individual who tastes or touches or merely gazes at the glass, it is the individual encounter that makes the lasting impression. It is a personal and private matter---this notion of superiority. If he gives an honest effort, an individual's assessment will defy strict formulas and these ratings on a standardized scale. Such ratings are only for production control. They are for the breeders of dogs and the givers of lectures.

Then, exactly where do we find the criteria for a "superior" product? With a certain flower, Anders Dahl may insist that the bloom must match some particular hue agreed upon as representative of that species of flower. Under these terms, petals that are black may be accounted freakish, and the flower seen as deviating from the ideal. Yet, imagine how such a flower may be appreciated by one enjoying a walk in the garden.

When we set out to enjoy a garden, a gooseberry tart, or a bottle of beer, I think we too often confound ourselves with the criteria and definitions of experts. To be sure, they are all experts in their fields. But I wonder if their expertise makes them experts on what is meant by "superior." I think not. They are, rather, experts in defining the norm.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Clarity
Date: Monday, June 23, 1997 12:32PM

Voltaire has surfaced, on my Gateway monitor, from his former quasi-subaqueous and uncharacteristically imprecise state into the pellucid and enlightened clarity of day. Merci.

Merci, as well, for the amplification (via e-mail last Friday) on the subject of water in the brewing of IPA. I continue to focus on the subject of water in the brewing of beer because I recognize (I hope) the importance of raw materials of the highest quality in the creation of anything, be it a bottle of beer, an intellectual perspective, or a gooseberry tart.

The fact that there are such things as determinations of IBUs, numerical ratings on the Lovibond scale, and comparisons between original gravity and finished gravity--among other such calculations along the way--in the brewing of beer is, at the same time, not surprising (at least to me it's not) and wonderful. In evaluating anything, it's important to be able to identify the criteria that are used to arrive at the conclusion that that "anything" is, for example, superior.

Here is a copy of a mesmerizing waltzing text that arrived on my JUNO mail. As a cyberperson, I think you will enjoy the ride.

[illegible]

(O' x_ (O x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O x_ (O x_ (O x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x (O x_ (O x_ (OIO) _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x xO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O x_ (O x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O x_ (O x_ (O x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (OLO) _xxO) _xxO) _xx
 x (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x xO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ xxO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (OOO) _xxO) _xxO) _xx
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x xO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (OVO) _xxO) _xxO) _xx
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x xO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x xO) _xxO) _xxO) _
 _ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ _xxO) _xxO) _xxO)
 O' x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ () _xxO) _xxO) _xxO
 x (O' x_ (O' x_ (OOO) _xxO) _xxO) _xx
 x_ (O' x_ (O' x_ (O' xO) _xxO) _xxO) _x

[illegible]

xxxxxxxxxe
xxxxxxxxxe
xxxxxxxxxe

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

4996

iiiiYoU Are LOVED
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
YoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVED
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
YoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVED
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
YoU Are LOVEDiiii
iYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiYoU Are LOVEDiiii
iiiYoU Are LOVEDiii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDii
iiiiYoU Are LOVEDi
iiiiYoU Are LOVED

```

xS
xS
xS
xS
x ST
x STo
x SToP
x SToP B
x SToP Be
x SToP BeG
x SToP BeGG
x SToP BeGGi
x SToP BeGGiN
x SToP BeGGiN M
x SToP BeGGiN Me
x SToP BeGGiN Me T
x SToP BeGGiN Me To
x SToP BeGGiN Me To S
x SToP BeGGiN Me To ST
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STO
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To ST
x SToP BeGGiN Me To S
x SToP BeGGiN Me To
x SToP BeGGiN Me T
x SToP BeGGiN Me
x SToP BeGGiN M
x SToP BeGGiN
x SToP BeGGi
x SToP BeGG
x SToP BeG
x SToP Be
x SToP B

```

4998

x SToP
x STo
x ST
x S
xS
xS
xS
xS
x S
x S
x ST
x STo
x SToP
x SToP B
x SToP Be
x SToP BeG
x SToP BeGG
x SToP BeGGi
x SToP BeGGiN
x SToP BeGGiN M
x SToP BeGGiN Me
x SToP BeGGiN Me T
x SToP BeGGiN Me To
x SToP BeGGiN Me To S
x SToP BeGGiN Me To ST
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STO
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP!
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STOP
x SToP BeGGiN Me To STO
x SToP BeGGiN Me To ST
x SToP BeGGiN Me To S
x SToP BeGGiN Me To
x SToP BeGGiN Me T
x SToP BeGGiN Me
x SToP BeGGiN M
x SToP BeGGiN
x SToP BeGGi
x SToP BeGG
x SToP BeG
x SToP Be
x SToP B
x SToP
x STo
x ST
x S
xS
>>

6/23

4999

mm
m 28th

Uncle Robert

Call

Karl

433-3719

Harris

called at

(9:11) am

5000

June 24, 1997

Dear Donald:

Grandma, your father, Griswold, and I are **VERY**
PROUD of you and your

EXTRAORDINARY

accomplishments in school this past year! It is **truly**

wonderful that you earned **straight A's** for the
entire school year!

Griswold and I have decided that you should have a present to
reward you for your success. Griswold and I talked over the matter
for some time. Initially, Griswold insisted that **two or three**
dead mice would be a nice present. After considerable
discussion (and a little growling and scratching), however,
Griswold **finally** agreed that you might like to have a
photograph of Benjamin Franklin on green paper.

So, here is our present.

Love,

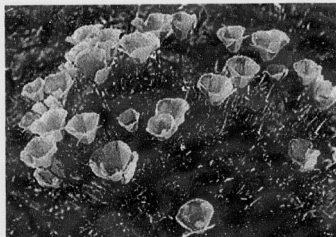
Griswold and **Uncle Robert**

5001

Robert Powell

2
↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: employee meeting notice
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 10:28AM

That is very well put, but let us cultivate our garden.



From: Jim Lytle
To: everyone
Subject: employee meeting notice
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 8:45AM

1
↓
I hope everyone has taken the time to read through the employee meeting notice. There's a lot of good information in the package.

I'd particularly recommend reading page 6. This is an excerpt from a series of booklets put out by Price Pritchett. It's a good philosophy of life in general and relationships with others besides being applicable to Mergers and Acquisitions.

5002

Robert Powell

4
↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: One Can Fare Worse
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 12:15PM

I agree. I wish I was eternally damned like Sisyphus. Although he "is" damned, condemned to labor forever in the lowest depths of HELL; although that once proud king---now cursed and forgotten---can never find his peace; at least he doesn't have to read any of Price Pritchett's priceless gems such as these:

"Keep doing your job by trying harder and staying focused." (#2 in the Top Ten Ways to Success)

"Use your sense of humor to keep things in perspective." (#1).

(I guess one can fare worse than being eternally damned like Sisyphus.)

3
↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Stronger than a rock
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 11:38AM

The electronic California poppies are beautiful.

Thoughts of Voltaire and Candide have led me to think about "The Myth of Sisyphus" and Albert Camus. In that text, Camus states:

"... The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor.

... Myths are made for the imagination to breathe life into them. As for this myth, one sees merely the whole effort of a body straining to raise the huge stone, to roll it and push it up a slope a hundred times over; one sees the face screwed up, the cheek tight against the stone, the shoulder bracing the clay-covered mass, the foot wedging it, the fresh start with arms outstretched, the wholly human security of two earth-clotted hands. At the very end of his long effort measured by skyless space and time without depth, the purpose is achieved. Then Sisyphus watches the stone rush down in a few moments toward the lower world whence he will have to push it up again toward the summit. He goes back down to the plain.

It is during that return, that pause, that Sisyphus interests me. A face that toils so close to stones is already stone itself! I see that man going back down with a heavy yet measured step toward the torment to which he will never know the end. That hour like a breathing-space which returns as surely as his suffering, that is the hour of consciousness. At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks toward the lairs of the gods, he is superior to his fate. He is stronger than his rock.

... His [Sisyphus'] fate belongs to him. His rock is his thing. Likewise, the absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, silences all the idols. In the universe suddenly restored to its silence, the myriad wondering little voices of the earth rise up. Unconscious, secret calls, invitations from all the faces they are the necessary reverse and price of victory. There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night. The absurd man says yes and his effort will henceforth be unceasing. If there is a personal fate, there is no higher destiny, or at least there is but one which he concludes is inevitable and despicable. For the rest, he knows himself to be the master of his days. At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning toward his rock, in that slight pivoting he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which becomes his fate, created by him, combined under his memory's eye and soon sealed by his death. Thus, convinced of the

5003

wholly human origin of all that is human, a blind man eager to see who knows that the night has no end, he is still on the go. The rock is still rolling.

I leave Sisyphus at the foot of the mountain! One always finds one's burden again. But Sisyphus reaches the higher fidelity that negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well. This universe henceforth without a master seems to him neither sterile nor futile. Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that nightfilled mountain, in itself forms a world. The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

5014

Robert Powell

6
↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: What Price Chicken Shit?
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 3:12PM

In fact, it probably is an accident that Price Pritchett and Moses each delivered a list of ten. Price Pritchett, I believe, would steer clear of biblical allusion (I'm sure he thinks the bible to be "dangerously subversive literature").

Now, David Letterman features a recurring Top Ten List on his talk show. It is probably the popularity of good-humored Dave's list that so impressed Pritchett.

The Top Ten Ways to Enjoy Prison Rape does have an oozing, sticky, self-righteous, sanctimonious attitude about it. But what really gets me is the utter uselessness of the advice: concentrate on what's going right, live optimistically, practice good stress management techniques, keep things in perspective---no shit, Pritchett.

The executives at Harcourt Brace must think we're a pack of neurotic lemmings if they believe we really need this claptrap. And what kind of name is Price Pritchett, anyway? It sounds like the name of a game-show host.

The most disturbing thing about this whole transitions@hbc newsletter concept is that the stuff is actually being circulated. I'm reminded of the soft, cooing sounds one might make to a panicky hen just before dropping down the ax on its neck.

claptrap (klàp'tràp') noun
Pretentious, insincere, or empty language. See synonyms at BOMBAST.

[Obsolete claptrap, a theatrical trick to win applause : CLAP1 + TRAP1.]

chicken shit Obscene. noun
Contemptibly petty, insignificant nonsense.

adjective
1. Contemptibly unimportant; petty.
2. Cowardly; afraid.

The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

5
↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Aux barricades!
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 2:08PM

I can't seem to put my finger on what it is that is so galling about Price Pritchett and his "Top Ten Ways. . ." For starters, though, I am put off by the oozing, sticky, self-righteous, sanctimonious attitude that seems to permeate the entire text. It's the I've-been-there-and-I-know-I'm-right posturing that he does as he speaks "ex cathedra" that is hard for me to swallow. It's no accident, I'm sure, that there are, in his proclamation, TEN ways to come through a merger. Are these the NEW and SECULAR Ten Commandments? The biblical Ten Commandments are not troubling, but Pritchett's ten are troubling. To protest, we should all wear dark glasses to the meeting tomorrow, and maybe even stick unfiltered cigarettes behind our ears.

5005

Robert Powell

7
↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: And One Other Thing...
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 3:24PM

What can one possibly hope to accomplish by "telling" somebody that he or she should develop a sense of humor? (see #1 on the list)

Is there any surer way to sour somebody's disposition?

5006

Robert Powell

8
↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: "If this be war. . ."
Date: Tuesday, June 24, 1997 4:22PM

You're right.

Pritchett's preachings would perhaps be useful in self-help groups for non-self-actualized prepubescents. For those among us who are no longer 13, however, such claptrap (very interesting etymology) is impossible to swallow. Are we being prepped for a march to the scaffold? Are we about to be ensnared by an insidious request that we lay down our arms? If so, we must arm ourselves with the dicta of Machiavelli and know, among other things, that "he will prosper most whose mode of acting best adapts itself to the character of the times."

5007

Robert Powell

From: Carl Albright
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Beach Dreams
Date: Thursday, June 19, 1997 11:31AM

----- Surf's up, dude! -----
----- Like, tubular, man. -----
----- Gnarly! -----

Anchored for the Night in a City of Keys

The earth below
has turned to water,
and wild monkeys
scream of the distance.

Surrounded by falling stars and
other images without focus,
we wait strapped down and floating
on tiny moonlit waves.

The world below
has turned to water,
and crickets on the islands
sing monkeys to sleep.

From: Robert Powell
To: Carl Albright
Subject: Beach Dreams
Date: Thursday, June 19, 1997 11:14AM

The breeze from over the water seems very fresh this morning.
The sea gulls are floating effortlessly above the hot sand and the surf.
Not many tourists yet. It's early in the season, however. They'll come. They always do.
Lobster--or maybe scallops-- for lunch would be nice.
What is real? What is imagined?
To know, one must dive beneath the waves.

11:30 A.M. departure?.

5008

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Sighting
Date: Wednesday, June 25, 1997 5:00PM

That's a good dog.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Sighting
Date: Wednesday, June 25, 1997 4:37PM

I think I saw a purple and green dalmation on the way back from the Harcourt meeting.

5009

Robert Powell

↓
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Focusing
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 11:28AM

②
The review of how the newly acquired International Corresponding Schools (ICS) will fit into our overall business structure has been completed. After much careful consideration, we at Harcourt General Incorporated have decided to shift full responsibility for the publishing of all in-house ICS products to the more experienced and better staffed Product Development team of The Psychological Corporation (TPC). In the past, the management and employees of TPC have demonstrated an unwavering corporate commitment to excellence and market dominance. The shift in responsibilities is part of our ongoing attempt to leverage our strengths in this new era of growth and development. (After all, a "wheel" with too many redundant "spokes" may be knocked out of "balance" and get really "wobbly." It may even cause a terrible "accident" costing thousands and thousands of "dollars.") Of course, the employees in the former ICS Product Development department will be given first consideration for any openings in telemarketing, which will now be the primary function of that company in Scranton. Former employees from the defunct Product Development department who cannot be placed in new positions as telemarketers will be given an extra blue T-shirt and asked to leave company premises in a careful and orderly fashion. I also ask that everyone join me in celebrating this new and exciting direction for Harcourt/TPC.

Sincerely,
Jim Levy
President of the Group

↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Focusing
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 9:56AM

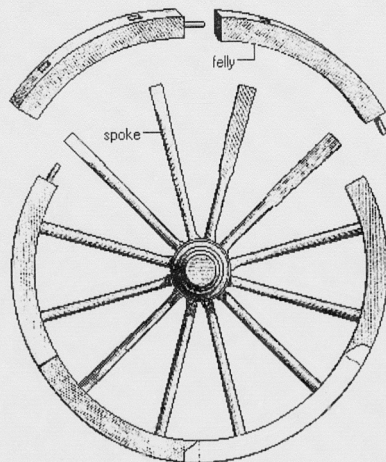
①
Yesterday was one of those days when things would not remain in focus. I couldn't even jump-start my "self" with massive doses of Wagner at full volume. The "strange" purple and green dalmation e-mail of late yesterday afternoon was a probe, albeit carefully aimed, into cyberspace to try to determine if there were any other human beings "out there." I was/am pleased to re-learn that there are.

Even though the fluidity of the Harcourt presentation yesterday could have been better, it strikes me that we are in good hands with our new bosses. They are way beyond/much above that silly merger memo that was distributed. The big guy himself is, I think, very impressive.

5010

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Fellies
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 2:22PM



Redundant spokes in the corporate wheel. How about redundant fellies? The "felly" (which the spell check on my computer suggests is incorrectly spelled) of a wheel is the exterior rim or a segment of the rim of a wheel supported by the spokes. Since "felly" is derived from the Old English "fealg" (piece of plowed land), I am inclined to think that "felly" (or "felloe") refers specifically to a segment of the rim of a wheel.

Will ICS's product development department be phased out/abolished/assimilated? I think we're safe. ICS is profitable, and hopefully Harcourt will not mess with success/"will not fix it because it is not broken." The future for such entities as MicroMash (spelling?), on the other hand, seems less secure, given the existence of the Harcourt subsidiary Archipelago (?), whose primary focus is online instruction.

5011

↓
④ **Robert Powell**

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Fellies
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 3:14PM

Harcourt's corporate wheels surely are turning, and their heavy, coarse fellies will make micromash out of ANYTHING that's in the way.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Fellies
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 2:22PM

<<Static Object: Bitmap>>

Redundant spokes in the corporate wheel. How about redundant fellies? The "felly" (which the spell check on my computer suggests is incorrectly spelled) of a wheel is the exterior rim or a segment of the rim of a wheel supported by the spokes. Since "felly" is derived from the Old English "fealg" (piece of plowed land), I am inclined to think that "felly" (or "felloe") refers specifically to a segment of the rim of a wheel.

Will ICS's product development department be phased out/abolished/assimilated? I think we're safe. ICS is profitable, and hopefully Harcourt will not mess with success/"will not fix it because it is not broken." The future for such entities as MicroMash (spelling?), on the other hand, seems less secure, given the existence of the Harcourt subsidiary Archipelago (?), whose primary focus is online instruction.

Robert Powell

↓
⑤

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Part or Whole?
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 3:42PM

Or would it be more accurate to say, "a piece of land that has been plowed?" That is, does the Old English *fealg* actually refer to a parcel of land bearing *furrows* (furrows similar to those ruts that would be left by the continuous impression of a revolving wheel rim)?

Think of the possibly related Old High German word *feld* from which we most likely get our word *field*. And what about the Middle English *fel*, from Old Norse *fell*, *fjall* (mountain, hill)? Or what about *fellah* from the Arabic? (A *fellah*, as I'm sure you know, is a peasant or agricultural laborer in an Arab country.) Are you sure the concept of "segment" or "piece" should be typically associated with the word *felly*? I think that the practice of using complicated jointed segments to craft the rim of a wheel evolved some time after the words for referring to the rim itself. I think maybe rims were called *fellies* "before" segmented rims existed.

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 2:22PM

<<Static Object: Bitmap>>

Redundant spokes in the corporate wheel. How about redundant *fellies*? The "*felly*" (which the spell check on my computer suggests is incorrectly spelled) of a wheel is the exterior rim or a segment of the rim of a wheel supported by the spokes. Since "*felly*" is derived from the Old English "*fealg*" (piece of plowed land), I am inclined to think that "*felly*" (or "*felloe*") refers specifically to a segment of the rim of a wheel.

Will ICS's product development department be phased out/abolished/assimilated? I think we're safe. ICS is profitable, and hopefully Harcourt will not mess with success/"will not fix it because it is not broken." The future for such entities as MicroMash (spelling?), on the other hand, seems less secure, given the existence of the Harcourt subsidiary Archipelago (?), whose primary focus is online instruction.

5013

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: Flintstones
Date: Friday, June 27, 1997 9:33AM

Yabba-dabba-doo.

(Dino: Greek deinós, monstrous)

From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: Flintstones
Date: Friday, June 27, 1997 9:13AM

If I am to believe what I see on "The Flintstones," the first wheels were probably stones that were connected with axles of wood. Then probably came solid wooden disks that were made from cross sections of giant trees. Someone then probably had the idea of attaching a rim (animal skin, wooden bands, metal strips) to the circumference of the wooden disk to order to get greater "mileage" from the wheel. These first "rims" were probably called "fellyes." Then came segmented rims, with an outer rim attached, and spokes. So, yes, I think I can support your argument that rims were probably called "fellyes" before segmented rims came into existence.

For many years, I had the impression that my etymological knowledge was in good order. In recent years, however, I frequently find myself standing on etymological quicksand. Hopefully that suggests that I am ascending from one learning plateau to the next. Put your shoulder to that rock, Robert, and get it to the top of that mountain so that it can roll back down to the plain.

5014

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Vince Bonavoglia
Subject: RE: Viva la Bizarre! #2
Date: Friday, June 27, 1997 1:57PM

My heart goes out to the 80-year old grandmother and her 13 opium poppy plants and to the 500 dead chickens in Tokyo. May all 513 of them rest in peace.

I'm delighted that that dolt who caused an accident while answering a cellular phone was fined \$7 million. People who talk on the phone and drive at the same time, like people who back their vehicles into public roadways, should, I think, always be considered guilty if an accident takes place when they are doing so, regardless of the circumstances.

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 26 Jun 1997 16:29:14 , page 1

5015

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: Paul-Warner-ICS@juno.com
Subject: Stuff source
X-Status: New

The waltzing text of a couple of days ago came to me from my Napa Valley teacher friend, who has an IMMENSE appetite for cyberthings. Sometimes he gets forty or fifty e-mail messages a day. He is NEVER out of reach of his network--cell phone to the beach, and so on. Enough is enough, I would say.

Juno e-mail printed Thu, 26 Jun 1997 16:12:59 , page 1

From: paul-warner-ics@juno.com (Paul Warner)
Return-path: <paul-warner-ics@juno.com>
To: silasrobert@juno.com
Date: Tue, 24 Jun 1997 13:41:05 -0400
Subject: Re: Waltzing text
Message-ID: <19970624.134106.22302.0.Paul-Warner-ICS@juno.com>
References: <19970624.084054.3414.0.silasrobert@juno.com>
X-Status: Replied
X-Mailer: Juno 1.38

Where do get all this stuff?

5016

Juno e-mail printed Mon, 30 Jun 1997 10:25:59 , page 1

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: Susan <newyorker@ezaccess.net>
Fcc: Sent
Date: Fri, 27 Jun 1997 10:40:02 -0700
Subject: Botanical hedonism
Message-ID: <19970627.104005.3582.0.silasrobert@juno.com>
X-Status: Sent
X-Mailer: Juno 1.38

The opulence, in recent days, of peonies (white, pink, magenta), iris (in about 10 colors), and oriental poppies (orange, red, pink, white) has overwhelmed me! I can no longer speak. I am in the throes of a sustained aesthetic swoon--and am enjoying every moment of it.

The asiatic lilies, delphinium, primrose, and day lilies will be next.

Will my heart be able to withstand the ecstasy? Can the human nervous system sustain such aesthetic tension? For the sake of my health, perhaps I should withdraw to a darkened room?

5017

From: silasrobert
Full-Name: S. R. Powell
To: Susan <newyorker@ezaccess.net>
Subject: Gardens
X-Status: New

Sunglasses might just be the thing to protect me the visual aesthetic excesses of the flower garden in June. But what about the hedonistic fragrances that can so easily envelop one in moments of weakness. Perhaps I should simply throw caution to the wind and submit to it all?

I'd love to have a couple of asclepias, although I can't seem to visualize them at the moment. The name sounds very familiar, however. No, I have never tried scabiosa. It sounds like a kind of daisy. Is it?

Today it is mock orange and foxglove for my above-desk bouquet. The divine fragrance of the mock orange is slowly filling the entire area around my cubicle. We have mock orange bushes around the house at home and frequently the entire house is filled with the other-worldly beauty of mock orange.

Yesterday I noticed that my roses are coming along nicely. I should have a few blossoms this week. With any luck I may have some to enjoy, provided, of course, that a sudden onslaught of Japanese beetles doesn't devour them.

I think my flowers have been more lovely this spring and summer than usual. Is everyone having a good year for flowers or is this my one lucky year per decade for a nice flower garden?

5018

Robert Powell

↓
2
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: RE: A Most Interesting Tussie-Mussie
Date: Monday, June 30, 1997 1:50PM

Thank you for sharing so openly your flowers and thoughts. Your generosity is much appreciated (I think) ;)

By recognizing a favorable opinion of yourself, and taking pleasure in it, you in a measure give yourself and your peace of mind into the keeping of another, of whose attitude you can never be certain. You have a new source of doubt and apprehension.

Charles Horton Cooley (1864-1929), U.S. sociologist. *Human Nature and the Social Order*, ch. 6 (1902).

The Columbia Dictionary of Quotations is licensed from Columbia University Press. Copyright © 1993 by Columbia University Press. All rights reserved.

↓
↓
From: Robert Powell
To: Paul Warner
Subject: PW among the inflorescences
Date: Monday, June 30, 1997 12:02PM

Very interesting. All of my life, I have known that foxglove were used to produce cardiac stimulants, but I never knew exactly how. So, it's the seeds and dried leaves. As a wee lad, I was repeatedly admonished: "Watch out for the foxglove! Watch out for the digitalis!" Even this morning as I picked the three sprigs in today's bouquet in the half light of dawn, I said to myself: "Keep these away from your face or you'll overstimulate your heart."

They do look like thimbles. I never made the visual connection.

You made an appearance "among the inflorescences" in a recent SRP journal entry. Here is that entry.

"... Two of my colleagues in Product Development at ICS have well established flower gardens: Debbie Johnson (project manager) and Susan Jaffer (freelance editor and project manager). About three weeks ago, Susan gave me a coreopsis seedling in a peat pot. The plant was about two inches tall. She wondered if I could identify it by sight. I did. In so doing, I strengthened my position with Susan as someone who knows a thing or two about flowers.

The routine of the daily bouquet above my desk continues. It is placed on top of my bookcase on the wall between my cubicle and that of Paul Warner (a fellow editor and without doubt the most interesting person in Product Development, excluding me, of course; PW is, in fact, one of the most interesting people I know). At present there are almost too many choices among the perennial flowers and flowering shrubs for the daily bouquet. Each floral possibility has a very brief window of maximum opulence. So it becomes a full-fledged game of gathering rosebuds while one can. Monday will probably be mock orange (syringa) and fox glove, although I am not too sure how well fox glove will serve as a cut flower. We shall see. The roses, lilies, daisies, and delphinium are waiting in the wings.

The terrarium that I took to the office recently is doing beautifully. The wintergreen plants in the moss are now in blossom! I don't believe that I have ever had a plant blossom in a terrarium. The light, temperature, and humidity must be exactly right at my desk for terrarium growth."

Excerpt from SRP journal, 06-28-1997

Robert's daily bouquets--the beauty and pleasure of ritual, in daily life, for SRPs pleasure and the pleasure of those persons described by Stendhal as "les etres sensibles" (usually translated as "the happy few," although I think "sentient beings" is perhaps more meaningful).

5019

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: On Robert's Inflorescences
Date: Monday, June 30, 1997 11:10AM

Digitalis: The Finger Hat

digitalis (dij'î-tál'îs) noun

1. A plant of the genus *Digitalis*, which includes the foxgloves.
2. A drug prepared from the seeds and dried leaves of this plant, used in medicine as a cardiac stimulant.

[Latin *digitâlis*, of a finger (from the finger-shaped corollas of foxglove), from *digitus*, finger. See **DIGIT.**]



Foxglove
Neville Fox-Davies/Bruce
Coleman Inc.

Word History: The name of the plant genus *Digitalis*, whose member the foxglove provides an important drug used to treat heart disease, is associated with another part of the body, the finger. In *Digitalis*, which comes from the Latin word *digitâlis*, meaning "relating to a finger," we recognize *digit*, which derives from Latin *digitus*, "finger, toe." In Modern Latin the genus name was chosen because the German name for the foxglove is *Fingerhut*, "thimble," or literally "finger hat."

The second part of our word foxglove also refers to the similarity of the foxglove blossoms to the fingers of a glove. *Digitalis* is first recorded in English in a work published in 1664.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR June 1997

S. Robert Powell

In the course of the month of June 1997, my time was divided among the following projects:

1. THE SECRETARIAL PROFESSION (2007-20-4400-071302).
(Professional Secretary course) 1018
2. OFFICE FINANCES (2007-20-4400-071319) (Professional Secretary course) 1018
3. DEVELOPING YOUR PROFESSIONAL IMAGE (2007-20-4400-071304) (Professional Secretary course) 1073, 1075
4. Dry test blurbs for "Community Worker"
5. POODLES, Study Unit (2007-20-4400075678) (Pet Groomer course) 1018
6. PUPPIES, Study Unit (2007-20-4400-075680) (Pet Groomer course) 1018
7. SPECIFIC PERSONALITIES, Study Unit (2007-20-4400-0756781) (Pet Groomer course) 1018
8. BEHAVIORAL PROBLEMS, Study Unit (2007-20-4400-075679) (Pet Groomer course) 1018
9. MIXED BREEDS, Study Unity (2007-20-4400-075682) (Pet Groomer course) 1018
10. Study Guide 1 (Beauty Salon Management course) (2007-20-4400-1500002) 1073, 1040

July 2, 1997

10:30 A.M.: DWP II just phoned to tell me that when he and his father were up at the barn that they saw a female Red Fox in the vicinity of DWP II's elm tree. They got the guinea fowl and miscellaneous chickens (Campines and Leghorns) back inside the fence. What a nice thing to do! And it was very nice of DWP II to phone and tell me.

This is the worst month of the year for predators, especially foxes, which are raising and feeding half-grown pups at present. The need for food is great. The mothers get very nervy. Over the years, I have learned that the first two weeks of July can be a very deadly time for domestic poultry. Mercifully, I have never had a fox bother any of my birds when they were inside the fence. DWP told me that he has seen several places where it appears that a guinea hen has been caught by a predator. Not surprising. The guineas do have a tendency to wander all over and could easily be pounced upon by the foxes.

DWP II wrote a letter to Martha Stewart today. I will mail it out on 07-03-1997. He did so on his own. He saw Martha's program on television in the morning and then wrote the letter, which is wonderful. He writes to her as he would to anyone.

July 3, 1997

Wonderfully quiet day in the office. Many people are out. The fourth of July holiday begins early for many people.

SRP, of course, has a thousand and one things to do and days such as this are excellent for getting some of them done.

Entered the Moosic Grange in the Wayne County Fair and the Greene-Dreher Fair; sent out the Grange yard and bake sale announcements to all members; paid some bills

"Rain from the east: wet two days at least."

"Enough blue sky in the west for a Dutchman's breeches gives the storm just half an hour."

July 4, 1997

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born on this day in 1804; George M. Cohan in 1878. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on this date in 1826.

Just another Friday—but not an ICS work day. I vaccinated every one of my chickens against laryngotracheitis (Schering-Plough, LT-IVAX, serial # 89-194, expires 02-10-1998).

Took my lawn mower and went to Elkdale and did some more cutting of grass in the Elkdale Cemetery. Three quarters

of the Cemetery is cut and trimmed beautifully. The other quarter is cut but I shall have to cut and trim around the stones. Took Mom along with me and she enjoyed sitting in the truck in the shade. It was an outing for her and she enjoyed that.

July 5, 1997

Bloodtested birds for George Compton and Jonathan Potterjoy. George has fighting Games. I will help him select some that have the correct colors so that they can be entered in the Harford Fair. They will have to be called either standard Old English Games or standard American Games. He is a good guy and I am very pleased that he is interested in showing birds.

Jonathan is a good guy also—still in elementary school. He has some nice standard Polish and Hamburgs. His mother is a pain in the neck, however. I put up with his mother for her son's sake.

July 6, 1997

Bloodtested birds for Mark Whitebread, Tom Richardson, Dana Campbell and his granddaughter, and Jerry Scott. Did so at Mark Whitebread's in Shickshinny. Took Mom along for the ride. She enjoyed the outing.

Slept much of the time, but enjoyed the ride.

I believe that this will be the end of bloodtesting for 1997. What a pain in the neck it is.

Took the ten Homers that constitute the flying team with me to Shickshinny and released them, including a young bird that had previously only flown a few miles from home. All 10 made it back in good order.

July 7, 1997

Mailed the blood samples to Summerdale this morning from the North Scranton post office--\$45 by express mail. The regular clerk at the window now knows me as a chicken person and we always seem to have a poultry conversation when I go there. He told me about some standard Rhode Island Reds that he saw recently—a pair of them that belong to (?) his brother. Friendly guy, always pleasant when I am in the post office.

Frenzied day at ICS. Big deadline at 2:30 P.M. and the responsibility was all on my shoulders. I got the job done and into the hands of the education person 30 minutes ahead of schedule.

Harford Fair annual covered-dish dinner in the dining hall. Mom said yesterday that she

would go along but changed her mind at the last minute. The Ridgeways and several others asked about her and that was pleasant. I took a half-gallon of ice cream as my contribution to the covered-dish event. I sat with Anson and Mrs. Tiffany and Gene Hubbard (one of the dairy cattle superintendents; a nice guy).

Dinner was very pleasant. The crowd was not as big this year as it has been in the past, but the event was very nice. I delivered the laryngotracheitis vaccine to Anson, who will use it and pass it on the four others who will use the same vial of vaccine (enough to do 1,000 birds) that I bought.

Called Dick Laabs and explained that my entry in the Wayne County Fair would be a couple of days late, as I have not yet received my health papers from Harrisburg. "No problem," said he. I will enter about 120 birds in this year's Wayne County Fair.

July 8, 1997

DWP II is now actively keeping a list of birds that he sees, which is a wonderful idea. He is becoming quite knowledgeable of birds.

Entered 116 birds in the Wayne County Fair. DWP I and II have also entered a number of

birds and animals. The fair starts three weeks from Thursday.

July 9, 1997

Through an arrangement with Microsoft, I am being connected to the Internet at my desk at ICS. This would not be possible without the guidance and direction of my colleague, Paul Warner. I shall forever be in debt to him for initiating me to the wonders of cyberspace. Without his limitless patience and skilled pedagogy, SRP would never have been able to make the transition to computers and beyond.

Seven Mottled Old English Game bantams hatched under a bantam hen today. They are from eggs from Mark Whitebread. An Ancona egg will hatch this afternoon, under a standard Black Orpington.

Some of my birds are showing a reaction to their laryngotracheitis vaccinations of last Friday. Not surprising. Hopefully, it will not be a serious reaction and they will be "immune" to the disease in a few days.

July 10, 1997

Made three pints of Cherry-Raspberry Conserve. What an aroma! The house was filled with the divine fragrance of raspberries.

5024

July 11, 1997

Mark Burns phoned late this afternoon to say that his bloodtest report on his birds came back from Harrisburg—all negative, thank goodness. Let's hope that the blood from all of the other exhibitors comes back negative as well.

Since I was the tester on all of the blood, a copy of all of the reports will come back to me. With any luck there will be a large envelope waiting for me at home from the Bureau of Avian Health today.

July 12, 1997

Moosic Grange Yard and Bake Sale: 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. We took Mom over. She had a good time. Sat in a lawn chair and visited with Louise Swann, Ruth Pranzitelli, and others. DWP II set up a sales area and sold about \$20 worth of merchandise, including some unnecessary shirts and pants from SRP's closet. DWP made a meat loaf for the occasion and the Grange members had meat oaf sandwiches for lunch. SRP was in charge of the kitchen: we sold hot dogs with sauerkraut, chips, soda.

Made seven pints of Blueberry-Citrus Conserve. Made a double batch from the Ball Canning book; used one whole lemon and two whole oranges; put

in three for four cups of rhubarb, also. Delicious. Very citrusy and tangy.

Produced the June 30, 1997 issue of the NEWSLETTER of the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club. I will mail it out on Monday morning, Bastille Day.

July 13, 1997

Slept until 9:30 A.M. I haven't slept that late in years.

Spent the day doing chores at home. In early evening went to Elkdale and cut grass in the cemetery for a couple of hours. I am determined that that cemetery will be impeccable. Clyde Seamans has a very relaxed idea of what it means to trim around the tombstones. I insist that the trimming be done, even if I have to do it myself.

The emotional pain seems to have subsided and I can now be at Elkdale again without a problem. For years, it was too painful to return there and see how the church has been vandalized. I have such wonderful memories of my seven years there!

July 14, 1997

SRP's Internet connection is successful. I put it in operation (with the continued assistance of my colleague, Paul Warner) this morning and typed in the name

"Griswold." In seconds, the machine told me that there were over 9,000 sites for me to check to find out more about the Griswolds.

Gave blood at the Red Cross blood drive at ICS today.

Mailed out 116 copies of the June 30, 1997 issue of the NEWSLETTER of the Central Pennsylvania Avian Club. It feels good to get back on the track, so to speak.

July 15, 1997

Stupendous mid-summer bouquet above my desk: pink and white musk-mallow, queen Ann's lace, red bee-balm, white field daisies, black-eyed Susans, three colors of day lilies. The bouquet is very opulent and beautiful. The musk-mallow is an excellent cut flower. People who work in other departments at ICS are making it a point to pass by my cubicle to see my daily bouquets.

July 16, 1997

Did some searching about on the Internet. Read and then copied the entire APA home page (large portions of which I helped to write); found a photograph of a pair of Partridge Rocks on a web page and printed them out.

July 17, 1997

I can't seem to get enough of the last act of *Siegfried*, with Birgit Nilsson as Brunnhilde. Over and over, I listen to the tape. Such ecstasy!

Mark Whitebread phoned to say that his bloodtesting report came back from the Summerdale lab today. All samples were negative, which is good news. Let's hope that all other breeders whose blood I tested on the same day comes back negative. The rest will probably get their reports tomorrow and the next day.

"Yellow streaks in the sunset sky, wind and daylong rain are nigh."

The word "blimp" comes from the airship classification: "Type B-limp."up

I will attend the Product Development book club dinner meeting on July 30th. At that session, Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and Damned* will be the book under discussion. That book was selected upon my recommendation. I first read the book in October of 1972, and it very quickly became my favorite novel. I shall be anxious to re-read the book. Tonight I located my copy in a trunk in the barn. I will re-read it quickly and get my thoughts and notes together for the book discussion on July 30th.

July 18, 1997

Negative pullorum-typhoid test reports received by: Jerry Scott, Dana Campbell, Christy Harrison, Jonathan Potterjoy, George Compton, Mark D. Whitebread, and Tom Richardson. Thank goodness the bloodtesting for 1997 has been successfully completed. I received my "submitter copies" from the state today; also received my official pullorum-typhoid card from the Department of Agriculture.

July 19, 1997

Rode down to Bloomsburg with Mark Burns at 9 A.M. There we met, at the poultry building, Mark Whitebread, Gene Emery, Phil Malencore, and Craig Russell and we finished cleaning the poultry building following the CPAC's 1997 Spring Show. Thank goodness the cleaning is finished. At long last, we have closure, so to speak, on the Spring Show.

On the way back, we stopped at Mark's in Shickshinny and I picked a couple quarts of currants from his bushes. In the evening, I made Currant-Peach Conserve—three pints. I put in what I thought would be a good quantity of sugar (since I was inventing the recipe as I went along), but I didn't taste the

conserve as I cooked it. After I had finished canning, I tasted the half cup or so that was extra and discovered that it was a bit on the sour side. I shall have to re-can the conserve, adding more sugar. It's not a problem and it will be easy to accomplish.

Today's batch of Currant-Peach Conserve was made with 2 quarts of currants (brought to a boil and then strained through a jelly bag), 10 whole peaches (peeled and cut into cubes), a cup of raisins, rind and juice of one orange, 1 cup of chopped walnuts, and 2 cups of sugar. When I re-can the three pints, I will add one additional cup of sugar.

July 20, 1997

Very autumnal weather.

We four (Mom, DWP I and II, and SRP) went up to Merli-Sarnoski for several hours in the afternoon. What a beautiful site that is. It's good that Kawash's sold what we always called Mud Pond to the county and the county converted the pond and hilltop into Merli-Sarnoski Park. Hopefully it will be "preserved" as a county park forever. It is very, very nice up there at present. Let's hope it always remains so.

Not long after we came down from the Park, there was a great commotion of firetrucks and

we quickly discovered that the main building at Morrison's Grove (our neighbors) was on fire. Horrifying flames leaping into the air. The building was quickly consumed. My guess is that it is probably arson. Morrison's have a reputation for being sleazy and they have probably burned down their own building for insurance purposes. The story around town is that they burned down their house on Pike Street in Carbondale. The Morrison's are the scourge of the neighborhood, but there's nothing to be done. Many years ago, Russell tried to buy the triangle of land now owned by Morrison's from Esther Singer. She wouldn't sell it. Somehow, Morrison managed to get it.

Now that Morrison has (in all probability) burned down his own building here, a newer and larger building will probably be erected in the near future on the same site. Such despicable people.

DWP II has been watching *Martha Stewart Living* on television during the day. He saw her make some kind of pie and wondered, tonight, if we could make a pie. Instantly, I got involved in the process and we made some very delicious "Apple Tarts."

July 21, 1997

I have read over 400 of the 449 pages in my copy of *The Beautiful and Damned*. It's been a long time—much too long—since I have read a lengthy work of fiction. What a pleasure! I shall have to avail myself of the pleasure on a regular basis.

Finished *The Beautiful and Damned* today. I started it on the 17th. I first read the book in October of 1972, when I was living at 321 West 103rd Street, Apt. 2B, in New York.

Went to the Farmers' Market at lunch today. It's only been open a couple of day. The opening was late this year because of the drought. Bought some very beautiful cucumbers.

DWP II again wondered if we could make a pie. We did. A Cherry Pie, using canned pie filling, but we did make a homemade crust. Donald did the fluting around the edge of the pie pan. He saw Martha Stewart do it and was anxious to do it himself. We had a grand time making the pie. The pie came out of the oven at about 10 P.M. What a wonderful aroma in the house!

July 22, 1997

Russell's birthday. He would be 51, were he alive.

John Buberniak came out tonight with his two sons and his wife's son. John is moving his family to Indiana (in order to get his wife away from her on-the-side lover). John does not like the idea of moving to Indiana, but he finds himself in an intolerable situation here and the move there will solve the lover problem. It seems very likely that eventually he will move back here. His birthday is on the 25th of July. He and I have been friends for at least 16 years.

When he was here tonight, I asked him to fix the wiring on one of the burners on the stove and also to repair the bell on the side door of the house. He is very skilled at making such repairs and likes to do them. He also gave Donald a quick less on how to use the chain saw.

DWP II had a large box of firecrackers and such that he brought here with him. John supervised the setting off of the fireworks in the upper lot. DWP II had a grand time. We wheeled HLRP up and she watched and listened. She remembered that the dog Bruce (a Russell Homestead dog of many, many years ago) picked up a lit firecracker in his mouth and ran with it.)

July 23, 1997

Day lilies. This is their moment. I have them in about eight different colors.

The ducks and turkeys are driving me crazy. They are sloppy and pushy and I am thinking about ways to reign them in. I can not endure their sloppiness with water dishes in the barn.

July 24, 1997

I have started to use the exercise machines at the Weston Field House, and it is interesting to work out muscles that have not been worked on for years. The rowing machine and one that focuses on the hamstrings are among the ones that I have figured out how to use. Several of the others have such intricate and elaborate use procedures that I will have to have someone show me how to use them.

July 25, 1997

I miscalculated with the flowers for my above-desk bouquet today. There were a great many buds on the Hemorocallis stalks in the bouquet, but the buds will not open under artificial lights, it seems. And so I had a bouquet of stems and buds.

What to do? I dashed out to the parking lot and found a very nice stand of Queen Ann's Lace and picked about 40 stalks of it. It

is the substance of a very elegant bouquet, in which three or four day lily blossoms are stunning color accents.

John Verlin Buberniak's birthday today. He was born in 1965, which means that he is 32. I have known him at least half of his life. I will send John an e-mail birthday greeting right now.

July 26-30, 1997

If one doesn't keep at a journal, the days can quickly fuse into one long sequence of moments.

On the 26th, DWP II erected a teepee in the old flower garden, using the poles that we used a year or two ago to put up a teepee. He found the poles and put up the teepee all by himself. He asked if I would like to sleep in the teepee on Saturday and I said yes. It was a grand adventure and Donald had the time of his life. It got very damp and humid in the middle of the night, but that didn't dampen anyone's spirits, to be sure. We even had a marshmallow-roasting session over an open fire in front of the tent in the evening before retiring.

On Sunday, the four of us went up to Merli-Sarnoski in the late afternoon. I worked on Griswold Reunion papers. DWP II swam and fished. Mom sat in the

shade. DWP read. I have made considerable inroads in getting the new data from the 1996 Griswold Reunion incorporated into my master copy of Griswold data.

Preparation of Griswold Reunion mailing list and the two-page mailer for this year's reunion on August 16h on Monday; production of copies of the 2-page mailer, stuffing envelopes, attaching postage etc. on Tuesday; mailing today of 180 Griswold Reunion announcements. All of them should be received before this Saturday, which is the 2nd of August, which is two weeks before the actual Reunion—plenty of time for anyone. Either they're coming or they're not.

Tomorrow is entry day for the 1997 Wayne County Fair, which means that there will be several trips to Honesdale tomorrow: SRP's poultry and pigeons; DWP's pigeons; DWP II's rabbits; also the Moosic Grange display has to be put up. Tomorrow will be an exhausting day.

July 31, 1997

Mission accomplished. SRP, DWP I, and DWPII have their displays in place at the Wayne County Fair. It required three trips to Honesdale for me: one at 8:30 A.M. (with a large

quantity of poultry) with a very-excited and enthusiastic DWP II; one at mid-day with DWP I and II and Mom to put together and then set up the Moosic Grange display; and one in the early evening with DWP I and II and Mom to take more rabbits, pigeons, and chickens.

These "going to the Fair" memories will be with DWP II for the rest of his life. We all had a grand time, but DWP II more than any of us, which is how it should be. During the early evening trip, DWP II bought a red Mini Rex rabbit buck.

Completed my Harford Fair entry forms today. I have entered more birds this year than I ever have: 120 bantam and standard chickens, ducks, guineas, turkeys, and geese; also 15 pigeons. During the time that these 135 birds are away from home, I must devote time and energy to aggressive cleaning and organizing in the barn. Also, I must make a concerted effort to sell lots of birds, both at Honesdale and at Harford.

The Moosic Grange display is very nice. It is almost entirely the result of the hard work and dedication of DWP I, SRP, and DWP II. We made it a reality. Doris Howell and George Arthur were helpful; the others did

nothing. If you want to make something a reality, you make it a reality. It's as simple as that.

Mom handled the two trips that she made to Honesdale with us very nicely. She loves to go for rides. She is completely herself when in the car.

During the last seven or eight years of his life, the principal pleasure of Dad's life was to go on long drives—and then go out to dinner. Naturally Mom went along. Sometimes they would go on as many as four several-hundred mile drives per week. Dad could drive forever and not get tired.

I "called in sick" today at ICS. Such a "day off." I got up at my usual time (5 A.M.) and spent the entire day—up to about 11 P.M.—dashing about taking care of Wayne County Fair concerns.

Uncle Robert
2 blood drives
Mon 14/1/15 to 5:15
Tues 9:15 to 3:15

SRP

5032

5:10 PM

Donald begged for more
linguine and so I
heated up the left
overs.

HRP had a bath, sat
on the porch, and now
wants to get out of the
wheelchair.

7-2-97

Wednesday, July 2, 1997

Dear Martha Stewart,

The mandarin duck that you gave me at Bloomsburg when I was helping Uncle Robert is doing just fine. He has molted into the eclipse stage and will soon molt into his adult plumage and will then be more beautiful than ever. Uncle Robert is helping me find a female mandarin and I am hoping to start raising some mandarins of my own.

I saw you on television this morning and you were fantastic. You were making two lovely dishes. One was noodles and chunks of peppers on top and the other one was a salad with herbs and spices. They both looked scrumptious.

I got all A's on my 5 report cards last year in fourth grade. Lately I have

been playing street hockey and baseball. Last night I hit a golfball about 250 yards on the 12th of our golf course which we are going to re-open soon.

I saw you wearing the same shoes on television this morning that you had on at Bloomsburg for the chicken show.

Four kinds of birds are nesting at our house: on the porch are Barn swallows, and the Eastern Phoebe; in a box by the front door are bluebirds, in an oak tree over the garage are nesting Cedar Waxwings.

My dad and I saw a female red fox and 3 dogs very large in size near Uncle Robert's chicken yard this morning and I called Uncle Robert at work to tell him about.

My five rabbits are going to have babies. You should see

5035

3

my Uncle Robert's flower bed

Sincerely,

Donnie

Powell

Donald
Powell

R. D. 1, Box 40
CARBONDALE, PA 18407-9706

5036

Robert Powell

From: Carl Albright
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Tears of Woe and Dearth
Date: Tuesday, July 01, 1997 8:55AM

I wring my hands and bewail my fate, for I must admit to myself that I can not swim today. A pharmtech brunch is preventing me from participating in the biweekly rebirth. Because I had not the strength to keep from saying that I would attend, now I must suffer for my weakness. O that I could only be weak enough to split myself into two persons! Perhaps you'll go on without me. If so, please tell me not about it. You'll only grind onions into my eyes. (Even that watery thought brings more tears.) I must stop now, for I can only look forward to tomorrow, when I might be able to swim again. Until then, my mind alone will swim in sadness.

5037

Robert Powell

From: Robert Powell
To: Carl Albright
Subject: Pain
Date: Tuesday, July 01, 1997 9:08AM

A few words from George Gordon, Lord Byron to ease the pain.

PROMETHEUS

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless. . .

5038

Robert Powell

From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: The International Earth Rotation Service
Date: Tuesday, July 01, 1997 8:23AM

Monday was the longest day of the year after timekeepers added a second to precisely synchronize atomic clocks to the spinning of the earth, a U.S. government agency said. The adjustment is necessary because it is not possible to precisely predict how fast the earth will spin on its axis, said Collier Smith, spokesman for the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST). The adjustment is decreed by the International Earth Rotation Service in France. Monday's was the 21st adjustment of its kind to the world's time since 1972. See <http://www.merc.com/stories/cgi/story.cgi?id=3705740-22e>

(Now it's obvious why you took time off yesterday. You knew it was going to be a long day!)

5039

Robert Powell

↓
1
From: Paul Warner
To: Robert Powell
Subject: Pour les êtres sensibles
Date: Tuesday, July 01, 1997 9:27AM

One, it seems, can copy text with accent marks from Word and paste it in Microsoft Mail.

[On the announcement that
Paul put up under the daily
bouquet -- see following page --
I noticed that there was
no "accent circouflex" on
the "être". Paul re-did
the affixe & put it up].



Pour les êtres sensibles



sy·rin·ga

sy·rin·ga (se-rîng'ge) *noun*

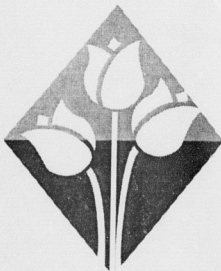
The mock orange.

[New Latin, from Greek *surinx*, *suring-*, shepherd's pipe (from the use of its hollow stems to make pipes).]¹

fox·glove

fox·glove (fòks'glùv') *noun*

1. Any of several herbs of the genus *Digitalis*, especially *D. purpurea* of Europe, having a long cluster of large, tubular, pinkish-purple flowers and leaves that are the source of the drug digitalis.
2. Any of several related plants.²



¹The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition
copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from
InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

²The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition
copyright © 1992 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Electronic version licensed from
InfoSoft International, Inc. All rights reserved.

[Created & put up by
Paul Warner]